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TALES

OF THE

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TO

JUDGE WILBUR F. STONE,

GENERAL BELA M. HUGHES,

HON. ALVA ADAMS,

AND

GENERAL FRANK HALL,

Who have taken a prominent and active interest in the material progress of Colorado, and by many little acts of kindness have given an impetus to my efforts,

THIS BOOK IS INSCRIBED,

WITH EVERY SENTIMENT OF ESTEEM AND REGARD.

PREFACE.

Sept. 13, 1883, Colorado completed the first quarter century of its wonderful history—the Nation's youngest child; and very large and frisky for her age.

The barnacles held a reunion on that occasion, and it occurred to me while at the banquet, and listening to the toasts, that incidents in the lives of the brave people who

"First spied the country out, and pioneered the way,"

Might make an interesting book, and now was the time to do the work, when the stories could be gathered from the lips of those who had taken part in the "First Act," over which the curtain had just dropped.

Scholarly iconoclasts have annihilated William Tell and his apple by showing that no mention of them was made in Switzerland 'till about two centuries after Tell's supposed time. The story of Romulus, Remus and the wolf, that so charmed us in our impressible and sympathetic years, is now a fable.

I solemnly avow that the tales herein related are—"told as they were told to me!"

If I have succeeded in reviving some pleasant recollection for the "old timer," beguiling the weary traveler or interesting the general reader, my aspirations have, in a measure, been reached. If I have betrayed confidence or told anything that I ought not to have told—I will graciously accept all apologies.

THE AUTHOR.

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Perchance the living still may look
Into the pages of this book,
And see the days of long ago
Floating and fleeting to and fro,
As in the well-remembered brook
They saw the inverted landscape gleam,
And their own faces like a dream
Look up upon them from below.

—*Longfellow.*

"Who so shall telle a tale after a man,
He moste reherse, as neighe as ever he can,
Everich word, if it be in his charge,
All speke he never so rudely and so large;
Or elles he moste tellen his tale untrewe,
Or fienen things, or finden words newe."

—*Chaucer.*

Tales of the Colorado Pioneers.

CHAPTER I.

GOLD.

A large proportion of the explorers, adventurers, pilgrims, prospectors and colonial "tramps" that, since the days of Noah, have marched away to establish settlements elsewhere, have been driven to it by some unpleasantness at home.

Colorado was to some extent an outgrowth of the great financial crash of 1857. Time-honored houses had reeled, tottered and gone down in the overwhelming business convulsion of that period, and men were ready for any venture which gave even faint promise of rebuilding their ruined fortunes, when Green Russell, a Georgian, returned from Pike's Peak, bearing "tidings of great joy." He had found gold.

The Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi, makes frequent mention of gold and silver. Abraham "was very rich in cattle, in silver, and in gold." Solomon, the great king of the Hebrews, had portions of his temple "overlaid with gold." The followers of Moses made a golden calf and worshipped it. Even before the recital of the creation of woman, the existence of gold is mentioned. Genesis 2 : 12 reads: "And the gold of that land was good;" but we are not told who discovered it. However, all peoples in all ages have found it to be a good

thing to have in the house. It's the fulcrum that moves the world; it buys everything, even a husband or wife.

When Green Russell exhibited his buckskin bag of shining dust to the men who had lost their all, it caused a wild, indiscriminate rush to the new Eldorado, embracing good, bad and indifferent; the educated and illiterate; the merchant, the speculator, the mechanic, the farmer, the gambler, some of every kind—a sort of human mosaic, marshalled under a banner which bore the forceful if inelegant legend, "Pike's Peak or Bust."

A journey from the Missouri river in those days occupied from six to seven weeks. Wagons christened "prairie schooners," drawn by the contemplative ox and the patient mule, supplemented by the "foot and walker line," were the only means of transportation. Pullman sleepers were unknown. There were no settlements on the way, no opportunity to procure supplies for man or beast, save at the occasional stations of Ben Holladay's overland stage line to California. It was genuine courage that prompted the pioneers to such a journey in the face of approaching winter, for the plains, covered with snow and infested with hostile Indians and wild beasts, like the Clashing Islands that closed after the Argo and her crew of heroes, would cut them off from any communication with home or friends for months—years, perhaps; they knew not how long. It was by the help of Medea, who was found at the end of the road, that Jason captured the golden fleece. A few of the Argonauts of '59, thinking "a bird in the hand worth two in the bush," took their helpmeets with them. They were not painted society belles or light-brained coquettes, but women of good practical sense and moral and physical strength. They had

no time or worsted to waste in making deformed cats and dogs; but their husbands' garments were models of "crazy patchwork," and they practiced "wood carving" twice a day, at the morning and evening camp-fires.

WOOD CARVING.

There were no "Mother Hubbard" gowns in those days.

"Picture," said Judge Stone, in his address to the Barnacles, "a pioneer woman in a 'Mother Hubbard' gown, sailing around a windy camp-fire, or climbing in and out of the hind end of a prairie schooner! No; our pioneer women had no such 'loose habits.'"

Unfeigned joy filled the hearts of the weary and travel-worn pilgrims when, with eager, wistful gaze they descried in the distance the everlasting watch-towers of the continent, that marked the gold fields they were seeking.

They pitched their tents under the cottonwood trees on the west side of Cherry creek, near its junction with the Platte, about twelve miles from the base of the Rocky mountains, and called the settlement Auraria—after an unimportant mining town in Georgia—with the belief, that in the mountains they would soon make their "pile" and return to their homes to live forever afterwards in affluence. For not one of the many thousands who came cherished a thought of building a permanent home here.

Apropos is the story of the Dutchman who was hanged for stealing. (Hanging was the punishment for all deviltry in those days.) Before adjusting the noose he was

asked what he had to say for himself. With a quavering voice he said, "I come out mit de spring to stay mit de summer and go back mit de fall, but now I tink I vill stay all de vile." He was duly planted, and warranted to remain as a "permanent settler."

The same winter the town of St. Charles was located on the east bank of Cherry creek. It was afterwards called Denver, in honor of Governor Denver, of Kansas, this part of the Territory being at that time within the boundaries of Kansas.

Those cottonwood trees became a focus for the converging rays of immigration, and the foundation for the "Queen City of the Plains" was laid without knowing it. Therefore it may be said, Denver was not premeditated—it just happened. And now that it is "flourishing like a green bay tree," the pioneers love to sit under its wide-spreading branches and tell how it was planted and grew —talk over the days that "tried men's souls," and laugh over the customs that were new.

Many of the tales told are more like the "Arabian Nights" stories than matter-of-fact history, as will appear in the course of our narratives.

CHAPTER II.

A RETROSPECT.

Colorado had no distinctive position on the maps at that time, although the country had been explored as early as 1540 by Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, who was sent out by the Spanish Viceroy of Mexico to glean information respecting the northern possessions claimed

by that sovereign. Tradition tells us that he went in search of the seven cities of Cibolla, that were supposed to be situated in a peaceful, luxurious sort of "Happy Valley of Rassalas," enclosed by huge mountains of solid gold. History, however, gives no record of his having discovered the key to the suspected treasure vaults.

The name Colorado has been by some mistakenly supposed to be a corruption of Coronado; but, on the contrary, it is a common Spanish word, from the verb *colorar*, to color, usually to color red, and means *colored red, ruddy*. It is a name frequently applied to rivers, mountains and localities in Spanish America, where the prevalence of red rocks and soil constitutes a characteristic physical feature of many portions of the country.

This portion of our continent was a sealed book for nearly three centuries after Coronado; and was generally designated the Great American Desert. In 1803 the United States purchased from France the immense territory known as Louisiana, the price being fifteen millions of dollars—one of the largest real estate transactions on record.

In 1806, Captain Zebulon Pike was sent with a party of Government explorers to ascertain the resources of this new acquisition. They camped where Pueblo now stands. On the day of their arrival the Captain and a few of his company started out with the idea of scaling the Big Mountain, as they called it, and returning the same evening. When night closed around them they found themselves at the foot of Cheyenne Mountain, and the next day toiled to the top of it. On reaching the summit, the Big Mountain appeared to be as far away as when they first began. The enterprise resulted in igno-

minious defeat. They returned to their camp almost famished, and with their feet frozen; thereby, possibly, adding to the vernacular of the West the term "tenderfoot."

Their mistake in the distance, caused by the rarified atmosphere, probably originated the story of the two men who started to walk to the mountains from Denver before breakfast. After tramping what seemed to them an unconscionable distance, one suggested to the other to proceed slowly, while he returned to Denver for a carriage. When overtaken by the friend, in the carriage, the pedestrian was sitting on the bank of a clear running brook, scarcely more than a step in breadth, deliberately taking off his clothes. On being asked why he did not step across, he replied: "I've got the dead-wood on this thing now; you don't catch me making a fool of myself by trying to straddle this stream. It looks but a step, but it may be a mile for all I know; so I shall just take off my clothes and prepare for swimming."

Every one who has ever heard of Colorado or set foot in it tells that story.

But to return to Pike. He did not take to himself the credit of being the first explorer of Western Louisiana, but accords the honor to one James Pursley, of Bardstown, Ky. Pursley, with amazing generosity, credits it to Pike. The politeness of these gentlemen is without a parallel in history. Had they known the importance the country was destined to assume, half a century later, it would, no doubt, have taken coffee and pistols to decide the question of precedence.

Pike subsequently indulged quite heavily in a kind of appropriation peculiar to the West, called "land-grabbing." He crossed the Sangre de Cristo Range into the

San Luis Valley, and built a fort on the Rio Grande del Norte, claiming the land in the name of the United States, for which he was taken prisoner by the Spanish soldiers, but afterwards released. It is said he was the first to fight the Indians with howitzers strapped on the backs of donkeys. When the fire was touched to them and the powder began to fizz, the donkeys whirled 'round and 'round like a mammoth Japanese pin wheel, while the men hugged mother earth so closely as to leave a deep imprint of their forms, which can be seen to this day, by the aid of a double, back-action microscope of extraordinary power. This is supposed to be true, because you can generally tell where one has been *lying*.

PIKE'S CANNON.

And then the ebbing wave of time threw a mist over the country for fourteen years more. In 1820, Col. Long was sent out to explore. He discovered Long's Peak, which was named for him. At least this is the historical supposition, but a Colorado barnacle tells me that this peak is so called "because it takes *long* to climb it."

The curtain went down, and was rung up again in 1843, when General John C. Fremont passed through on his way to the Pacific. Soon after the great migration to California commenced, and Colorado became the gateway to the land of gold, her own treasure still sleeping, to startle the continent when its morning should come.

In 1858, gold was discovered near the present site of Denver, and with the discovery began the first chapter in the history of Colorado.

CHAPTER III.

DENVER IN '59.

From records and statistics of the past twenty-five years, and conversations with the pioneers, I gathered the following stories:

In 1859, immigration rolled into the country with almost unexampled rapidity. Stretching far out over the plains, was an apparently interminable procession of white-topped wagons, moving, it seemed, at a snail's pace, many bearing the inscription, "Lightning Express," "Pike's Peak or Bust," "Root Hog or Die," "From Pike County to Pike's Peak," etc. Strange vehicles of all sorts crawled on the trail to the golden shrine. One pushed a wheelbarrow laden with supplies, and, it is said, took a boarder to help defray expenses. Another packed an ox with tools and provisions, and when weary and foot-sore from walking, swung himself to the creature's tail as an aid to locomotion. Many made the journey in pairs, with handcarts, alternately pushing and riding.

Denver seemed a second Babel. The arrival of teams, the loud cracking of whips, shouting of voices, and the sound of the builder's hammer, made "confusion worse confounded" of tongues and matter. Dwellings and business blocks—shanties—rose with marvelous rapidity.

The prevailing style has been graphically pictured by the pioneer poet, Greenleaf:

"Inspect we this, built 'fifty-eight,' by one of bluest blood;
The logs are all square-hewn, and chinked and plastered o'er with mud;
The roof of poles, o'erspread with brush and what you'd call dirt-shingles;
Its chimney square—stones, sticks and mud artistically mingles.
The earth had been well hardened down to constitute a floor;
They hadn't got to windows yet—'twas lighted from the door.
'Twas furnished in Auraria style, and that the very best,
Comprising four three-legged stools, a table and a chest;
The dishes—the prevailing style—were tin; when meals were o'er
What cared he for hot water? 'twas a step beside the door,
To scoop of dirt a handful, and to pluck a wisp of grass,
Some skillful passes, lo! each plate would shame a looking-glass!
That's how he washed the dishes; next he seized each knife and fork,
And found the ground a substitute for rotten-stone and cork.
When, late at night, he stretched himself on skins of buffaloes,
No couch of down held tenant yet who suffered such repose!"

Entertainments of various kinds were given, and, though in primitive style, were thoroughly enjoyed. Mr. Fred. Salomon's dinners, as related, "took the shine off of everything." He was considered the most punctiliously polite man in the settlement, a reputation fairly won and well preserved, as the following story will attest. His was a bachelor's home, with a *bona fidè* ground floor, and furnished with pine table and three-legged stools. On one occasion he gave a dinner to his lady friends, and it was a meal that would have delighted the most fastidious epicure.

After the repast, the ladies, thinking it time to take their leave, requested Mr. Salomon to bring their wraps. Instead of protesting against the brevity of their stay, he instantly complied with their request, saying, "Certainly,

ladies, certainly; I will with the greastest of pleasure." When the force of his speech dawned upon him he hastened to apologize, at the same time nervously searching for his handkerchief to mop his perspiring brow. It was long before he heard the last of his after-dinner politeness.

I remember hearing him say that the bachelors of '59 used newspapers for window shades, and as soon as one became a Benedict, the papers were replaced by curtains. If that is the rule to-day, Mr. Salomon still has newspaper window shades.

> "There are stranger things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
> Than are dreamt of in your philosophy,"

and Fred. may yet retire behind the curtains before his hair is entirely gray—before he comes to *dye*.

Clothes will wear out, and the pantaloons that were made to do in a pinch were marvels to those who had not become accustomed to the ways and means of the far West.

> "Oft were their breeches with old flour sacks mended,
> In which more truth than poetry was blended."

Buckskin was the fashionable material for all new suits. They were whanged together with leather strings by the miners themselves. Mrs. Crull, then a tailoress, had followed the tide of emigration, with the hope of earning her bread at the trade, found her occupation gone, and turned her shingle to read:

DAY BOARD.

MEALS AT ALL HOURS.

CHAPTER IV.

STAMPEDERS.

Many of the new arrivals were mere surface deposits, having come with Utopian ideas in regard to the wealth of the country, expecting to find great nuggets of yellow metal lying around loose, and streams burdened with liquid silver. These romantic fortune-seekers soon returned East, anathematizing the country and declaring Pike's Peak to be an unmitigated swindle, and under the inscription, "Pike's Peak or Bust," was written, in larger, blacker letters, "Busted, by Thunder." The plains for six hundred miles were the theatre of a restless, surging wave of humanity. D. C. Oakes had published a pamphlet, describing and lauding the country. It was the means of inducing many to emigrate. He had returned to the States, and was on his way back with a saw-mill, when he met the stampeders. They said he had "sworn deceitfully"—in other words, had told outrageous falsehoods, which they spelled with three letters, and they threatened to hang him and burn his mill. He met them bravely, by stating the fact of his having invested every dollar he was worth in that mill, which ought to be proof conclusive of his faith in the country. They gave him his life, but had the satisfaction of pelting him with execrating epithets. A little farther on he came to a new-made grave, and on the headstone, which was the storm-polished shoulderblade of a buffalo, was written the following epitaph:

"Here lies the body of D. C. Oakes,
Killed for aiding the Pike's Peak hoax."

Mr. Oakes has not yet crossed the range, but still lives to tell of being buried in effigy, and says he felt rather shaky, for "let a bear robbed of her whelps meet a man, rather than a fool in his folly;" and they are certainly convinced by this time that they were, to put it mildly, egregiously mistaken.

One of these returning pilgrims, a wag in his way, informed his friends at home that nothing but unpardonable ignorance stood in the way of his making a fortune in those days. If he had only given the subject a thought he would have known, of course, that domestic animals are always scarce in new countries; but he did not think, and it was another and a wiser man who was foresighted enough to bring hither a cat which he had taught to follow him. The cat easily sold for five dollars, and then it followed its master and was sold again and again, as the story goes. The returned pilgrim always insisted that if he had brought out a load of cats in his emigrant wagon, he would have made his fortune. He also told a story of one of their party who turned back. He was a man of family, and what is commonly termed a "great homebody," but he had a thirst for wealth, and he, too, started for the new Eldorado. It was not long before he became very homesick, and one day when they arrived in their wagon at a town on the outskirts of civilization, where it was hoped letters from home would be found awaiting them, finding none, the poor man withdrew to a secluded spot and "lifted up his voice and wept," so loudly that his companions at a distance heard, and hearing, were filled with great alarm. It sounded to them like the voice of some terrible monster of the plains. One of the party, gifted with more bravery than the rest, sug-

gested that it might be a buffalo calf; whereupon they traced the noise to its source, to the relief of all concerned, except the mourner himself. By common consent, the afflicted man was granted permission to leave the organization. "He stood not upon the order of going," but went at once, and remains at home to the present day, a very contented being, with no desire ever again to roam to the "far ends of the earth."

The army of "go-backs" grew greater than the advancing host, and they did many a tale unfold, declaring there was not a thimbleful of gold in the country; it was all a delusion and a snare. They warned the brave and bold who pushed forward to beware of the man who had buckskin patches on his pants; he was a thief, a liar and a villain; he was here, there and everywhere, like the Scriptural adversary, "seeking whom he might devour." Forewarned is forearmed, and the pilgrims harassed their minds devising how they would avoid this scoundrel of the Rockies. "Lo and behold," said my informer, "upon our arrival every man in the mountains wore the confounded rogues' patches."

CHAPTER V.

SALTING A MINE FOR HORACE GREELEY.

In May, 1859, a lone prospector pushed his way into the mountains and made a trail to the now famous Central City region, which until then had "slumbered like a sleeping child."

> "And gold he found in ample store,
> But not the solid form it wore;
> 'Twas in the rock, where sweat and toil
> Must delve it from its mother soil."

Gregory Gulch was the name given to the new find. It continues to be a great treasure-house of precious metals. This discovery gave the country another boom.

Horace Greeley, of the New York *Tribune*, had been making a trip through California and Nevada, and was on his return to the States when he heard of the gold strike in Colorado. He determined to feast his eyes on some of the "paltry stuff" that was creating such a furor throughout the land.

When he arrived in Denver he was received with all the honor that the infant city could command. He said he didn't intent to be deceived in this matter, that seeing was believing, and he wanted to wash out some of the dirt himself. So the men put their heads together to see how they could "come it" over the old gentleman. They themselves were satisfied as to the richness of Gregory Gulch, it was no intention to deceive, but Solomon says "there is a time for all things," and they wanted a "good one" on Horace Greeley. So they sent a message to the camp that Horace was coming, and to salt a mine.

The boys took down an old shotgun and fired gold dust into a hole for all it was worth.

Bright and early the next morning a spanking team was rigged up, and the distinguished gentleman started for the gulch, accompanied by some of the most plausible, entertaining and versatile talkers of the country. They escorted him over the diggings, related all the interesting events in the history of its discovery, showed him specimens of the dirt and the pure gold that had been washed out. Mr. Greeley's soul was in arms, and, eager for the task, he called for a shovel and pan, rolled up his sleeves, and went down into the pit. They gave

him all the necessary instructions as to the process of panning, and looked on with palpitating anxiety.

Mr. Greeley was an apt scholar, and put his dirt through like an adept in the art. It panned out big. All the bottom of the pan was covered with bright gold particles. They slapped him on the shoulders in regular Western style, and told him to try it again—which he did—with the same success. Then he gathered up his gold dust in a bag, and said:

"Gentlemen, I have worked with my own hands and seen with my own eyes, and the news of your rich discovery shall go all over the world, as far as my paper can waft it."

Mr. Greeley left, believing he had made a thorough test. As soon as he reached New York he devoted a whole side of the *Tribune* to an ecstatic description of the camp, headed with large, glaring type, such as "bill-stickers" use. The report was read all over the country, and caused a great rush to the land of promise. Those who had the fever took a relapse, and they had it bad. It was a raging epidemic, and spread faster than the cholera in Egypt.

He shouted into the ears of the over-crowded East until the welkin rang, "Young man, go West!" It was his glowing articles and earnest advice about "going West" that caused the first great boom in Colorado. The honest old man went down to his grave ignorant of the joke that was played upon him.

Count Murat, a barber, who, in honor of his royal blood, was dubbed "knight of the strop and razor," also figured conspicuously in the editorial correspondence of the *Tribune*. While in Denver Mr. Greeley sat under the

graceful manipulations of this tonsorial artist. The Count, feeling he would be distinguished by a notice from the great journalist, and also wishing to impress him with the liberal product of the gold fields, and the corresponding ability of the people to throw away money, accomplished it by charging the famous editor two dollars for a single shave. It is said that ever after Mr. Greeley regarded barbers with suspicion and aversion, and ceased to patronize them.

CHAPTER VI.

A PIONEER DINNER.

Finding my interest in the old timers, a friend, whom I shall call Hal., anxious to assist me in acquiring information, invited me to a pioneer dinner. After the feast the following stories of the early days were told:

THE WIND WAGON.

"It was the happiest day of my life," said Captain Cutler, "when I took my seat in the 'prairie schooner,' bound for the New West. A world of care rolled from my shoulders. Sheriffs, constables, and bailiffs were left behind, and I could commence life on a new page. My sentiments were similar to the immortal Byron's:

> "'With thee, my *ox*, I'll slowly go,
> * * * * *
> Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
> So not again to mine.'

"It was somewhere about the middle of August. The delicate blue of the sky was unblemished by a cloud, and the weather was superb. I had become wonderfully fas-

cinated with the comprehensiveness of the country that lay stretching in airy undulations far away like a billowy ocean that nature, in a capricious freak, had caught and held with immovable firmness. It seemed to me that nothing could be so grand, so romantic.

"One clear, crisp morning we were, as usual, up with the sun and moving along at a quick gait for ox teams. Lulled into peace and good-will towards all mankind, by the soothing, cradle-like motion of our wagon springs, I threw my head back for a day-dream.

"The flow of my fancy was soon interrupted by a member of our party calling out:

"'Hello! the moon is giving the sun a hot race this morning. Look; yonder she comes, just above the horizon.'

"'Give us a rest,' said another, in a sort of raillery; 'you must have been drinking something that's turned your head. Say, where do you keep your jug?'

"But the cast-iron earnestness on the features of the alarmist caused us to crane our necks and look—and then we looked at each other, each one seeming to doubt his own sanity. For we saw something rising upon the horizon that certainly looked like the moon; but, knowing it to be the wrong place for that luminary at that time, our minds were soon disabused of the supposition.

"It began to assume a greater proportion, and moved rapidly in our direction. We stopped our wagon to view the phenomenon, and conjecture as to the character of the bird, beast or created thing that was coming toward us.

"'A cyclone,' one suggested.

"Another said, 'a mirage.'

"Another thought it was a sailing puff of dust.

"'I have it,' said old Neptune Holman, who had been to sea; 'it's a ship turned loose on the prairie, begad.'

"'It's too many for me,' said the driver; 'I give it up.'

"Indeed it was an apparition to us, to all intents and purposes; a thing of enchantment and awful mystery. I am not sure but some of the boys were a little scared. I didn't more than half like it, myself. The suspense was not long.

THE WIND WAGON.

"As it gracefully approached us we saw that it was what was called in those days a "wind wagon"—a wagon fitted out with sails and rudder like a ship. Our party had never seen a wind wagon before, though some of us had heard of them, and the beautiful floating thing just took our hearts along with our optics. There was a fine breeze, and it moved along with the swiftness of a locomotive. The sails were full set, and one man, whom we recognized as W. N. Byers, sat at the rudder, while G. M. Chilcott, David H. Moffat, Jerome B. Chaffee and George M. Pullman occupied chairs inside and were engaged in a game of cards. They puffed their cigars with an air of abandon, ease and comfort. As they passed, they raised their hats and mingled their voices in the negro song:

"'If we get there before you do,
We'll tell 'em you are coming too;'

"Following it up with, 'Go it, boys, we admire your pluck. Going to Pike's Peak? There's gold there; perhaps you will get some. Ta-ta. See you later. *Au revoir.*'

"And the strange white-winged thing whirled away so rapidly that it seemed to vanish in mid-air.

"Their hilarity oppressed me, and had a general depressing effect upon our whole party.

"'Think they are making themselves very facetious over nothing at all,' said Tom.

"'I can't see the fun,' said Bob Hudgins.

"'Perhaps it is the effect of the light air,' suggested Bill Wilson.

"Our spirits went down more and more. Conversation stumbled and blundered, and at last came to a dead stop, except now and then a rugged word thrown out at the toiling ox. We were all put out; that was plain to be seen. The dust was deeper, the oxen slower and the sun hotter than it had ever been before, and the melancholy desert seemed to have no end. All the world was running away from us. Would there be any gold left at Pike's Peak when we should get there? Or would the fellows in the sail wagon get it all? Envy was gnawing at our heartstrings. But we went on in our slow way, reproaching our unlucky stars in severe language.

"The next morning we were in a more tranquil state of mind, and had not gone far before we came to a sudden and unexpected halt. Our way was blockaded—in short, our high-flyers were wrecked. It was such a wholly unlooked-for disaster that I was completely nonplussed. That they might come to grief, I had never taken into account at all. It seems their wagon was no good except on level ground and smooth roads. They had underta-

ken to cross a ravine, which was their ruin. The wheels struck the bottom, the sails snapped off, and the card players and cigar smokers of the day before were sitting on the bank in deep dejection. The aspect of things had changed.

"We took the men and their plunder (which was the office material of the *Rocky Mountain News*) on board, and all of us came on together to look for gold.

"Now, that is a thoroughly characteristic story of the early days," said the Captain, complacently.

"Is it all true?"

"Certainly; don't you believe it? Why, that is how it came about that J. L. Merrick got in ahead and issued the *Cherry Creek Pioneer* twenty minutes before the *Rocky Mountain News*. Byers & Co. bought the office of the *Pioneer*, and its publication was suspended. The *News*, under its capable and hopeful editor, held its own through evil and good report. It is still flourishing, and may justly be considered the pioneer paper of the State. It worked faithfully to build up the country, for which it was cursed by the malcontents, who gave the editor the reputation of being the biggest liar in the West. Now that his prophecies have all been fulfilled, Mr. Byers can exultingly say, 'I told you so.'"

"You started on that journey in August, 1859, and the *Rocky Mountain News* was issued on the 28th of April, the same year. How——"

"Oh, you ought not to be so particular about a little thing like that. Exactness in names and dates often spoils a good story."

CHAPTER VII.

THE ODD FELLOWS LODGE.

"I can tell you an all-fired funny thing," said Mr. George Clark, his face cheery with smiles, as if inwardly enjoying the story he was about to relate. "The first Odd Fellows lodge was established in Denver December 24th, 1860. There was a scarcity of members at the beginning, and two of them went out recruiting. They wanted men who would work for the glory of the cause, who had plenty of money, and disposed to be liberal with it. So they tackled Wolfe Londoner. They knew him to be a leader in all the societies to which he attached himself, and what was better still, it never hurt him to strike his pocket-book. At first he refused, but they finally over-persuaded him.

"The lodge was located over a grocery store approached only by an outside flight of rickety stairs. The landing was sheltered with rough boards. This became the resting place of a loud-smelling goat owned by one John Martin, who kept a livery stable, and because of the offensiveness of the creature it was often ordered away in a forcible and energetic manner. The groceryman also scented out the hiding place of the vagrant animal and pelted him away. Living, as it were, between two fires, the goat was constantly on the alert and ready to jump and run at the least indication of hostile approach.

"At the next meeting of the lodge two of the faithful and earnest workers buttonholed Wolfe. They said they would soon make him an officer; that he would look

handsomer than General Tom Thumb in the uniform of the order; that he could pay his dues and attend the meeting only when he chose. Which Wolfe thought was letting him off lightly, for he was not the man to shirk the payment of dues or fines, still he felt a little nervous about climbing the slippery pole and riding the goat. However, he reflected:

"'I can but perish if I go,
I am resolved to try,
For if I stay away I know—'

"The persistency of these fellows will make life a burden to me.

"So, with an exultant member on each side, he directed his steps to the lodge. They laughed and chatted gaily to keep his courage up for the initiation ceremonies. As they approached the stairway the goat, evidently thinking it his old enemy, the groceryman, went down the stairs with a plunge as if just expelled from a cannon, taking the center man on his back. Wolfe 'caught on,' so to speak, and waving his hand said:

"'By Chaos! this is gallant sport,
A league at every breath;
Methinks if e'er I have to die,
I'll ride this rate to death.'

"The two guides grew pale and looked unutterable things at the fleeing quadruped as he dashed up one street, down another, darting around corners and shooting through alleys.

"Soon a crowd of small boys, that would have done honor to a circus parade, followed in the wake, but Wolfe kept strongly in the lead. When they reached a corner occupied by a large drug store, the goat, dazed by

the light, made too short a turn and went right through the show window, pitching Wolfe by a double summersault amid the wreck of matter and the crash of glass.

"When the clerk asked 'why all this celebration,' he said 'it's in honor of my being made an Odd Fellow. It was worse than Gilpin's race. I would prefer taking my initiation in installments if it was not so *odorous.*' The goat walked off looking dejected and forlorn. Wolfe paid the damages, purchased some liniment and a bottle of rose water, and made for home in double-quick time to wash up, for the air was redolent of him. He entered by the back way, sent his suit to the steam dyers, his linen to the laundry, and deliberated seriously about dropping himself in the cistern for a quiet bath.

"After much scrubbing and fumigation he was again presentable; but his clothes were a total loss, for the steam dyer thought he must have caught some contagious disease, and so made a burnt offering of his suit; while the laundry was converted for a time into an undertaking establishment and had a burying in the back yard.

"Next morning when the earnest workers came poking around, he assumed an air of offended dignity and said he had been made a victim of a base conspiracy. He folded his arms on the back of a chair and rested his chin on them after the style of Raphael's cherubs, and asked—

"'Where do you fellows expect to go when you die?'

"Now," said Mr. Clark, "that will break the monotony of your book and make it vastly more entertaining."

"For freshest wits I know will soon be wearie
Of any book, how grave so e'er it be,
Except it have odd matter, strange and merrie,
Well sauc'd with lies and glared all with glee.'"

A FOOT RACE.

"That brings to my mind a foot race," said Mr. Richardson, "that came off between Kendrick and Adams in the early days of Denver, though I don't know that it will bear comparison, for it's all truth and no poetry; but at any rate you shall have it. I was ranching at that time on Bear creek, and had a neighbor who claimed to be an M. D. He was the dude of those days and took to himself the airs and privileges of the species. His favorite apparel was a black cloth suit, white vest, in the buttonhole of which was looped a massive gold chain; his shirt front was always immaculate, and his cravat as white as a clergyman's. His boots reflected like a mirror, and he wore his plug hat tipped to one side like the leaning tower of Pisa.

"One of his peculiarities was the Partingtonian use of big words. He was standing one day quietly contemplating his cabin, and said it looked well enough on the exterior but he was not at all pleased with the *intestinal* arrangements.

"The Doctor became deeply interested in the aforesaid foot race. He claimed that Adams was his intimate friend; he had known him before coming West, and whispered to me as a profound secret that they were going to throw the race in Adams' favor—'it was a dead open and shut, Adams himself was the informer.'

"The Doctor immediately set about betting his effects —even his watch and chain, finger rings and stove-pipe hat, and seemed to look forward with contented ecstacy to an opulent pile ready for use.

"When the competitors went upon the ground, the gamblers had gotton wind that Kendricks intended to

allow Adams to win the race. They surrounded Kendricks with drawn revolvers and told him to win or die. It was a race for life then, and he moved his legs with a concentrated and desperate energy. The result was, all who bet on Adams lost.

"The next time I saw the Doctor he was sitting on a bench in front of his cabin, spoiled of his jewels, stirring butter in a tin cup with a spoon. He said, 'I'll be tetotally *cosmographied* if that foot-race wasn't a *hyperbolical* swindle.'"

CHAPTER VIII.

A TALE OF HORROR.

"I was in the first coach of the Leavenworth and Pike's Peak Express Company," said Mr. Barney. "It arrived in Denver on the 7th of May, 1859. The supply wagons were sent on ahead, locating the stations, and every twenty-five miles they would drop a tent, a stove, and a cook. At that season of the year the twilight is short, so when we drew up at this station for supper it was quite dark. When I entered the tent I saw the most soul-sickening sight that my eyes ever rested upon, and the flickering light of the candle added intensity to the horror. At first I thought it was a 'spirit from the vasty deep'—a ghost or hobgoblin from the great unknown. I felt sick—it is real weakening to feel one's self in the presence of the—departed—no, the returned dead.

"The poor man, from starvation, was reduced to a living skeleton. Rip Van Winkle himself could not have looked more ghastly.

"He was in the last stages of exhaustion when an Indian found him and brought him to the tent. After he

was refreshed with food and stimulants he told his sickening story.

"Three brothers set out from Illinois in a one-horse cart for the gold region. From Leavenworth they took the Smoky Hill route. Guided by incorrect ideas of the distance, they were poorly prepared for the hardships of the journey, and their provisions gave out before they were half way. They killed their horse for food and loaded their cart with it, taking time about in the harness of the slaughtered animal. It was tedious, and their strength was rapidly going. When the last piece of flesh was gone they sat down in despair to die, for they had wandered away from the trail in search of water, and had no hope of being found by a human being. One sank faster than the other, and when dying requested the surviving brothers to live upon his flesh and try to get through. He died, and they commenced their cannibalistic feast—ate the body, and again saw starvation staring them in the face. Another died, which furnished food to the remaining brother. He said he had even crushed the skull and eaten the brains.

"Mr. Williams, conductor of the Express, after hearing the story, had the Indian pilot him to the spot, where he found the bones of the one who died last, and buried them.

"We took the miserable famished creature in the coach to Denver. His body regained health and strength, but his mind was gone. He remained always an imbecile. The citizens of Denver made up a purse and sent him to his friends in 'the States.'"

"FIRED OUT."

"Speaking of coach rides," said another pioneer, "probably the most exciting, for those engaged in it, occurred

in one of the 'down' coaches between Denver and Leavenworth early in '60.

"Among the passengers were the late Louis F. Bartels, of Denver, two brothers by the name of Boyd, and a German.

"We were camped at Alkali station with our freight outfit. The coach drove in about 4 a. m., and stopped for breakfast. We saw, from our camp, the passengers alight, go in to their meal, and afterwards take their seats in the coach and start off. When opposite our camp a firing commenced in the coach. The passengers bounded out and prepared apparently for action against a foe who was inside. The driver dismounted, opened the coach door (which had been closed by the party inside) and instantly received a slash in the face from a huge knife. The passengers who had been 'fired out' returned the compliment with 'overpowering politeness,' and in a few minutes all was over.

"They drew their victim from the coach, with sixteen bullet holes in him, but yet alive. They then strapped the body of their dead friend on the top of the coach, and after dressing the wounds that had been inflicted by the desperate murderer, as best they could, the coach rolled on for the East.

"The body of the dead man on top of the coach as it pulled into Cottonwood Springs, caused the arrest of the whole party, and developed the facts that after leaving Alkali station the strange passenger suddenly drew a revolver and shot the man Boyd immediately in front of him in the face, killing him instantly. He then wounded another before being seized by Mr. Bartels, who turned the muzzle downwards, and the remaining shots went

through the bottom of the coach. When released, he drew a large knife, and the frightened passengers got out in tumultuous haste. Upon this statement they were allowed to proceed. The strange passenger died soon after being thrown from the coach, and was buried by the side of the road.

"It was learned subsequently that the man had lived in Denver, and being suspected of cattle stealing was ordered off by the vigilance committee. He took the first coach for the East, and the probabilities are that his fright unsettled his mind, and he had attacked what in his delirium were his foes. His name was never learned, and perhaps his friends in the East, or over in 'Faderland,' are still awaiting his return."

CHAPTER IX.

REMINISCENCE OF A FREIGHTER.

"Twenty odd years ago," said Mr. G., "supplies for all the country west of the Missouri river were furnished by wagon trains, and the Pawnees, Sioux and Cheyennes were the lords of the public domain. In order to avoid trouble with them, it was necessary for the freighters to gratify their whims, and occasionally feed them when they came about the camp, especially if in any considerable number. We often had to resort to 'ways that are dark' in order to get even with them. I was camping once with my freight trains down on the old overland route, and just about dark a band of Cheyennes, numbering probably thirty or forty, and headed by a venerable dilapidated looking sub-chief, came trailing over the

country and pitched their tepees directly across the road from us.

"The chief immediately called to pay his respects and beg a little tobacco, as his 'teeth were very sick.'

"It being late to receive, we were not again visited till next morning about ten o'clock, when a large, fine buck came over, very hungry, 'a good friend of the whites,' and would like 'something to eat.' We cast around for some little delicacy for him in the way of bacon rinds, wagon grease, etc.—but the larder was empty. We were about to send him away unfed when one of the party thought of a camp kettle containing about a gallon of boiled beans that had soured before we could use them, and which we had forgotten to throw away.

"He rustled around and set the spread for the innocent and guileless child of the desert, and by signs and lingo, earnestly cautioned him not to get away with all of them as we intended to warm them over for dinner. The red man had ears but heard not, and stolidly devoured those beans with an appetite of an anaconda. Then offering profuse thanks for the elegant repast, and wiping his mouth on the skirt of his Prince Albert, he withdrew to his tepee with the grace of a Chesterfield. After an hour or so we were aroused from our afternoon nap by a thundering rumpus. For a moment I was uncertain where I was, and what the deuce was going on. There was a terrible commotion at the Indian camp. The old chief came rushing over and charged us with having poisoned the bean-eater, and said he must have some whisky at once to save his life. We protested that he was not poisoned, that he had been gluttonous and had eaten a gallon of beans. We handed the old man the

bottle containing about a quart of 'valley tan' whisky, and intimated that if he drank that all down, the beans wouldn't get a chance to kill him. He looked at the bottle as if suspicious of its contents, and tipping it to his lips, put himself outside of perhaps two-thirds of the compound, and then pulled out for the sick bed of his brother.

"The howling increased, and with the screeching of the squaws and barking of the dogs, produced a veritable pandemonium.

"When the twilight shadows were stealing over the broad plains, Mr. Lo, who so shortly before ate at our table, a welcome guest, passed in his chips and went over to the majority, a victim of the seductive sweetness of the 'Bostonian's pride.' We did not wait to attend the funeral lest the infuriated Indians might wipe us out at 'one fell swoop,' like MacDuff's chickens. So while they were forgetful of all else save their dead brother, we thought it prudent

> 'To fold our tents like the Arabs
> And silently steal away,'

Leaving them alone with one good Indian."

"One story of a kind produces another," said Mr. M., "and as this gentleman has brought up the subject, I'll 'keep the stone rolling' by relating a reminiscence of my own. In the early days on the plains, it was customary for freighters to go by some nick-name; their most intimate acquaintances in many cases knew them only by such names, and I doubt not many a poor fellow lost his life there, whose real name was never known to his frontier acquaintances, and whose people advertised in vain for news of his whereabouts. I was forced to think ser-

iously of this nonsensical habit in a fight we had with the Indians at Big Springs, down on the Platte. I was known to my associates as 'Yank Smith,' and if I had fallen there my people would never have known what became of me. During the fight I vowed to myself that if I came out of that alive I would reveal my real name. When it was over I forgot all about it, and to this day those old associates remember me as 'Yank Smith.'

"We were camped at Big Springs, resting our stock after an all night's drive to get out of the reach of the military post, having slipped by in the night. The order of General Pope, then in command of the department, required all trains to be composed of not less than forty men, well armed, and to avoid being held to await others to make our crowd answer the 'regulation' size, we made it a practice to steal by in the night when the guard was having his dream of home, or his game of poker with the landlord at the ranch hard by. The party was composed of old White, his three sons, Dick Robinson and myself; Sim White was down at the river watering a mule, his father, the two other sons and Dick Robinson were playing poker under the wagon. I was looking on. Sim halloed to us that Indians were coming.

"Looking away to the bluffs, a mile to the south, we saw them coming, and from the dust they made there seemed to be at the very least a million of them, and every Indian ten feet high. Old White looked out from under the wagon and satisfied himself they were sure enough after us.

"He turned his cards carefully face downwards, and said to the boys, 'don't disturb that hand; we will have it out after we get through with the redskins.'

"On they came; but the distance was great, we had ample time to secure our animals by tying them to the hubs of the wagons, and get our guns ready for action before they were upon us. As they drew near we found there were only thirteen. They tried the old dodge of presenting the butt end of their guns, saying they wanted to 'swap.' 'You'll get no swap here but lead, you —— thieves,' said Old White, and immediately opened the fight by blazing away. The Indians at once fell back, firing as they did so, and for two long hours they kept up a running semi-circular fight, never still, and continually firing, always lying on the opposite side of their horses from us.

"We could do nothing but shoot at their horses, in hopes of killing them and then killing the Indians when dismounted; but they kept on the go so that it was only occasionally we could hit a pony.

"After a two hours fight, with no loss on either side, Dick Robinson asked me for an old musket I had in the wagon, which my mother had taken from one of John Morgan's men while attempting to plunder the house during his raid through Ohio.

"We had, during our trip over the plains, occasionally taken that old gun down and rammed a charge of pistol balls down, until we had about six inches of a load in it. I advised him not to attempt to fire it, but he said he was determined to kill that old chief. I gave it to him with the admonition to shut his eyes and say his prayers before pulling the trigger. But he fearlessly walked out towards the old scoundrel, who also advanced, each eyeing the other.

"When about seventy-five yards apart, both raised their guns at the same instant—and both fell.

"The chief's horse started off with a gallop, and the Indian, being a very large man, broke the strap with which he was tied on, and fell to the ground near where he was shot. We saw the blood fly from Dick's face and the gun bound away out of his hands, but he quickly jumped to his feet, wiped his face, grabbed up the old musket and ran as only a long-legged Missourian knows how to run, for the corral. The musket had kicked, and the hammer had torn away a 'chunk'—as he said—of his cheek.

"Upon the fall of the chief, the Indians made a rush to secure his body; but we kept up such a continuous fire that they could not get near it safely. Dick then proposed that as he had killed him, if we would charge on them and drive them back towards the south side of the corral, he would go out and get his 'scalp.' This we did, and Dick bounded out with an old butcher knife, and in less than a minute he sat himself across old Lo, and we could hear him tearing the scalp away. When the Indians saw what he was doing they made a desperate charge and drove us back, but not until Dick had secured the prize from that Indian's head.

"The loss of the scalp of their chief seemed to be a signal for retreat, for without any apparent order or sign from any of them, the remainder rode rapidly off towards the river, and disappeared among the hills.

"The trophy justly belonged to Dick. He stretched it and tacked it on the hoop of a keg, and from there to Fort Morgan, despite our entreaties and protests that it would certainly invite our destruction should we meet a large war party, it floated from the mast of his 'prairie schooner.' We were stopped of course at Fort Morgan by the commanding officer, who, I believe, was a brother of

Phil. Sheridan, and directed to go into camp until a proper number had collected to come within the order of the Department Commander. Dick suggested that as we had a pass, pointing to the scalp floating over his wagon, we ought to be permitted to proceed. The officer directed us to move on, which we did with our colors flying, and fortunately had no further molestation on the trip."

"Were there any duels in those days?" I asked.

CHAPTER X.

A BLOODY DUEL.

"Yes, there was a bloody duel among the old-time romances. I remember it as though it was yesterday," said Judge Bennett.

"It was the 7th, not the ides of March, A. D. 1860, when there occurred a most sanguinary encounter or affair of 'honah,' between two citizens of the Territory. Dr. Stone, Judge of the miners' court in the Mountain City District, had been a member of the Legislative Assembly. Hon. L. W. Bliss was Secretary, and at the time acting Governor of the Territory.

"There was no woman in this case, but money, the 'root of all evil,' according to respectable authority, did have something to do in the primeval cause of the quarrel, and wine warmed up the blood and caused the latent heat to escape.

"The affair grew out of some personal language used by the former against the latter. As I remember it, Dr. Stone had drawn his pay as a member of the Legislature during the first and only session of that body that ever

met, which was in the fall of 1859. A Provisional Government had been organized, with R. K. Steel at its head. The Territory was then called Jefferson. The Dr., after having sold his pay warrants, publicly repudiated the Territorial organization. This action, by a member of the Legislature, was quite annoying to the other officers of the Territory, and particularly so to the sensitive Secretary.

"Bliss and Stone were together often; were jovial, free hearted, fond of a joke and a drink, and up to this time were the best of friends.

"On the evening before the 7th of March the Secretary, Lou. Bliss, as he was familiarly called, had invited to his private rooms at the hotel a dozen or more gentleman friends, to break a few bottles of wine with him. While they were making themselves merry with the attractive host and the generous wine, Dr. Stone, who had come down from Central that day, stepped into the room unbidden and took his seat among the convivial party. The call was inopportune, for the party had just been discussing his repudiation of the Territorial organization.

"Shortly after Stone came in glasses were filled all around and Bliss, rising, said: 'Here's to the man who got his pay and then repudiated the government and left his friends.' Dr. Stone understood the remark to be aimed at him, as in fact it was. Fire shot from his eyes, and without taking his wine, he and a friend who came in with him immediately withdrew.

"The friend who had retired with Dr. Stone soon returned with a note bearing a challenge to mortal combat. Bliss immediately accepted.

"Being the challenged party, according to the code he

had the choice of weapons, and chose double-barreled shot-guns, loaded with ounce balls; distance, thirty paces; time, afternoon of the next day.

"The place selected was on the bank of the Platte river near Denver.

"There was no secrecy, for there was no law against duelling, nor, for that matter, against any other form of murder, except that in the absence of statutes the inhabitants of the western border of the Great American Desert were 'a law unto themselves.'

"The town was full of excitement over the impending duel. People conversed in whispers and exchanged glances full of meaning. Some said Bliss would not fight, that he was a Northern man and hadn't the nerve. Others said Dr. Stone was from Harper's Ferry, and would make Bliss fight or back squarely down. Others again averred that Bliss would fight, and was sure to hit his man; that he was rehearsing for the combat, and was a crack shot. He had at the 'word' shot the figure of a man at thirty paces distant full of holes, from the crown of the head to the knees, hitting the figure every time where he said he would.

"And so the gossip went on, until the opinion became general that Bliss' superior skill would brace him up for the conflict.

"Not knowing the precise hour, I watched to see the crowd start, and then followed, thinking possibly I might stop the fight by reasoning with the parties on the ground.

"When I reached the appointed place Dr. Stone had just arrived in his carriage, accompanied by his seconds and surgeon. Shortly after came Bliss, walking and carrying his shot-gun carelessly on his shoulder. He was

dressed in a dust-colored 'Raglan' coat, and impressed me at the time as though he was, as near as might be, following out his habit of bird hunting.

"He mingled in the crowd, talking and chatting with his friends and acquaintances with as much apparent ease and composure as though the occasion was but a Christmas shooting match. Dr. Stone walked with his surgeon apart from the crowd, looking pale and highly wrought up.

"I began to counsel peace and compromise, but no one seemed to think a peaceful settlement could be effected. Some told me I had better keep still, or I might get hurt. 'They had come there to see a fight, and a fight it must be.' So, thinking prudence the better part of valor, I concluded to remain and witness, for the first time in my life, a duel.

"In about twenty minutes after the parties reached the place, the distance was measured off and guns loaded—one barrel each. The toss-up for the word was won by Stone's seconds. The belligerants were placed opposite, with left side presented each to the other, guns down in hand. The signal was—*one—two—fire—stop*. The firing was to be done on or between the words *fire* and *stop*. Either principal firing before the word *fire*, or after the word *stop*, was, by the terms of the code, liable to be shot down by the seconds of his antagonist.

"The principals being ready, the seconds in their respective positions, each armed with a Colt's navy revolver, cocked and in hand, the word was given in a loud clear tone. When in quick, but due time, Stone fired first, without raising his gun to his eye. Before the word *stop* was uttered Bliss fired and Stone fell to the ground with

a heart-rending cry—'Killed! O, my God.' He was pierced through the pelvis from hip to hip. Bliss, unharmed, except by the stain of murder on his soul, walked away, his face pallid and distorted with misery—it having been his intention not to kill, but to inflict a slight wound that would merely disable the doctor for a time.

"Stone was carried to his room and lingered for several months, wasting to a skeleton long before he expired. Bliss was never quite himself after the death of Stone, and soon drifted away."

Thus ended the stories at the pioneer dinner.

CHAPTER XI.

THE ATTACK ON THE NEWS OFFICE.

In July, 1860, a series of murders were inaugurated by the desperadoes who infested Denver during the spring and summer. The *News* dealt vigorous blows against them, and bravely condemned the killing of a negro named Starks, by Charlie Harrison, one of the worst of the outlaws. Harrison sought the editorial sanctum to rehearse the whys and wherefores, claiming that he killed Starks in self-defense, and exhibited his pistol covered with hacks, which, he declared, were made by Starks' bowie-knife in the struggle between them. The subject was then dropped to the mutual satisfaction of the *News* and Harrison.

Carl Wood, however, who delighted in bloodshed and violence, and who exercised a sort of despotic influence over his confederates, summoned them to his support, and one morning suddenly appeared in the *News* office and threatened to "clean it out." Approaching the senior

editor, Mr. Byers, he seized him by the collar and commanded him to go at once to the Criterion saloon and apologize to the proprietor, Harrison, for the offensive editorial. He emphasized this order by flourishing a large navy revolver dangerously near the editor's head.

Wood was informed that the difficulty with Harrison had been settled satisfactorily to all parties concerned, and an apology at that time would not be in order.

The appearance of these armed desperadoes in the *News* sanctum caused great uneasiness among the employees. A few printers in the composing room were for showing fight, but, unfortunately, they were not armed.

Mr. Byers stated his willingness to be escorted to the Criterion saloon by the ruffians, and so went with them. Wood walked close by his side, occasionally shoving his Deringer under his nose, asking him how he liked the smell of gunpowder, and playfully threatening to blow his brains out "just for luck."

Arriving at the saloon Harrison corroborated the statements made at the office, that all was quiet between himself and the editor, and urged that the matter be dropped. While Wood and his friends were filling themselves with liquor at the bar, Byers succeeded, by a ruse of Harrison's, in escaping through the back door and returned to his office, which, during his absence, had assumed the appearance of a hastily improvised arsenal. The employees, apprehensive of another visit from the desperadoes, had armed themselves and prepared for a siege.

When the escape of the captive was made known, Wood and his riotous friends, armed with double-barreled shot-guns, mounted their horses and drew up for consultation at an unoccupied log house a few rods away from

the editor's office. They evidently realized the necessity of being cautious.

To George Steele, who was full of drunken bravery, was entrusted the honor of reconnoitering the enemy's camp. He advanced to the steps of the building, and peered long and earnestly, but could see nothing—all was as still as the heart of the dead, yet at that very moment he was covered with a dozen rifles from within. Standing awhile as if debating in his own mind the course to pursue, he returned to the log house, but soon appeared with a pair of heavy dragoon revolvers strapped around him. When in front of the building, he whipped out a pistol and fired into the sanctum, but no one was wounded, nor was there any response. He then put spurs to his horse and sped like the wind over a condemned bridge that reeled and rocked under the clattering hoofs of his horse. Gaining the opposite bank, he rose in his stirrups and turning, fired again, but the bullet passed through the building without harm.

A signal was then given to the *News* men, when they opened fire upon him from their windows. His coat was completely riddled with buckshot, and he staggered in his saddle, but did not fall. He rode rapidly to a brothel where his mistress lived, informed her of his wounded condition, and then dashed away to the Highland suburbs. A man by the name of Tom Pollock followed in his wake, and shot him from his horse.

There were flying rumors, that Byers had been killed, and in a few minutes the streets of Denver were filled with armed men. Search being instituted for Carl Wood, he was apprehended, just as he reached the door of his cabin, and compelled to throw down his arms and surrender.

The trial which ensued occupied three days. All business was suspended, and Judge H. P. Bennett, always a faithful and earnest advocate of the people's cause, did great credit to himself on this occasion.

It was decided that Carl Wood should be banished from the country on pain of death if he returned. He was provided with a fleet horse, led out on the prairie and given the word "go," which he obeyed without any unnecessary delay.

CHAPTER XII.

THE HANGING OF GORDON.

The damp morning newspaper so often brought tales of blood, that a "man for breakfast" became a common expression.

The killing of Jacob Gantz by James Gordon in July, 1860, created the most intense excitement that ever agitated the public mind.

Gordon was subject to periodical sprees. On this occasion it is said he was crazy drunk. He entered a saloon, and seeing Jacob Gantz seated on a keg in a corner, politely and pressingly urged him to take a drink. While standing at the bar, Gordon lifted his glass, sneeringly viewed Gantz from head to foot, threw the whisky in his face, struck him with his pistol and shot him dead. In the darkness he made his escape to Fort Lupton. The Fort was surrounded by his pursuers for twenty-four hours before he came out. At sundown the gate was thrown open and Gordon, mounted on a fleet horse, and a pistol in each hand, plunged through the crowd and disappeared in the gathering darkness.

Weeks passed before he was heard of again. He wrote a friend to sell some property and send the money to him at Kansas City. The letter fell into the hands of W. H. Middaugh, acting as the people's sheriff, and who undertook the dangerous mission of capturing him.

Taking the coach to Leavenworth, he intercepted Gordon on the high prairies, within sight of the line of the Indian Territory, whilst he was lying on the grass by the side of the trail, holding his horse by the bridle and allowing it to feed. When Middaugh read the warrant for his arrest, a death-like paleness covered his face and every nerve seemed to tremble.

He was taken to Leavenworth, where a single half-hour's trial was held, and, in mockery of justice, he was acquitted, on the plea that the deed was committed outside the jurisdiction of that place, notwithstanding the long-asserted authority of Kansas to the contrary. A violent mob gathered around the house, however, with the avowed intention of hanging him. He placed himself under the protection of the Mayor.

The wildest excitement prevailed. The seething, angry crowd surged to and fro, and, as night came on, bonfires were built, which threw their lurid light far out over a scene at once weird and fearful.

Infuriated men armed with muskets, revolvers and knives, were sending up the fierce demand: "Hang him! Hang him!"

Mayor McDowell expostulated with the rioters, and made several speeches urging obedience to the law.

The ruling spirits at last agreed that Gordon should be delivered to Middaugh. The scene that ensued was indescribable. The brave officers gathered around the pris-

oner. They were forced by the frenzied crowd into a narrow, rocky glen. Several times a halter was thrown around the neck of Gordon, and as quickly cut by an officer. Darkness closed about them, and the howls and oaths of the mob made a din that was fearful.

The prisoner begged to be hung, shot, anything to put him out of his misery.

He was bruised and lacerated; every shred of clothing torn from him; nothing left upon his body but clanking chains. Middaugh at length carried his prisoner through the storm, and on the 28th of September they reached Denver.

Intense feeling began to manifest itself. The crowd which met them soon adjourned to a grove to organize a court, for they intended Gordon's trial to be in accordance with law and justice. Judge H. P. Bennett, who sat far off with his back to the crowd, was nominated as prosecutor for the people, but he declined, saying the the Judges appointed would control the jury. If they would appoint a new set of Judges, he would prosecute. The request was acceded to, and the Judge was chosen for the prosecution with a deafening yell. He arose and stated that it would require some time to collect his evidence, and requested the trial to be adjourned until the next morning at nine o'clock. He urged the people to let right be done, though the heavens fall. He said, "the trifling of one of the highest tribunals in the land with the life that is now in our hands, has turned the eyes of tens of thousands in the States towards Denver, where no law of the great American Union claims jurisdiction. Let us temper justice with mercy, and let no mob or unlawful attempt interfere with the 'People's Court.'" Even

after this ardent address, an attempt was made during the night to rescue Gordon.

The next morning they entered upon the trial. Gordon was allowed every advantage that could have been accorded him by the highest and best regulated court in the land. He was supported by able lawyers, who labored faithfully in his behalf. The verdict, "guilty," was rendered by twelve of the most respectable and responsible citizens of the country, and the sentence of death passed by the court and endorsed by the assembled hundreds. He was given time to make temporal and spiritual preparation for his unhappy end. Petitions were circulated for a reprieve, but without success. If to be hanged was inevitable, he wished no delay, for there was no reprieve from his conscience.

From the depths of his misery thoughts came thick and fast of his misspent life, of the alluring woman who placed the red wine to his lips and led him to ruin—of the life he had taken—of the horrible death before him—of the hopes, prayers and tears of his gray-haired mother. In the words of Byron's "Manfred,"

> "Though thy slumbers may be deep,
> Yet thy spirit shall not sleep;
> There are shades which will not vanish,
> There are thoughts thou canst not banish;
> And to thee shall night deny
> All the quiet of her sky."

On the following Saturday, October 6th, as the sun was sinking behind mountains shrouded with mystic light Gordon was led to the gallows. Rev. Dr. Rankin, Sheriff Middaugh and a few others, mounted the scaffold with him. Prayer for the doomed was offered, during which

Gordon knelt and the vast assemblage stood with uncovered heads. At the close he said, in a faltering voice:

"Gentlemen, you who have been my friends and endeavored to obtain a reprieve for me in the hope of securing my banishment from the Territory, I thank you from the bottom of my heart; I thank the ladies and gentlemen who have visited me during my confinement, and been so good to me. Speak of me kindly to my mother. Oh, if some good friend here would shoot me! But it is all well—good-bye. Mr. Middaugh, remember to fix the knot so it will break my neck as soon as possible. Oh, God have mercy!"

And thus ended the career of one who had many friends—but the people were inflexible in administering justice. Truly the "way of the transgressor" is hard, and his sins will find him out.

CHAPTER XIII.

PEOPLE'S COURT.

Kansas failing to exercise judicial authority over the region, the Solons of the place were called together in the fall of '60 to draft a code of laws suitable to their needs; and organized a tribunal which they dignified with the title of "People's Court." They elected a mayor, judges and city council, levied and collected taxes, and performed all the functions of a legally constituted city government. J. C. Moore was the first mayor. Major Downing was the first judge. In looking over the archives I found a record of very startling divorce case. A wife's petition for divorce, and the husband's quit-claim deed of her, of which the following is a true copy:

DIVORCE—JUDGE HOWARD'S QUIT-CLAIM DEED TO HIS WIFE.

MARY E. HOWARD, *Plaintiff,*
vs.
JOHN HOWARD, *Defendant.*
} *In Court of Chancery, Denver City, Jefferson Territory.*

PETITION FOR DIVORCE.

To the Plaintiff in the above entitled action:

WHEREAS, having been citied through the press at Denver, to appear before one Judge Downing, of the above entitled Court, to show cause why your prayer to be divorced from me should not be granted:

I, the defendant, hereby state (waiving my own oath in the premises) that I don't know any such cause whatever, and, therefore, confess the corn. And said defendant, as Judge of the Canon City District Court, enters a decree in your favor accordingly; and in order to relieve you of any embarrassment in the matter, I have executed and send you herewith attached as part of this answer, a quit-claim deed of all my right, title and interest whatever in you, leaving a blank to be filled up by the name of the party ——— grantee, by whom you may in future be claimed under squatter title. Hoping you will fully appreciate my good feeling in the premises, I hereby attach the said deed, as follows, to wit:

Know all men (and one woman) by these presents, That I, John Howard, of Canon City, of the first part, do hereby give, grant, bargain, convey, and quit-claim, all my right, title and interest in and to the following (un) real estate, to wit: The undivided whole of that ancient estate known as Mary Howard, (the title to which I acquired by discovery, occupancy, possession and use,) situated at present in the town of Denver, Jefferson Territory, together with all the improvements made and erected by me thereon, with all the rents, profits, easements, enjoyments, long suffering and appurtenances thereto in anywise appertaining, unto —— of the second part, to have and to hold unto the said —— so long as he can keep her, without recourse upon the grantor or endorser.

In testimony whereof, I have hereunto set my hand and seal, this, the 24th day of Jan., 1861.

[SEAL] Signed, JOHN HOWARD.

Signed in the presence of A. Rudd, clerk of District Court.

Per WILBUR F. STONE, Deputy.

CHAPTER XIV.

SCHOOLS AND CHURCHES.

Denver and Auraria were separated by Cherry Creek, at that time a very insignificant stream, which had a flow of water in the spring, from ten to twenty feet wide and about six inches deep. The "high water" continued two or three months, after which it diminished to a silvery, thread like current. The rise and fall of the stream was considered of so little consequence that houses were built close to the water's brink, and many in the channel itself. Two flattened pine logs with a rough board railing, formed a foot bridge from bank to bank, where Larimer street now crosses. A flour barrel had been sunk at this point, which supplied the citizens with water.

Rivalry between the towns ran high. Society was full of "envy, hatred, malice and all uncharitableness." "Are you a Denver man or an Aurarian?" was the one absorbing local question.

On the last week of March, 1860, the citizens held a mass meeting and passed the following:

"WHEREAS, The towns at and near the mouth of Cherry creek are, and of right ought to be, one; therefore, be it

Resolved, That from this time Auraria proper shall be known as Denver City, West Division, and we hereby authorize the board of directors to change the name on the plat accordingly."

At the close of the year 1860, there were sixty thousand people in the Territory, and Denver had a population of about four thousand. Even at this early day the young metropolis was fairly supplied with the three great

forces of civilization, to wit: schools, churches and newspapers. The pioneers liberally encouraged religion, morality and education. With Whittier they believed:

"The riches of our commonwealth
Are free, strong minds and hearts of health;
And more to her than gold or grain,
The cunning hand and cultured brain.

Nor heeds the sceptic's puny hands,
While near the school the church-spire stands,
Nor fears the blinding bigot's rule,
While near the church-spire stands the school."

AN ODD PLACE OF WORSHIP.

The first voice of one preaching in the wilderness was that of George Washington Fisher, a Methodist minister, who was kindly tendered a saloon to hold divine service in. The house was filled with the old and young, the giddy and sedate, the pious and the dissolute. The good man took his stand in front of the bar, and preached from the text, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters, and he that hath no money, come ye, buy, and eat; yea, come buy wine and milk without money and without price."

Behind him were bottles and glasses in glittering array, and placards adorned the walls, reading, "no trust," "pay as you go," "25 cts. a drink."

The minister gave a kind and loving lecture, presenting Christ as the cup and the loaf to refresh the christian soldier and guide him to the new Jerusalem.

Even those who were inclined to laugh at the incongruity of the scene, bowed in holy reverence to receive the benediction.

Rev. J. H. Kehler arrived in Denver from Virginia on the 17th of January, 1860, and established St. John's Church in the wilderness.

One gloomy, stormy Sunday morning there were only two persons in the church, Mr. Amos Steck and Col. J. H. Dudley. They thought of course they would be dismissed without a sermon, but Father Kehler, equal to the situation, selected the text, "Where two or three are gathered together in my name, there will I be, in the midst of them," and thereupon preached an excellent sermon.

CHAPTER XV.

LOYAL TO THE GOVERNMENT.

In the spring of 1861 the Territory of Colorado was organized. President Lincoln immediately appointed William Gilpin its first Governor, in recognition of his services as an explorer of the "great West." The people of Denver set about to receive their distinguished executive with every manifestation of pleasure and respect in their power.

To Judge H. P. Bennett was assigned the honor of making the reception speech. To give greater tone to the affair a platform was erected in front of the Tremont house, West Denver, where the reception was to be held,

and a large anvil, in lieu of a cannon, was loaded for a welcoming salute. In due time the Governor and his escort, in a spring wagon, which was newly painted and gaily decorated for the occasion, drew up in front of the orator. The Governor thrust his hand in the breast of his closely buttoned coat and assumed, from force of habit, a dignified and striking attitude.

Bennett had prepared a real old-fashioned spread eagle speech, full of solid rhapsodies on our Italian climate and exhilerating atmosphere. But, just as he had launched out with "fellow citizens," the cannon went off, whether by accident or in a spirit of mischief, was never known; but it certainly did "spread itself" in the effort to make its presence known, and gave the speaker a mightier "send-off" than was expected or desired. The enthusiastic crowd scattered in every direction, and the orator was so stunned that he forgot what came next, or what he was there for.

This, mind you, occurred about the beginning of the war. A majority of the people of Colorado were loyal to the Government. A better illustration cannot be cited than that related by Judge Wilbur F. Stone: "Soon after the Territorial organization, two young men, who had been working for a miner at Gold Run, in Summit county, stole a large quantity of gold dust from their employer. They were pursued, captured, brought back to the gulch, tried by a 'miners' court' and sentenced to be hanged. In the meantime A. C. Hunt, then United States Marshal for the district of Colorado, learned of the affair while passing through Park county in charge of some prisoners, and at once dispatched to me a warrant for the arrest of the culprits, sending me, at the same

time, a commission as deputy to execute the warrant. I was then at Buckskin Joe, in Park county, and mounting my horse rode with all speed over the range twenty miles to Gold Run, which I reached just as the crowd of nearly a thousand miners had gathered to see the execution.

"Under a pine tree two graves had been dug, and beside them was placed a wagon upon which the two condemned criminals were standing with ropes noosed about their necks and fastened to a limb of the tree above, looking down upon their open graves, and waiting the signal when the wagon should be drawn from under them. A hollow square of men, with loaded rifles, inclosed the wagon.

"I jumped upon a pine log and harangued the crowd, urging them to allow the prisoners a trial in the Territorial courts. The people feared an escape and were inflexible. The crisis had come. Suddenly breaking through the guard, and leaping upon the wagon, I claimed the criminals as my prisoners.

"Instantly every rifle of the guard was leveled at me. Snatching the warrant from my pocket I held it up, showing the seal and the American eagle on the corner, and commenced in a loud voice to read the formal printed mandate of the warrant. 'The President of the United States to the Marshal of Colorado, greeting: You are hereby commanded to take the bodies of—' I got no farther with the reading than this, for those words were no sooner uttered than a voice in the crowd shouted: 'Boys, we can't resist the President of the United States. Hurrah for Abe Lincoln!' The crowd echoed the cheer, 'Hurrah for Abe Lincoln!' A serio-comic mixture of the sublime and the

ludicrous. Immediately the guns of the guard were brought to a 'present arms.' With my camp knife I cut the ropes which bound the prisoners, pushed them before me through the crowd, remounted my horse, and, accompanied by a single assistant—a staunch fellow named Bill Burdett, who is now a faithful guard at the State penitentiary at Conon City—marched back across the mountains in the night, by a lonely trail, and sent the prisoners to Denver, where they were tried, convicted and sentenced to a term of years in the penitentiary at Alton, Illinois.

"And so were the foundations of law and order laid by the pioneers. When they were without Territorial organization each separate community was an independent sovereignty, with a democracy as pure as was that of Greece, and a republic as potent as was that of Rome."

Soon after the Governor's arrival in Colorado, he issued a call for a regiment of volunteer troops, with which to hold the Territory for the Union. In a few weeks one thousand men from the mountains and the glens rallied around him, in appearance a motley concourse, clad in all the odd fashions ever seen in a new and mountain district, and armed with such guns as the Governor had been able to purchase from individual owners—old rifles, shot-guns, old muskets, and anything, indeed, that resembled a firearm. But the loyalty and courage of these men saved the Union cause in Colorado and New Mexico, and well earned the uniforms and approved rifles with which they were afterwards supplied at Fort Union. Pressing southward, they met Sibley's force and drove it back into Texas. This is claimed to be the first decisive victory won by the Government in the war for the Union.

CHAPTER XVI.

FIRE AND FLOOD.

On the 19th of April, 1863, one-half of the business part of Denver was destroyed by fire. The alarm was given between the hours of 2 and 3 in the morning, and before the town was fairly aroused, the flames had made such headway that all effort to extinguish them seemed unavailing. The most that could be done was to save the contents of the burning buildings.

The loss of property by this fire exceeded two hundred and fifty thousand dollars, and embraced the principal business portion of the town. Before the wreck of the burnt district was cleared away, while the ashes were still hot and smoking, the work of rebuilding began. The new structures were principally of brick, and the indomitable energy that characterized the pioneer caused a fine city to spring up, Phœnix like, from the ashes; and commercial transactions soon resumed their former bustling activity. Most of the losers in that fire are the prominent business men of Denver to-day.

The Cherry creek flood began about midnight on the 13th of May, 1864. It swept away a number of buildings and drowned fifteen or twenty people.

Said a lady: "I heard a terrible sound rolling through the air, like a discharge of cannon. I threw open the door, and beheld a gigantic wave, like an approaching Niagara, reflecting on its crest the light of the moon. At first it was slow and majestic in its movements, then it came faster and faster, mounted higher and higher, tear-

ing up solid soil until it held in suspension nearly half its volume in sand. Trees were toppled down, houses fell and everybody rushed in fright away from the mad torrent.

"After the sorrowful tales were told and the gloom wore away, we found much to laugh at. One lady awoke her husband and asked him to get up and see what was the matter, 'she heard a noise like the screaming of people.' He said it was the wind and gave himself up to sleep; but she 'refused to be comforted,' and aroused him again. He said, 'if I go to the door and look out, I suppose you will be satisfied.' Stepping on the floor, he plunged knee deep in water; then, muttering a few crusty words about leaving the children's bath-tub in the middle of the floor, he took another step, only to discover that something was radically wrong. They were saved from a watery grave by the gallant men on horses, who were dashing through the surging waves, rescuing families from their flooded homes."

Cherry creek left the old bed and broke another for itself farther north, undermining the bluffs, and by the various magic of creative change formed new knolls and mounds, which stood fixed and permanent in their sudden heights, as if the Divine Architect was remodeling the earth.

Many slept peacefully through it all, awaking long after the sun's bright beams had dispelled the darkness and revealed their narrow escape from death.

One man's house was torn from its foundation and carried by the flood wave to a hill, where it was stranded, like the Ark on Mt. Ararat. The next morning, when viewing the new topography, he exclaimed: "Has the

earth been turned upside down, wrong side out, or have I lost my wits?"

A gentleman living on the North Side advertised:

"LOST—On the night of the 19th four first-class building lots. They are probably Stateward bound. Anyone who will overtake and return them will be liberally rewarded by the owner."

Another requested the removal of other people's lots from his real estate.

A negro woman and five children took a deck passage on their cabin roof for a couple of miles, and were safely anchored on the limbs of a cottonwood tree.

Of course there were many theories and speculations about water spouts, cloud bursts, and so on. When the facts were developed it was found to be the result of a storm on the Divide, of rain and hail alternately, which raged almost continuously for several days. One good effect of the flood was the washing away of all hostile or sectional feelings between the east and west divisions of the city. The turning of the bed of Cherry creek was then energetically discussed, and became an intermittent disease with which Denver is still to some extent afflicted.

CHAPTER XVII.

A DRIVE FOR LIFE.

In the spring of 1864 the Indians started on the war-path. Stages and wagon trains were waylaid and passengers massacred. For a time communication between Colorado and civilization was almost stopped; the road was literally paved with the bones of the dead and sprinkled with the blood of the wounded and slain.

An incident more vivid and thrilling than any of fancy's written tales, and highly illustrative of the anguish of mind and body endured by the traveler during those perilous times, was told me by Mrs. Bowman, a very interesting and intelligent lady now residing in Gunnison: "I was full of youth and vivacity," said she, "my constant buoyancy of spirit made me a joy to my friends. I never borrowed trouble, and had one risen from the dead and prophesied the danger before me, I would not have believed. I knew that Ben. Holladay had withdrawn his coaches, and the U. S. mail had been discontinued because of Indian depredations, but I feared no evil. I had been East hoping the change of climate would improve the health of my delicate, beautiful boy, who was just seventeen months old. But he seemed not to strengthen, and after several months I concluded to return to my home in Denver.

"My husband had telegraphed a friend in Atchison to see that everything was provided to make my journey as pleasant as possible. Accordingly I was fitted out with a light wagon, nicely covered, and drawn by two spirited, fleet-footed mares. I hired a negro driver, Lee Ayres, a man of gigantic physique, and known to be perfectly trustworthy. I also engaged a man to assist in attending the team and helping about camp. My companion was a woman somewhat older than myself. I had known her from my childhood and addressed her by the name of 'Muzzey.' She was a very devout christian, and exacted of me a promise that I would not travel on Sunday. I said, 'all right, Muzzey, you can pray and I will watch.' I can never forget that Sunday's camping on the plains. It added ten years to my life. The sun seemed to stand

still, and I thought, if this is time, what is eternity? But I anticipate, as they say in books.

"The fact of our husbands being both in Denver, formed a strong sympathetic link between us, and the hope of meeting them inspired us with courage to undertake the hazardous journey.

"For the first four days out we lingered with a train of ox teams. Picturesque Indians with feathers in their hair, would crowd around us, begging for whisky and swearing in pure English. They are famed for adding to their list of accomplishments a readily acquired Billingsgate vocabulary of unrivaled opulence.

"A kind friend, thoughtful of protecting my complexion on the plains, made me a lavender barege sun-bonnet, lined with pink, and finished with a long skirt; they were greatly in vogue in those days. I could but laugh when an Indian, regarding it as a curiosity, snatched it from my head, placed it on his own, and went galloping over the plains, performing wild and dexterous evolutions with the long gauzy skirt of the bonnet floating around his head like a cloud.

"Ten days after we left Atchison the telegraph wires were cut and the operators deserted their stations. We met men on horseback, who rode wildly from ranch to ranch, heralding the news of savage warfare. They told us that the Indians were on the outbreak back of us—we could not retrace our steps, so we left the ox teams and pushed forward. I stopped at Fort Kearney and asked for an escort, but was gruffly refused; I thought there must be a pharmacy at the fort, and I asked where I could get medicine for my sick child; but received no answer. I said, my husband wrote that he would send money and

a letter here for me. The stern official looked carelessly through a bundle of letters, and said in the same metallic, harsh voice, 'nothing for you.'

"'Oh, sir,' I said, 'there must be a letter for me.'

"With corrugated brow, he thundered out, 'I told you once, and I don't propose to look again!'

"All that was left to us was to go on; who can imagine our hopes, our fears, our prayers, in the gloom that surrounded us.

"When evening came we were out on the rough green plains that 'no man reaps,' in the midst of an eternal and infinite solitude, with a horrible death at the hands of the 'noble red man,' staring us in the face. Our hearts seemed to be beating funeral marches, and our watches served only to arouse the old superstition of death ticks. Oh, what a procession of phantoms went dashing through my highly excited brain!

"We camped one night at Roper's ranch, where we found a number of women and children, who had gathered from the ranches around, and were wringing their hands and crying in great confusion.

"They said the Indians had been there dressed in 'airy nothing,' and gorgeously ornamented with 'war-paint.' The men had gone to gather in the stock.

"A train of eleven wagons had camped there for supper. They had freight that was due in Denver at a certain time, and it was imperative for them to move on, so they resumed their journey at eleven o'clock that night, and said to me, 'come right along with us, we will protect you.' The woman who had been so kind in her efforts to relieve my sick child, urged me to stay there, but something impelled me to go on. With pallid lips we

clasped the hands of our new-made friends and spoke the sad good-bye.

"That very night they were attacked by the Indians, some of them killed, the rest taken prisoners, and subjected to brutal treatment. I afterwards learned the sorrowful story from one of the young girls, who was rescued by Major Ed. Wynkoop. With our fleet team we were soon in sight of the freighters, who had two hours the start of us.

"Between four and five o'clock in the morning, when it was beginning to look rosy in the east, we stopped in a little ravine to feed our horses and take our breakfast.

"We were then two miles and a half from Thompson's ranch, the goal for which we were striving, for there they had arms and ammunition.

"While preparing my breakfast, Lee Ayres, in a feeble effort to dispel the gloom, said, 'We are just like morning glories, out first thing in the morning.' 'Better than that,' said Muzzey, 'is the old proverb, "The morning hours bring gold in the mouth."'

"Suddenly our attention was arrested by a smoke that rose higher and higher, and grew blacker and blacker, until the whole heavens seemed to be draped in mourning. Lee Ayres climbed to the bow of the wagon and gazed as if looking in to sure destruction, his countenance betokening a soul stricken dumb. At last, in smothered tones, he exclaimed, 'O, my God! We are gone.' He could see forms moving to and fro. The wagons were all on fire; the black smoke from the burning bacon, drifting towards us, prevented the savages from seeing our little wagon in the ravine. I felt that death was overshadowing us, and we all knelt in prayer. Oh, the agony that we suffered

made that half hour a living age to us, for 'those who foresee calamities suffer them twice.'

"I shrank from contemplating the misery and despair of the cowardly white man, while the heroic energy and inflexibility of the bold Ethiop commanded my homage and reverence. The good woman at my side seemed to be whispering her dearest secrets into the ears of God. Her face shone with a heavenly light, that fell upon me like a benediction, and I felt resigned to say, 'Father, not my will but Thine be done.'

"Lee Ayres said 'I will crawl, on my hands and knees, up the ravine, until I can command a better view, and if I find that death is inevitable, you must kill your baby, I will kill you and then kill myself; they cannot have us alive.'

"Kill my child! The dear little innocent babe! The thought seemed to shatter my heart and brain. All grew black around me, and I thought of nothing but heaven and eternity.

"When Lee returned his face was lit up with renewed hope; he said, 'the Indians are gone and we will now make the drive for life.'

"When we reached the top of the hill we could see Thompson's ranch. It looked like a little mound in the distance, and to our anxious hearts it seemed millions of miles away, and lured us, like the will-'o-wisp, to the verge of the soul's extremest woe. As we neared the conflagration the horses became unmanageable, and the one on the right jumped out of the traces. The Indians had gotten some distance up the ravine, when they caught a glimpse of our moving wagon. They turned with a fiendish whoop and commenced firing upon us. Their flaunting and

fantastic embellishments, arms and ornaments, glittering in the morning sunshine, were enough to strike terror to the stoutest heart.

"The white man, who was completely unstrung by the ordeal through which he had passed, sprang to the tongue of the wagon, and drawing a knife commenced to cut the harness from the horse, saying that he intended to make his escape.

"'Stop!' commanded the negro, leveling his revolver at him, 'if you cut another strap, you die.' The miserable wretch crouched on the tongue paralyzed with mental fear and watched me with glittering eyes.

"'As when the tiger's sought for prey,
And sees no 'scape, he turns at bay.'

A DRIVE FOR LIFE.

"The negro said to me, 'give your baby to Muzzey and drive, while I shoot at the Indians,' who were rapidly gaining upon us. Superhuman strength seemed to be given me. Clasping my child to my throbbing heart, I seized the reins. We went dashing, rearing, plunging around burning wagons. On either side were horses groaning in the agonies of death, and men dead and dying, wrapped in winding sheets of flame.

"All passed before me like a horrible panorama, and left an indelible picture on my mind.

"As soon as we were near enough for the men at the

ranch to see our distress, they hastened to our assistance and drove the Indians back. It was a fearful drive. We reached the ranch with our wagon-cover full of arrows, and the would-be deserter crouched upon the tongue. Lee Ayres, with a look of scorn, said to the men, 'he is a coward and ought to die. It fills me with contempt to think that such a dastard would place value on his own worthless self when women are in danger.'

"The poor creature hung his head low, and sat like a sinner confessing his sins.

"Once at the ranch, we were corraled in a large barn that was full of port-holes. The Indians attacked us and were repulsed.

"A brave man who had a hand battery rode eleven miles under the cover of night, attached his battery to the cut wires and succeeded in sending a message to Fort Cottonwood.

"At the end of the third day we heard a bugle sound, and the clear liquid notes were sweeter than any music I ever heard before or since. It seemed that heaven had opened and from the angel choir floated the strain, bearing peace to our troubled souls. When we saw the mounted soldiers, a shout of thanksgiving went up to Him who 'marks the sparrow's fall.' The next day we went with a guard of sixty-five cavalry to Fort Cottonwood to wait the opening of the road to Denver. My husband received news that we were prisoners; and three coach loads of men, well armed, volunteered to go with him to our rescue. Just as they were starting a swift courier arrived, with the news that we were safe at Fort Cottonwood. Thither they hastened to escort us to Denver. The day after we left for Denver my child died.

The beautiful bud sprinkled with the morning dews of life, was taken to unfold its petals in Paradise. Like a piece of rare sculpture he lay, the long heavy lashes rested upon his marble cheeks, and the golden locks clustered around his chiseled features, that bore no trace of pain. I reached Denver carrying in my arms the precious bundle of mortality. I was ill for months, the savage war whoop was ringing in my ears, and the sight of a hatchet, ax, or arrow, conveyed terror to my heart. It seemed that my faculties would never recover their former intelligence. I often think of the heroic negro driver, and feel that too much honor cannot be given him for so bravely enduring the strain which only a noble nature could have borne."

CHAPTER XVIII.

THE GREAT INDIAN SCARE OF '64.

To call it the "reign of terror" but feebly expresses the state of affairs existing in Colorado in 1864.

> "Then Lo, the poor red-skin, with unscrupulous mind,
> Boldly scalped, stole our stock, and left no hoof behind.

Occasionally a straggling Indian mounted on the inevitable pony, would ride straight up to the windows, (for fences were few and far between in those days,) flatten his face against the pane and scream, 'how,' which, although a polite greeting enough, served to frighten timid women and children well nigh out of their wits. A lady in replying to such a salute, opened her mouth wide and lifted her false teeth out on her tongue. The Indian, who had

never seen the like before, regarded her as a spirit, and beat a tumultuous retreat.

One day as Mrs. S. was arranging her bonnet before a glass preparatory to making a few calls, by the side of her serene face was reflected the squalid features of a squaw, who had stolen into the room unawares, and seeing her own image in the glass, was thrown into a paroxysm of delight by contemplating her beauty, perhaps her toilet, which was nothing more than a string of beads around her neck. Beyond the advantage of protection from the weather, they were in the most unsophisticated ignorance as to the ordinary uses of clothing. But so great was their vanity they would give anything they possessed for a mirror.

The Hungate family, father, mother and children, had been murdered at the very threshold of Denver, and threats had been made to sack and burn the city. The nerves of the people were strung to the highest tension, and ready for a panic at the least intimation of danger.

Late one evening a man dashed into town, frightened almost out of his senses, and reported that a large company of hostile Indians were driving off stock and murdering the ranchmen. The scene that followed beggars description. Every bell in the city sounded the alarm. Men, women and children pushed through the streets *en deshabille*, and literally crazed with fear. The United States branch mint was prominent among the places of refuge. In the general alarm, wells, cisterns, dark alleys and dry goods boxes became hiding places for the terror-stricken inhabitants. One man said to another, "my gun has been idle for so long, I wonder if it will go off; I believe I will shoot at that dry-goods box and see." Imme-

diately the box rose up on two legs, and a voice from within exclaimed, "don't shoot!"

An old lady who stopped to leave things in order, and pack her new silk dress in a valise which she intended to carry on her arm, excited the alarm of her son, who went in search of her. She saw him coming, and supposing him to be an Indian, made a rapid exit from the back door. He followed, calling her to stop. The old lady being a little deaf, failed to catch the words, but the voice excited her all the more, and impelled her to the highest speed, never stopping until she reached a place of safety, where, trembling and exhausted, she discovered she had been running from her own son.

Winding along a lonely country road was Dr. B——, with his "traveling hospital." When the excitement reached its highest he received a call to the country. Friends advised him not to go. But true to the chief duty of a physician, which is to strain every nerve, and run every risk to save life, he went. Upon reaching his patient he found that her trial had come; it was premature, but required attention just the same. At the urgent request of her nurse and friends, who had seen the neighbors going, and caught the alarm, he placed her bed on a wagon and conveyed her to Denver.

As usual with people under great mental excitement, the first act is insignificant or ridiculous. Mrs. C——, who lived in the suburbs, shouldered a bag of bullets, and gently put them down with tender solicitation in one corner of the mint, where they served as a seat for the children.

Another lady took her hoop-skirt on one arm, her child on the other, and sought a place of safety.

So great was the confusion incident to the fright, it is believed that one hundred Indians could have taken the city.

The armory was opened and the arms distributed to the distracted men, who rushed about like peripatetic arsenals.

A guard was placed around the city and regularly relieved during the night.

Not being aware of this military arrangement, a pioneer woman wrapped a blanket about her, and taking a gun, laid down by the side of a high wall to await the approach of the Indians, determined to have the first shot at them. Soon she descried four men coming towards the town; her heart performed wonderful evolutions, and she prepared to fire; when she observed four more coming from the town, and it suddenly flashed across her mind that they were the night watch going on duty. Then she began to realize the unpleasantness of her situation. If she arose to run away with that great white blanket around her, they might take her for a ghost, and perhaps shoot at her. If they should discover her ambush, it would be in the morning paper, and become the town talk. Her distress of mind was almost as bad as being confronted by an Indian. In her dilemma she concluded to crawl on her hands and knees in the shadow of the fence until out of their sight, and by so doing, reached her house without being detected.

Squads of armed men were sent scouting the surrounding country, but found no trace of the enemy. The attack by 1,000 strong dwindled to 0 little Indian—a beautiful red-skin diminuendo gradation. The city soon re-

sumed its business-like tranquility, but the great scare furnished a topic for conversation long after.

It originated from a train of Mexican freighters, camping for the night some fifteen miles east of Denver. They were throwing their arms high in the air and shouting to their unruly cattle, which caused the headlong arrival of the ranchman into the city, who so admirably succeeded in imparting his fears to the citizens.

These panics were not confined to Denver alone. A Mrs. C——, who owned a ranch way up the country, had sent her men out to gather in the stock. While sitting alone in the house, cogitating on the various Indian rumors, she began to feel afraid, and looking out of the back door she saw an Indian in the willows. She remembered hearing the boys say something about having seen fresh tracks in that gulch, and now she was satisfied that they were Indian tracks. There were sixty guns in the chamber above, that had been left there by the Government, and quick as thought she rushed up stairs, seized a gun, rested the end on the floor, and while examining to see if it was loaded, it went off, sending the bullet with such force that it tore up the floor, went through and through her new patent churn in the kitchen, and battered up the milk pans in the cellar most shamefully. Without stopping to meditate upon the danger and power of that weapon, she took another, tore out a port hole, and seeing the black head just above the willows, she took aim and fired. The bark flew in every direction, and lo and behold, in the heat of her imagination, she had shot an *old stump.*

The ranchmen clubbed together, built forts and block houses, and moved their families to them for safety.

"Apart from an occasional fright," said Mrs. C., "we had much to amuse and interest us. Among other things was a wedding. 'It is not meet for man to live alone,' is a great law of nature, the force of which is experienced as well in the fort as in the city. We had everything needed, young girls, widowers and a 'Justice of the Peace;' no licenses, but they were not necessary. When single people are thrown together in that idle sort of way, they will fall in love, and love leads to matrimony. So an old widower and a young girl concluded to be made one. It was soon noised from one to the other and we all went to work with a hearty good will to adorn the bride. Every lady who had anything suitable gave it. We were much perplexed to find a pair of stockings that would fit, but the bride said not to bother about that, as she would have to change at once to go and cut their grain.

"It was the first time the Justice had been called upon to perform the marriage ceremony, and he was badly scared. He took two chairs back of the fort and joined and rejoined them in 'holy wedlock,' until he though he was safe. When he came to perform the ceremony he forgot to tell the contracting parties to rise to their feet. One after another nudged him until he stopped abruptly in the middle of a sentence, and said, 'Let us all stand up.' After the ceremony the happy couple climbed to the front seat of a big wagon and drove to their home fearless of Indians."

CHAPTER XIX.

CAPTURING SPOTTED HORSE.

Spotted Horse was the chief of a band of Indians, who, by their savage atrocities, caused a reign of terror along the Platte in the spring of '64. Houses and barns were burned for a distance of two hundred miles; men, women and children were massacred in a most horrible manner.

Spotted Horse, with his small band of warriors, hideous with paint, feathers and shot-gun, had Denver effectually besieged. There were troops at Fort Kearney, but they made no effort to punish the murderers. Occasionally, with colors flying, they escorted an emigrant wagon or freight train and gently pushed the playful Indians back.

This kindness was carried a little too far; it was about to step into eccentricity. Matters began to assume a solemn form. It was death to the pioneers from starvation and the tomahawk, or death to Spotted Horse and his band.

At this critical moment the "Colorado First," a regiment of brave men who volunteered to fight the rebellion, returned from New Mexico.

Major Downing, with a fraction of this regiment, consisting of about sixty-five men, was ordered to proceed down the Platte and clear the road.

The Major had won a reputation for undaunted bravery. "Sure," said Mike, "he is a very Daniel; he has a charmed life. I have seen him sit on a high rock, in the thickest of the fight, and repair his revolver when the bullets were falling thick around him, and niver a wound did he get.

I have seen his coat perforated with holes like a sifter, and a twenty dollar gold piece mashed to a cup in his vest pocket, yet there is not a scar on his body, and I'll venture to say he will niver be found dead walking around."

Spotted Horse, a bloodthirsty and cunning Indian, was a formidable foe.

But the Major, cool, deliberate and calculating, was equal to the occasion. He reached the American ranch one hundred and forty-five miles below Denver, where Spotted Horse and his warriors made their rendezvous, and pitched his tent.

As he sat in his camp one morning viewing the country through a field glass, he saw a man dressed in citizen's clothes on the opposite side of the river. He immediately detached ten or twelve men to capture him, and if possible bring him to the camp alive, for he knew from his walk that he was an Indian, probably one of their scouts on a tour of observation.

When brought into camp he proved to be none other than the famous Spotted Horse.

The Major surveyed him for a while in meditative serenity; then offered the Indian, who sat in sullen silence, his life, if he would surrender his band. This he refused to do.

He then ordered his men to drive a stake and prepare to roast the Indian alive.

The chief gathered his coat around him and sat contemplating his funeral pyre with stoical indifference.

When the fire was kindled the Major gave orders to bind him to the stake, saying, "you have seen many a white man die this horrible death, and now we propose to let you know how it is yourself."

This unnerved him; he pleaded for his life, and promised to lead the soldiers to his camp. The terms were agreed upon, and in the shortest possible time the command was moving, with Spotted Horse strapped on a horse in advance.

They camped that night in a little ravine, and the chief informed them that his warriors were only a few miles ahead, up the canon that they were approaching.

About eleven o'clock at night the Major and his command stole away, leaving the camp fires burning to make the Indian scouts believe that they were still there. Reaching the spot designated by Spotted Horse, early in the morning, the order was given to halt and form in line of battle.

At a given signal he opened fire. The Indians made a bold resistance, but finally surrendered.

This was the first Indian battle in Colorado, and the result was, forty killed and one hundred wounded, their village destroyed and their chief a prisoner.

Spotted Horse was sent to Washington, and afterwards went to Europe with a showman, where he was gazed upon by thousands as a fine specimen of the North American Indian.

Peace was restored along the Platte, and Major Downing sustained the loss of only one man.

CHAPTER XX.

BATTLE OF SAND CREEK.

During this excitement the Third Regiment was enlisted to serve for a period of one hundred days in a campaign against the Indians. "I saw the mounting of that

regiment," said a pioneer, "and it was funny. You see, to fight the Indians it was necessary to be mounted, but how to do it was a perplexing question, for horses were scarce in the country. The Ford Brothers had brought in one thousand California bronchos. They made a proposition to the Quartermaster to furnish horses, which was accepted. Ford employed professional horse trainers, and after a few days of choking and throwing, the horses, tired and exhausted, but not tamed, were reported ready for use.

"The soldiers went out on the prairie for their evening drill, and the prancing steeds were led, four abreast, and placed in position. The commanding officer rode up and down the line, and viewed his soldiers.

"He thought he had never looked upon a fairer sight, and straightening himself with stately grace he gave the command to mount. The attempt to execute this maneuver startled the horses out of their senses; some of them stood straight up in the air on their heels, and quickly reversed the position; some stuck their heads down, clumped their feet together, and elevated their backs with such force that the men were sent skyward, and the horses passed all the jack-rabbits on the way, in their efforts to get out of the country. But the Third Regiment was afterwards mounted, and the exploits of that fine body of men deserve the gratitude of every citizen in Colorado.

"On the 29th of November Governor Evans issued a proclamation of war against the Arapahoes, Cheyennes, Sioux, and all who were on the war-path. Shortly after, the hundred days men, under the command of Col. Chivington, fought the battle of Sand Creek, which is consid-

ered by the philanthropists of the East, one of the greatest Indian massacres of modern times. But it brought peace and quiet to the terror-stricken people of Colorado, by crippling the power of the most numerous and hostile tribe of the plains, and men resumed their struggle for daily bread without fear of the savage."

The following is quoted from a speech Colonel Chivington made at the pioneer meeting, Sept. 14th, 1883:

"There were many incidents on the field that would well bear mention. I will recite one: While sitting on my horse, glass in hand, about 2 o'clock p. m., I saw an officer fall from his horse. I galloped up and found that he had been wounded with an arrow, and ordered two men near by to assist and protect him till the ambulance came to take him to the hospital tent. One of the soldiers, speaking excitedly, said, 'Look out, Colonel, the same squaw that shot the Major will shoot you,' and before I could dismount and make my horse a breast-work, an arrow came whizzing past and cut the rim of my left ear, so that it bled freely. At this, one of the soldiers brought his carbine to an aim, saying, 'If that squaw shows her head above the bank again, I will shoot the top off it.' His commander expostulated with him, saying, 'I would not waste my powder by killing a woman.' At this instant another arrow flew through the air and pierced the arm of the highly civilized commander about four inches below the shoulder joint. I had all my life some doubt about instantaneous conversions, but here it was as clear-cut as was ever witnessed at an old-fashioned Methodist camp-meeting. Before, it was the other officer who was shot; now it was himself. Before, he would not shoot a woman; now he fairly shrieked, 'Shoot the d——d b——h!' and the order was obeyed. The squaw was shot, and I approved it. If the fools in the East and elsewhere who are shouting themselves hoarse could only have turned loose upon them for a little time, a band of hostile Cheyennes, and I could witness the scene, I would be more than compensated for all the mean things they have said and are saying about me, and the troops who were under my command at Sand Creek.

"The number of Indians killed, as near as I could estimate from the reports of the company and battallion commanders, was from 500 to

700. I am inclined to think the latter number nearest correct. We captured a large number of ponies, mules and horses. From these I allowed the men of the command, whose horses had died or given out on the march, to choose another, and ordered the remainder of them to be turned over to Captain Louden Mullen, Assistant Quartermaster of volunteers at Denver, which was done, and Captain Mullen sold them at public auction and accounted for the proceeds in his returns to the Quartermaster's department. We burned the tepees or tents, destroyed their provisions, turned over to the hospital the robes and blankets we took, for the benefit of our sick and wounded, of whom we now had a large number.

"Was Sand Creek a massacre? If it was, we had massacres almost without number during the late rebellion. That there may have been some excesses committed on the field, no one will deny. Was there ever a battle fought in which no excesses were committed? We were on the ground, were 'wide-awake and duly sober;' there were not ten minutes at a time for ten hours that we were not overlooking the whole scene of strife, and after nineteen years, less two months and a half, we say unhesitatingly, that it was remarkably free from undue atrocities. I saw in a newspaper, within a month past, that Gen. S. R. Curtis, commanding the department, denied all responsibility for the whole affair. Here is his last word by telegraph to the district commander: 'Pursue everywhere and punish the Cheyennes and Arapahoes. Pay no attention to district lines. No presents must be made and no peace concluded without my order.' It has been an open secret to the writer ever since the battle that the misrepresentation of this whole affair from the beginning, was a combination consisting of one man who was disappointed of promotion, and some others who were aspirants for office, and wanted several connected with the campaign out of their way. I heard a Judge of Common Pleas in Ohio, a Friend Quaker, and Colonel of an Ohio regiment during the rebellion, say only last week, when this subject was on the tapis, that he was expecting to be arrested pretty soon, and when asked why, he said, 'I captured three rebel soldiers who had Fort Pillow blazoned on the front of their hats. I sent them to the rear under guard of three soldiers The soldiers returned to camp, and I asked them what had become of the prisoners. They replied that they had tried to escape and they had shot them, and I knew very well that they had shot them because of their boast that they had participated in the Fort Pillow affair, and I did not arrest

them because I thought they did about half right.' Take the report of the committee on the conduct of the war in the matter of General Sherman's having 10,000 men slaughtered by the rebels only just to show Pemberton, or some other rebel commander, that he would fight. No man can afford to be tried by a star-chamber court. But were not these Indians peaceable! O, yes, peaceable!!! Well, a few hundred of them have been peaceable for almost nineteen years, and none of them have been so troublesome as they were before 'Sand Creek.' What are the facts? How about the treaty that Governor John Evans did not make with them in the summer of 1864. He, with Major Lowe, Major Whitely, two of his Indian agents, and the usual corps of attaches under escort, went out on the Kiowa to treat. When he got there they had gone a day's march further out on the plains and would meet him there; and so on, day after day, they moved out as he approached, until wearied out, and suspicious of treachery, he returned without succeeding in his mission of peace. He told them by message that he had presents for them, but it was not presents they wanted, but war and plunder.

"What of the peaceableness of their attack on General Blunt's advance guard, north of Fort Larned, almost annihilating the advance before succor could reach them? What of the dove-like peace of their attack on the Government train on Walnut creek, east of Fort Larned, under the guise of friendship, till the drivers and attaches of the train were in their power, and by a signal struck down at once every man, only a boy of 13 years barely escaping, and he with a loss of his scalp, taken to his ears, and from the effects of which he finally died.

"That was a very friendly act these Indians did when they ran off the entire stock at Fort Larned, one Sunday morning, after they had drawn their rations for the succeeding week. This herd consisted of all the cavalry and artillery horses, all the Quartermaster's animals and all the beef cattle belonging to the caravansary department at the post. What of the trains captured from Walnut creek to Sand creek, on the Arkansas route, and from the Little Blue to the Kiowa, on the Platte route? Of supplies and wagons burned and carried off, and of the men killed? What of the Hungate family? Alas! What of the stock, articles of merchandise, fine silk dresses, infants' and youths' apparel, the embroidered night-gowns and chemises? Aye, what of the scalps of white men, women and children, several of which they had not had time to dry and tan since taken? These, all

these, and more, were taken from the belts of dead warriors on the battle field of Sand Creek, and from their tepees which fell into our hands on the 29th day of November, 1864. What of that Indian blanket that was taken, fringed with white women's scalps? What says the sleeping dust of 208 men, women and children, ranchers, emigrants, herders and soldiers, who lost their lives at the hands of these Indians. Peaceable! Now we are peaceably disposed, but decline giving such testimonials of our peaceful proclivities, and I say here, as I said in my own town, in the Quaker county of Clifton, State of Ohio, in a speech one night last week, I stand by Sand Creek. I have heard that I was arrested, tried and cashiered. No, no; that was not the game; that would have given a fair opportunity to present both sides of the case. Just what my enemies, and the enemies of Sand Creek, and the enemies of the fair name of the people of Colorado did not want. And now, while I am peaceably inclined, I will stop talking on this subject."

CHAPTER XXI.

HIGH PRICES.

Denver was not o'erflowing with milk and honey in its infancy, as those can attest who had sufficient heroism to remain and possess the land. Flour, at one time, brought $20 a sack. As late as 1867, by reference to a book of home expense kept at that time, we find that eggs were never less than $1.00 per dozen; butter, anywhere from 85 cents to $1.25 per pound; common calico, 25 cents a yard, and the plainest calling cards $1.00 a pack.

Farmers received good prices for their produce. One ranchman, residing on Clear Creek, raised potatoes among other vegetables. On one occasion he brought two hundred pounds of potatoes to market, which, at 50 cents a pound, brought him in the snug little sum of $100. This money he invested in cows, and that night drove home three cows in place of the two bags of potatoes.

An old settler made $15,000 that year from a few acres of land planted in potatoes. The next year he invested this money in gardening on a large scale, but alas! that year the grasshoppers came thick as the locusts in Egypt, and ate up everything on the ranches except the mortgages. A story is told of a citizen sending a calf to a butcher, who also dealt in vegetables. The citizen's wife gave a dinner party about that time, and when the butcher presented his bill it was discovered that the cabbage used on that occasion, at fifty cents a pound, came to just as much as the calf brought.

Irrigation was in its infancy then, and water a very desirable and almost unattainable liquid, so much so, indeed, that neighbors in some cases came to blows over its proper distribution, and on dark nights many a person stole out, hoe in hand, and secretly turned the flow of water into his own premises, thereby robbing someone of his portion. Even if the water was obtained legitimately, it was a scant supply, and it was by dint of the hardest labor that trees and shrubbery were induced to grow, before the era of Holly water.

It was difficult to obtain hired help in those days. All the spinsters who emigrated came for the ostensible purpose of doing missionary work or teaching school, while their real mission was to catch one of the fortunate gold seekers. Finding teaching unprofitable, because of the limited number of children, they resorted to housework, requesting all the privileges of the family, which provoked the following advertisement:

"WANTED—A girl to do housework. She will be permitted to receive company every day in the week; a good substantial fence will be provided to lean against while courting, and ample time will be accorded for that recreation, but no piano will be furnished Inquire at A. McCune's residence, head of H. Street, Brown's addition."

In 1866 business of every kind received a great impetus in the town and throughout the Territory. A board of trade was organized in 1867: but the most powerful influence in adjusting the Indian difficulties and inaugurating a better era was the coming of the railroads. The Denver Pacific was completed June 24, 1870, and the Kansas Pacific made its advent on the 18th of August following. From that day to this Colorado has flourished grandly in commercial and industrial enterprises, becoming at last one of the most remarkable and prosperous States in the West.

In 1876 she was admitted into the Union, whence called the Centennial State.

CHAPTER XXII.

TO THE MOUNTAINS.

I have dwelt somewhat minutely on matters and things connected with the settlement of Denver, for its rise and progress is a marvel of modern civilization, and in a measure its history is the history of Colorado. Never before has there been such a city built up, under so many conflicting circumstances; particularly in its first decade.

Situated in the heart of an empire infested by predatory and cruel savages, at the dawn of a fierce rebellion, in the brief space of twenty-five years it has grown from a small village of tents and log houses to a magnificent metropolis. The domes of massive public buildings tower high, and the wide streets, edged with trees, vie with those of Washington, the city of magnificent distances.

And now I'll away to the mountains, to continue my sketches of history, adventure, life and scenery, which I hope will prove more fresh and satisfactory to the reader of this little book, than the most startling array of statistics, and oft repeated rigmarole about big mills, big leads, rich tailings, astonishing sale of interests in Tom, Dick and Harry lodes; stock companies with shares of capital stock all the way from ten thousand to a million dollars; of the incalculable value of a tithe of a pound of quartz from the ——, and so on, *ad infinitum.*

One bright morning in August, my friend Hal. and I took the Colorado Central in company with a party of eastern tourists to "do" the mountains. August is the very month to travel in the mountains. At this season the halcyon days begin, and continue for weeks and even months, with but little variation, making it a physical luxury to live and breathe the pure, transparent atmosphere.

Our train makes the first halt at Argo, otherwise Senator Hill's smelting works; the largest and most complete in America.

In the early days, when the ores were pronounced "refractory," and the "new process" men were seeking a metallurgical savior, Prof. N. P. Hill, of Brown's University, Providence, R. I., came, and by his scientific skill solved the problem, and now $5,000,000 worth of the precious metals flow from this establishment annually. I turned my eyes from its belching smoke stacks to the fertile fields and cosy homes, shaded and sheltered by graceful cottonwoods, and bearing every indication of thrift and comfort.

At length I fell into conversation with a ranchman,

who, in speaking of this as a farming country, said: "We raise 28 bushels of wheat to the acre, against 12 in the States east of us; 40 bushels of barley, against 24; 35 bushels of corn against 25; 200 bushels of potatoes against 93. Of small fruits, as gooseberries, raspberries and strawberries, we raise 2,000 quarts to the acre, and realize from thirty to fifty cents a quart through the season."

"Speaking of crops and prices," said he, "I am reminded of an Illinois farmer who came to Colorado twenty years ago and took a ranch by the side of mine. The first year he made a good crop and was quite jubilant over it. But the next year, owing to his inability to procure water, he did not succeed so well. This was prior to the present splendid system of irrigation, which, in combination with the general excellence of the soil, doubles the crops. The disheartened ranchman gave up trying to farm in this country, and said he was going back to Illinois where God waters the crops, and he could get a good price for what he raised."

"Yes," said I, "and when the season is over invest your money in quinine and shake the balance of the year."

"When the grazing advantages and productive qualities of this soil were discovered," continued our loquacious granger, "there was a great rush for land, and the country all around, far and near, was pre-empted.

"According to law a house must be built on the pre-empted claim, the party must live in it a stated period and cultivate the land. Often a rough, unpainted board shanty was built, after which the pre-emptor would not see it again until, with the growth of the country, the land had become valuable, when he would 'bob up serenely' to claim his property. His perjury never occa-

sioned any pricking of conscience, for, don't you see, it was one of the customs of the country.

"About twenty-five miles below Denver a party had taken up a certain tract of land in that way. Subsequently a man, tramping about there on a tour of observation, found the empty house and took possession of it.

"The pre-emptor heard of it, and upon inquiring what he must do to secure possession, was advised to work the land.

"He bought a plow, went to his ranch, turned the interloper out and commenced plowing. Not being accustomed to farm labor he was greatly fatigued by his day's work and slept late the next morning. The first sight that greeted him was the man who had taken possession of his house, with a bag swung over his shoulder dropping something in the freshly broken ground. Upon being interrogated as to what he was doing, he replied: 'I am planting a little corn.'"

At this point the ranchman laughed heartily. I was anxious to know how the affair terminated, but before he recovered his mental equilibrium our party were in the depot at Golden.

The castellated cliffs surrounding this pretty town, planted just between the foothills and the plains, appeared so like real castles with towers, buttresses, battlements and moats, that had the sound of a warder's horn from the walls been heard, a great gate swung open and a drawbridge lowered, I should scarcely have been startled.

Here is located the School of Mines, also the Reform School, and so many mills and smelters that I didn't have time to count them.

While our party were visiting the School of Mines I talked with Mr. George West, editor of the *Transcript*. "Tell me something of the early days of Golden," said I. His eyes twinkled with merriment as he gave me the following incident:

"The town of Golden was laid out in July, 1859, and the erection of houses, here and there, was at once commenced. As sawed lumber was scarce, and commanded enormous prices, most of the dwellings were built of logs. The company with which I was connected, known as the Boston Company, commenced a huge log building calculated for a store and dwelling combined. Soon after Mr. Loveland began a rough log structure for a store, and as work progressed considerable rivalry was engendered as to which should be first completed. The rafters were put on both about the same time, and the strife to get them shingled became quite animated. All the neighbors were interested in the contest, and who would prove the victor became a lively topic of conversation. By a lucky trade we had secured sufficient shingles to cover our roof, and all but three or four bundles had been put on, when night interrupted our work.

"Mr. Loveland had also obtained some shingles, but not enough to complete his roof, which left him in a bad fix. We went to our downy couches that night feeling much elated at the prospect of beating Loveland in the race. But fancy our astonishment in the morning on discovering that he had come over with his men, stolen our remaining shingles, and was at that very moment nailing the last of them on his own roof.

"During the forenoon, however, he sent us over the same amount of shingles he had surreptitiously appropriated,

with his compliments and a five-gallon keg of the best whisky in his stock. He had beaten us in the race, and that was all he cared for."

Hon. W. A. H. Loveland, who was on a visit to Golden, and had quietly taken in the story, said, in a good humored way, "turn about is fair play, so I'll tell you of West's duel."

"In the fall of 1859 West established a paper at Golden called the *Western Mountaineer*, publishing the same during the following year, when he sold out to enter the Union Army. During the winter of '59–60, a very rough element had gathered here to spend the winter. There were many Southern sympathizers in this locality, most of them good fellows, but quite free, in the vernacular of the period, 'to talk with their mouths.' Among them was a young fellow known as 'Dick Turpin,' from Western Missouri—a rabid secessionist, and somewhat addicted to drink. When full of 'tangle-foot,' he was particularly loud-mouthed and reckless. One day he mounted his horse, and pistol in hand, rode through the streets, cursing all who claimed to be 'Yankees,' however distantly they might be related to that 'nationality.' In the next issue of the *Mountaineer*, West gave him some pretty severe taps for his recklessness and general cussedness, at which he took umbrage, and called at the office to demand satisfaction.

"He had taken the precaution to 'brace up' several times at the liquor saloons *en route*, and by the time he arrived, was pretty full. He demanded to know if West was the author of the attack, and being assured with great urbanity that such was the fact, he issued a peremptory verbal challenge to mortal combat. In fact, blood

seemed to be the only fluid that would satisfy him and heal his wounded honor.

"Taking in the situation, West thought best to humor him in his sanguinary desires, and after much talk said: 'Why, Dick, don't you know that this is not the way to get at the business? I'll fight you, of course; but you ought to send a friend with the challenge, then I will refer him to my friend, and let them fix it up for us.'

"'Well C'ap,' said he, 'I'll be dog-goned if that ain't so. I didn't think about the 'forms.'

"They joined in a little 'O-be-joyful,' to bind the bargain, when Dick departed in search of a second.

"He selected Jim Dawson, who was a particular friend of West's, and who soon presented him with a challenge, properly made out. West chose George Jackson as his second, and between them they fixed up a scheme to sober Dick, a difficult matter at all times; but they concluded if he could be brought to that condition he would not care to fight any more than West did. His second found him shortly afterward fuller than the legendary goat we read about; informed him that his challenge had been accepted, and endeavored to impress upon his mind the necessity of sobering up in order to do justice to himself in the approaching combat. He succeeded in shutting him up in his room, denying him any more liquor, and spent the day preparing him for the approaching combat.

"As the effects of the liquor gradually wore off, he was informed that the challenged party had the choice of weapons, time and place of meeting, and he had chosen bowie-knives.

"This suited him exactly; he said bowie-knives were his favorite instrument of death.

"Finally Dawson and Jackson had West's antagonist in a proper state of mind to receive his ultimatum.

"They presented the cartel to him for his signature. It had already received West's and ran to this effect:

"The parties were to be on the ground at sunrise on the following morning; the instruments to be bowie-knives of equal length and sharpness; the blade to be not more than 8 inches long and 1½ inches at the widest part; the combatants to be placed back to back, one on the south edge of North Table Mountain, the other on the north edge of South Table Mountain, and at the word, 'one, two, three,' to turn and fight across the intervening gulch!

"The chasm over which the fight was to take place is fully a half-mile across. Dick, of course, saw the joke, and the very ridiculousness of the proposal acted upon him as expected, and he declared himself satisfied, accompanied the seconds to the *Mountaineer* office, and compromised it over a bottle of 'old cherry bounce.'

"'Yes,' said Mr. West, 'that was one of the duels I didn't fight, and I assure you it was decidedly a 'satisfaction' affair."

I was deeply impressed with the danger (?) of early journalism in Colorado.

CHAPTER XXIII.

BLACK HAWK.

We take the cars again and are whisked into a valley of scenic wonders. Fantastic turrets crowned with lofty pines tower above us, and below, the angry, foaming torrent of Clear creek coursing down toward the sea.

What changes the whirligig of time brings around! Twenty-five years ago John Gregory fought his way through this gorge in a blinding snow storm. He was searching for gold, and finally found it.

Twenty yoke of oxen were required to haul a small boiler over the precipitous declivities of the toll road that was opened later, where now we glide in luxurious coaches. Steam, science and stock companies have taken the place of pick, pan and shovel.

When Mr. D. M. Richards was peddling books, papers and periodicals to the miners in these cloud-capped regions, Gregory, who was in great demand among the inexperienced prospectors, and was often paid two hundred dollars per day for his services, inquired of him how much he made a day?

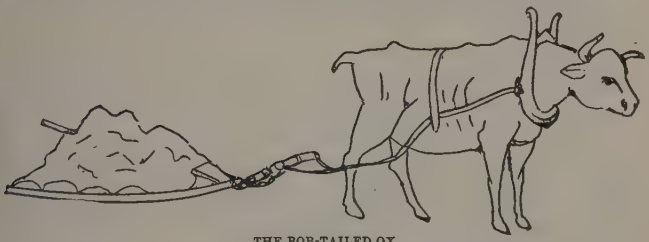
"Two dollars," was the prompt reply.

"Pshaw," said the opulent Gregory, 'I make more than that every time I open and shut my mouth.'"

Richards afterwards owned a large book store in Denver, and became widely known as a publisher. Gregory died some years ago, a poor man.

The shrill whistle of the little engine announced Black Hawk, and dispelled my reveries. We are just one mile from Central, but the train must travel nearly four to overcome the intervening grade. We move forward awhile, then back, and change places, in a dance on the giddy slopes overlooking the gulch, where private residences, stores, saloons, quartz mills, and reduction works are crowded in, helter skelter, as if dropped from the clouds. And way down deep "in the earth beneath," hundreds of men are toiling in the mines. We could step from the car into the notable Bobtail lode, which derived

its euphonious title from the fact that the first pay dirt from this magnificent gold-bearing fissure was hauled down to the gulch for sluicing by a bob-tailed ox in harness, the quartz wagon being a forked stick with a raw-hide stretched upon it. This unique vehicle caused the miners much merriment, and suggested the name "Bobtail."



THE BOB-TAILED OX.

This is one of the richest gold mining districts in the world. It is recorded that the first forty pans of dirt from the Gregory lode, taken in 1859, the year of its discovery, yielded forty dollars. The sight of the gold in the bottom of the pan caused a mercurial nature like Gregory's to effervesce fluently, and his expressions of delight, if given, would be pronounced very profane history.

Many amusing stories are told of that early gold excitement. It is related of a prospector from the Emerald Isle, whom we will designate as Pat, that while attending a funeral, he picked up some of the dirt that was thrown from the new grave, and just from force of habit examined it. He suddenly arose from his knees and commenced staking of a claim. The minister observed this, and concluded his prayer in this manner: "Stake me off a claim Pat, this we ask for Christ's sake—Amen."

Pat afterward became one of the bonanza kings of the period; exchanged his suit labelled "superfine flour," for

broadcloth, and went to New York to cut a swell. He stopped at the largest and most fashionable hotel, and was assigned a room on the fifth floor. When he left his room that evening for a saunter in the city, thinking the halls and stairways rather bewildering, he *blazed a way*, in order to be able to retrace his steps. It cost him $2,000 for repairs.

When I take a ride on this "switch-back," said Hal., I invariably think of a sleigh ride I had some years ago.

Hal. is no "spring chicken;" she has reached years of discretion—when most ladies find it convenient to discourage birth-day parties, on their own account.

As she maintains an unbroken silence respecting her age, I'll be magnanimously discreet and do likewise. But I cannot resist the impulse to relate

HER COASTING STORY.

"In this high mountain region," said she, "the snow generally falls early in the winter and stays late, making us twice glad, like the proverbial visitor.

"The winter of 18—, was of this description. The first snow came in October, and there was not a thawing day through that long, dreary winter. By holiday times the roads, which were constantly used, had become firmly packed, and as smooth as polished steel. One of the favorite pastimes on moonlight nights was coasting, and the fashionable course lay over the road from Central to Black Hawk. A party of six was formed to ride over this course in sleds and attend an elegant wedding reception in Black Hawk. This made the event doubly interesting. At the time agreed upon, we met at the starting point, where the sleds were in readiness. The ladies were in silks and furbelows, and the gentlemen attired after the

fashion of those days; all were muffled to our ears in furs and warm wraps of various kinds. Taking the usual position, the lady in front, and the gentleman back, our sled was the first to pull out. Down the hill we flew.

"This thoroughfare, scarcely wide enough for two teams to pass each other, and which, during the day, presented a busy scene by the unending procession of quartz wagons laden with auriferous ores to the mills, and toiling up and back to the mines for fresh cords of the precious rock, were now deserted. But the sidewalks were thronged with people who had congregated to witness the great coasting event of the season, and as we rushed by a long shout went up in which we joined. The first half mile was comparatively light grade. The sleigh sped along at a splendid rate and we were joyous at the prospect of a successful run. But as the grade increased the sled, under rapidly increasing momentum, soon was sweeping along at a most terrific rate, which fairly took away our breath. My escort, recently arrived from Chicago, whose experience was limited to pictorial illustrations of coasting, was badly frightened.

"By frequent loud warnings we avoided collision with belated mining teams. But, on the way down, there was a deep gulch spanned by a rustic bridge, and reached by a curve in the road. This curve was generally made by putting out a foot and throwing the sled around, but it had gathered such velocity that the effort was of little avail. It seemed as if the sled had no sooner appeared upon the scene than it shot out of sight—one sudden plunge and then we found ourselves fifteen feet below—hurled headlong to the bottom of the gulch. I escaped

uninjured, in verification of the old proverb, "naught is never in danger," but my escort still carries a lump on his head that is not laid down on any phrenological chart.

CHAPTER XXIV.

CENTRAL.

When President Grant visited this elevated mountain town, a walk, composed of solid silver bricks, was laid from the carriage to the Teller House for him to step on. No such ostentatious display of wealth was made in honor of our arrival. However, as we are to linger here awhile, I shall turn public interviewer and tell my readers all that I find of interest. A pioneer gave me the following reminiscence:

A LYNCHING.

"The day that Lincoln was assassinated was a sad day in Colorado, as well as in the whole nation.

"Central City was particularly agitated on account of the arrest and trial of a man named Bill Tabor, who was a Kentuckian by birth and education, and had been a member of the Nebraska Territorial Legislature.

"When the news of the assassination reached Central, Tabor, with others, was drinking in a saloon, and on the news being announced, exclaimed: 'I am glad of it; it served him right.'

"This was soon reported on the streets and created a profound sensation and talk of lynching. Many citizens went to Bill Cozens, the deputy sheriff, and demanded the arrest of the offender. The spirit of revenge soon spread over the whole city and adjacent mining camps.

"In the extremity the deputy sheriff went to Dr. Worral, who was one of the members of the Legislature from

Gilpin county, and informed him of the popular clamor, remarking, 'I have no authority to arrest the man.'

"The doctor promptly remarked, 'Assume the authority and I will help you bear the responsibility,' whereupon Cozens proceeded to make the arrest, and landed Tabor in jail.

"In a few minutes thereafter an angry crowd surged through the streets and proceeded to the jail, bent on lynching. In the meantime someone telegraphed to General Connor, the commander of the United States forces in Denver, and he replied, 'Turn him over to the people, and if they fail to deal with him, send him to me in irons.' A few minutes afterward Mr. H. M. Teller, (now Secretary of the Interior,) called on Dr. Worral to confer with him on the subject, when the doctor exclaimed, 'They shall not hang Tabor!' Mr. Teller inquired, 'Who is to prevent it?'

"The doctor replied with spirit, 'You and I can prevent it, and with it prevent a lasting disgrace to the town.'

"Mr. Teller departed with a promise to use his influence to prevent the outrage.

"During this interview the mob had organized and were listening to exciting speeches outside the jail, when some of the less rabid moved to adjourn until the afternoon, and then to meet in the theatre and give the culprit a formal trial. The motion passed, but the excited crowd remained in bands about the streets. At two o'clock the theatre was packed to its utmost capacity, and a court was organized by the election of Judge Clements as Judge, and Willard Teller as prosecuting attorney.

"Dr. Worral appealed to several attorneys present to undertake Tabor's defense, but all refused.

"The doctor walked across the stage to the deputy sheriff, Cozens, and said, 'Bill, when they send you for Tabor, tell him to name me as his attorney.'

"Cozens took the doctor by the collar, dragged him behind the scenery of the stage, and begged him by all that was sacred not to attempt such a thing.

"The doctor replied, 'If they want to hang Tabor they may hang me too, sooner than I will consent to such a disgrace on the town.'

"Cozens said, 'They will hang you.'

"'Let them do it,' answered the doctor.

"The message was faithfully delivered. Tabor was brought in looking pale as death, and trembling like one with the ague.

"Judge Clements asked him if he had an attorney.

"He answered, 'I want Dr. Worral to defend me."

"The Judge then asked the doctor, 'Will you defend this man?' to which he replied, 'Yes.'

"No sooner was the word out of his mouth than hissing was heard from all parts of the theatre.

"The trial proceeded and the facts alleged proven without a shadow of doubt.

"The doctor, during the examination, was careful to bring out the following facts: First, that Tabor was a native of Kentucky; second, before using the offensive expression, he had been taunted by persons in the saloon with being a Southerner, and hence, *particeps criminis* in Lincoln's assassination; third, he was under the influence of liquor; fourth, his widowed mother and a widowed sister depended upon him for support, and were hourly expected to arrive in the city.

"The address of Mr. Teller was very able and appeared

to leave but little hope, but, fortunately for Tabor the ordinary rules of court were disregarded and the doctor had the closing argument.

"Before closing he had a hurried conversation with the prisoner and with Charley Post, a dashing young attorney of the city. He advised the former to beg the pardon of the citizens as soon as the address was ended. To the latter he suggested to move that the prisoner be sent to General Connor, in compliance with the telegram. A Presbyterian minister also offered the doctor assistance.

"The preliminaries being arranged, the doctor commenced his address. He drew a graphic picture of the nation in tears in consequence of the commission of the blackest crime in the annals of our history. Then, pointing his finger at the crowd, he said, '*you* and *you* and *you* desire to show your detestation of this crime by staining your hands and your souls in this man's blood; in other words, you wish to show your horror of one murder by committing another.' He then pointed out the effect of early training in Kentucky, the effect of a taunt and the effect of drink. His peroration was a graphic picture of two widowed women leaning upon a son and brother for support, arriving in the mountains and meeting a mad crowd dragging that son and brother to the gallows. This settled the fate of Will Tabor.

"At the close of the address the minister asked that the defendant be heard.

"He stepped to the front and in the most humble tones confessed that he had spoken hastily, while under the influence of liquor, and asked to be forgiven.

"Charley Post then moved that he be sent to General Connor in irons.

"The Chairman, or Judge, then announced the question as being whether the prisoner should be hung or sent to Denver in irons.

"The question was put and the Judge declared he was unable to decide.

"He then ordered a division of the house. All in favor of hanging were requested to move to one side of the house, and those in favor of sending the prisoner to Denver, to the other.

"The house divided, and after a count the Judge acceded the vote to be in favor of sending the prisoner to Denver.

"But the end was not yet; a party of men had brought a rope into the house and seemed anxious to use it.

"Tabor was hurried back to jail before the crowd could get out. Doctor Worral remained in the theatre until nearly the last one. As he started down the steps several excited people begged him to go back, saying they were waiting on the corner to hang him. But the doctor refused to go back, and, asking where the men were, walked straight toward them. The rope was in their hands, and as the doctor approached one man cried, 'Here he is!' at which a powerfully built man, fully six feet high, rose on the sidewalk, and raising his hand exclaimed, 'If you touch one hair of his head your d——d town shall be in flames before night.' This settled the business. The crowd disappeared and the doctor walked quietly to his home.

"Tabor was taken to Denver next morning. General Connor kept him for several days packing sand in his camp, and then ordered him out of town. He was never heard of afterward by friend or enemy."

CHAPTER XXV.

SUNDAY IN THE MOUNTAINS.

The next day being Sunday, we did not resume our travels, because of religious scruples. Besides, it seemed highly appropriate that we should be here; for the mountain towns, which are only a "Sabbath day's journey" from Denver, are usually full to over-flowing at such times. It seemed the people had come from the "uttermost parts of the earth" for the express purpose of participating in these Sunday excursions. It's an odd time for excursions, but upon second thought it is not, for

> "The mountains holier visions bring
> Than e'er in vales arise,
> As brighter sunshine bathes the wing
> That's nearest to the skies."

Central City, with Nevada, Eureka, Black Hawk and Mountain City, altogether form an unbroken chain of mining settlements several miles in length; and as the groups of pleasure seekers wander off through the different gulches or upon the precipitous hill-sides in search of specimens or other novelties, one is reminded of picnics and celebrations. As I have touched the subject of celebrations I will tell of a

FOURTH OF JULY.

That the early pioneers were not lacking in the feeling of patriotism that swells the breast of every true American citizen, which is especially manifested as each succeeding anniversary of our National Independence

rolls round, is graphically shown by the following sketch of the somewhat ludicrous, but none the less patriotic manner in which a little band of "tender feet" (there were no barnacles in those days) celebrated the "glorious Fourth" in '59. The particulars of which were furnished me by one of the participants, Hon. A. E. Pierce.

"The sun rose clear and bright upon the morning of the eighty-third anniversary of the discovery of fire crackers, sky rockets, lemonade with-a-stick-in-it, soda water, and the 'Great American Eagle.' None of these things are supposed to have been known or in use prior to 1776, at which time the Boston people resolved that 'lemonade and soda water should take the place of 'tea!'"

My informer was rather reticent about what the early pioneers of Colorado drank in lieu of lemonade and soda water, but it is surmised that they took the "stick" straight—there being no lemonade in the land.

"Well, on this occasion, when 'old Sol' got up before breakfast, in order to be on hand when the first gun was fired—he peeped over the tops of the surrounding hills and mountain peaks and smiled benevolently upon a little band of prospectors in Russell Gulch, who were successfully panning out sufficient of the glittering dust to enable them to pay fifty cents postage on letters back to 'America,' giving glowing descriptions of the hidden wealth of the rugged mountains.

"There were ten young men in this little camp, and they determined that the day should not pass without proper observance. So they called a mass-meeting of themselves to consider the subject.

"John D—— was appointed Chairman, and Henry G—— Secretary.

"The Chairman announced that the first thing in order would be the appointment of committees on 'Order of Exercises,' 'Banquet,' 'Procuring the Flag,' and nomination of 'Officers of the Day.'

"The committees were appointed and ordered to report forthwith.

"The Committee on 'Order of Exercises' reported as follows:

"'1st. Every man shall wear his best clothes, but no one shall be permitted to wear a 'biled' shirt.

"'2d. National salute from revolvers. One extra shot for Pike's Peak, one for Green Russell and one for John Gregory.

"'3d. Oration by the orator of the day.

"'4th. Recess—and lemonade (without any lemon).

"'5th. Banquet.

"'6th. Spinning yarns.

"'7th. Fall into line and march over to Gregory Gulch and see what the boys there are doing.'

"The Committee on 'Officers of the Day' reported, giving every man in the camp an office.

"The 'Committee on Flag' reported no flag to be had nearer than Fort Laramie, two hundred miles north.

"Here was a predicament. No flag, no Fourth. But it was soon remedied. Pioneers are equal to any emergency. One contributed a pair of old blue overalls, another a 'biled shirt,' that he had brought from 'the States, and another a red flannel under garment. From these a very respectable looking flag was soon constructed. This flag was long preserved by one of the boys as a memento of the period, and may still be in existence.

"The Committee on Banquet reported the following:

MENU.

Soup, a la Bean.
Fish.
Brook Trout, a la catch them first.
Meats.
Antelope, larded, Pioneer style.
Bread.
Biscuit, Hand-made, full weight, a la yellow.
Vegetables.
Beans, Mountain style, warranted boiled forty-eight hours, a la soda.
Dessert.
Dried Apples, Russel Gulch style.
Coffee, served in tin cups, to be washed clean for the occasion; overland style, a la no cream.

"Ordered, that to begin with, the cook shall wash his hands. But after the banquet he can let the dishes stand over, and use them for breakfast without washing, so as not to delay the procession.

"The oration by the orator of the day was a broad guage, double track, 'through-without-change' affair. But unfortunately there being no newspaper reporters in that locality, the effort was lost to posterity. It was full of patriotism *and so 4th*, and started out something like this:

"'*Fellow Citizens*, La—That is, gentlemen! The American Eagle soars.' Here one of the boys broke in and wanted to know what he was 'sore' about? He was 4th-with arrested by the marshal for disturbing 'religious exercises.'

"The programme of the day was faithfully and patriotically carried out until most of the patriots had to be *carried in*, and 'the subsequent proceedings interested them no more.'"

Most of the participants of this occasion are still living, and are honored and prosperous citizens of our State. One only of the number is yet digging away in Russell Gulch, where he has remained off and on, for a quarter of a century.

CHAPTER XXVI.

THE BONANZA TUNNEL.

Believing that "familiarity breeds contempt," or, as the Dutchman said, "too much freedery breeds despise," we concluded not to return by way of the switch-back, therefore took a carriage to the depot at Black Hawk, stopping on the way to see the renowned Bonanza tunnel. As we entered it, the air that greeted us was like a vagrant breeze from the North Pole. Our lips turned blue, and teeth chattered so as to make conversation unintelligible.

A gallant Boston man threw his linen duster around me. It was as cold as the "mantle of charity;" but I appreciated it, for it was something after the style of the widow's mite, "all he had." He, like many others, who come from the "benighted East" to "do" the mountains, had no heavier wrap than a linen duster.

This tunnel pierces the solid mountain twelve hundred feet, and crosses twelve veins glittering with gold. As we explored its darkness by the light of our flickering candles we resembled a procession of spooks haunting the underground workers of earth.

It is solid comfort to travel with a company. When one is brimful, "shaken down and running over" with enthusiasm at some beautiful, grand and glorious freak of nature, it is delightful to have some one to nudge, and see their eyes sparkle and faces brighten up with the same pleasure; and it is superlatively agreeable to have some one around when one feels afraid. "Of all the ghostly hab-

itations I have ever seen this takes the 'confection,'" said I to the gentleman who was piloting us through.

"That suggests an experience of mine which I will tell you," he said.

A GHOST STORY.

"I was superintending the digging of a tunnel not far from here, and had in my employ a number of Cornishmen who were very superstitious; I also had a Missourian who was full of mischief, and continually joking these men about ghouls and ghosts. One day the Cornishmen came out of the tunnel in excited haste, their eyes distended and limbs shaking like aspens. They declared they would not go back; 'there was something in there, a terrible, awful white something.'

"'Nonsense,' said I, 'follow me!' I walked in advance of the halting, trembling men. When quite a distance in I raised my light and saw in the dim distance something white, with long ears, moving up and down.

"'There it is!' they exclaimed, 'don't you see?' A *ghost*, sure as life, and their fear was pitiful.

"'Come out of there,' I commanded; but it steadfastly held its position, and the head went up and down. 'Here, enough of that,' said I, 'these men want to go to work.'

"It still paid no attention and the automatic motion went on. I drew my revolver and talked to it in lingual curiosities, for I was mad, and didn't want any more fooling. But the threatened death made no impression.

"Then the Missouri boy burst into the most tickled laugh that you ever heard, and said it was only the old white burro, he had 'put it thar to see how them fools would skeer.'"

When we returned from our subterranean tour we were

met by an army of little boys with specimens to sell. The rapid reduction of prices in these wares was something astounding. Rocks that were offered at first for fifty cents apiece fell to ten; and after I had bought all that I felt able to carry, a little boy emptied his box in Hal.'s lap and told her she could have them *all* for five cents.

The driver informed us that we had barely time to "make the train," and away we went, at a hair-lifting speed, over a road that was ploughed into gullies by the late rain storm.

We left this focus of gold-bearing veins for silvery Georgetown. Job says, "surely there is a vein for the silver and a place for the gold where they find it." If that quotation is punctuated correctly Job must certainly have been in a facetious mood when he uttered it.

We are once again in the grand old canon. I can hardly believe it is the same, for, viewed from the other side, every curve, rocky dome and spire seems new. There are two sides to a canon as well as to a quarrel; I am convinced of that, but my readers must be satisfied with a one-sided view, for I have not command of superlatives sufficient to describe it.

CHAPTER XXVII.

CLEAR CREEK CANON.

While waiting for the up train at the Junction we had a delightful lunch, not like the usual fare at railway stations when you "ask for bread and receive a stone," but nice fresh rolls, genuine butter and savory coffee.

We started again eager for the ride through Clear Creek canon, which is almost the perfection of pleasuring. There

is a beauty and charm about this canon that pleases, but never awes the beholder. The mountains are an unceasing wonder; none of them snow-clad, yet they mount high enough towards the sky to veil their heads in the clouds; they are not barren and repulsive, but clothed in green, with occasional cascades breaking over them, forming pictures restful and pleasing to the eye.

While rolling dreamily along, a castle with turrets, battlements and quaint windows loomed up before me. I started and rubbed my eyes, thinking it possibly arose from the heat of an over-wrought imagination. But it was a real castle; we had reached Idaho Springs, and this was the dwelling of the Hon. Thos. B. Bryan. It is so situated as to command a view of the valley, with its picturesque brown-roofed houses and rustic bridges that span the stream. Back of it are great dome-shaped hills, covered with evergreens, and beyond tower lofty mountains.

The hotels in this quiet little town, shut out from the world, were crowded with people, and many of them were there for a purpose, too, for they are racked with rheumatism and other ills, and just across the way are the famous "hot springs," which form, perhaps, the most important feature of this noted resort. The water issues from the ground boiling hot, and strongly suggestive of being sent up from the kitchen of Pluto. However, the temperature can be arranged to suit; "you pays your money and takes your choice," whether you will be parboiled or well done.

About three miles above are the Chicago Lakes, where "*The New West*" tells us Bierstadt found the subject of his grand painting, "A Storm in the Rockies." Having

seen and admired this picture, I felt deeply interested in the incidents related by a party of campers, who had just returned from this historic spot. Its elevation being 11,500 feet, rather above any other body of water on the continent, was another attraction, for when anything as unstable as water can attain that eminence, it provokes reflection upon the enormous possibilities of this world.

A CHAPTER OF ACCIDENTS.

Mrs. Whitsitt, who was one of the party, said: "The trip was a scene of uproarious fun and appalling accidents commingled."

"Early one morning we loaded a jack with culinary implements and the requisite supplies, otherwise commissary stores, for a three days camping expedition, and before the festive lark began its morning melodies of trills and shakes we mounted our horses and went on our way rejoicing. The air was exhilarating. There was no formality, no starch or buckram; and passing humors had full play.

"As we journeyed and chatted, my companion became so deeply interested in something I was telling, she failed to observe a limb projecting across the pathway, until I shouted 'look out!' when she turned her head, and it struck her in the eye. I expressed much grief, but she declared 'it was all in her eye.' If I had not treasured malice in my heart towards her, I would have said 'look under,' and not 'look out.'

"A little farther on the lady's horse just in front of us suddenly stopped, and she as suddenly went on—into a mud puddle. There was more humor than dignity in the way she *embraced the unexpected situation*, but I will not enter into detail.

"It was late in the afternoon when we reached Chicago Lakes. How shall I find words to fittingly express the beauty of the wide panorama of mountains that surrounded us, clad in all the latest shades, gaslight green, sage green and old gold!

"We raised our voices and awoke the echoes that had rested year after year, ages, perhaps, under the finger of silence.

"Some spent the next day ferreting out choice nooks and bits of scenery, that were, so far as we know, as much undiscovered as when Columbus first landed. Others made war upon the finny tribe, which took the inviting bait with accommodating alacrity. One of the lady participants in the piscatorial exercise fell in, and came suddenly to a realizing sense of the proverbial and inevitable wetness of water. With dignified gravity we fished her out. She was a sight to make Puritans weep. We wrung her out, hung her up to dry, and considered her a good subject for a tract to frighten 'small-boys-who-go-a-fishing.' There was one comfort, however, no danger of taking cold and having consumption in this climate.

"We did not lose our appetites in consequence of all these mishaps, as the shockingly low state of our commissary bore witness.

"When we packed up to return, we had only a bag of crackers and a jar of pickles. These were entrusted to the oldest and steadiest man in the party, for we wanted to make sure of our lunch. As we threaded our way through a rugged canon, watered by a tumbling, foaming brook, the horse bearing our commissary stores stumbled, threw the rider over his head, broke the bottle into flinders, while the bag of crackers was whirled away in the

stream. This frightened the horse of the lady who was riding near him. It shied, and the unexpected movement seated her on a boulder by the roadside, where she sat and shrieked for help, affirming that she was wounded 'nigh unto death.' She had not fallen exactly two feet, but it took considerable talking to convince her that she was not irreparably injured.

"I was the only one who had escaped accident, and I took it upon myself to deliver them a lecture, finishing up somewhat after this fashion: 'It all comes from inattention; you should keep your wits about you and mind what you are doing.' I looked back while delivering myself of this solemn bit of wisdom, when a limb struck me on the back of my head, lifted me straight off the saddle, and there I hung, like Absalom, by my hair.

"When we reached the suburbs of Idaho we tucked in our rags and straightened ourselves to make a respectable appearance. For some unaccountable reason the jack that carried our culinary implements kicked up his heels, broke the girth, and away went coffee pot, skillet and tin cups, which caused the horses to stampede, and we rode through the town like a tribe of Navajo Indians. The spectacular effect was fine. And thus ended a very remarkable chapter of accidents, for no one received a wound."

CHAPTER XXVIII.

BISHOP RANDALL.

The time passed pleasantly at Idaho. We were pleased with the baths and *more* than pleased with the water. It has a flavor that I shall not soon forget. Soda mixed with sulphur is never a palatable beverage. It is a "cul-

tivated taste," so they say, and grows upon one, but we didn't stay long enough to acquire it. It is said to cure all the ills flesh is heir to, and many old habitues seemed to take to it like ducks and drank it, to all appearances, with perfect enjoyment.

As we moved along through this wild, beautiful canon, with the evening sun bathing mountain top and valley in a dreamy, mystic light, I thought of the good man who aided in shaping our social, mental and Christian developments, Bishop Randall,

COLORADO'S PIONEER BISHOP.

He was an untiring worker in the cause of Christ. "I accompanied him through one day's labor in the mountains," said a lady member in his church. "We left Trotter's station early one morning and reached Idaho in time for service. I rang the bell while the Bishop opened the church, dusted the pews and books, and arranged his robe. After service, without stopping for dinner, we drove to Empire, where we had dinner, and the Bishop preached again. We then went to Georgetown, where we held service in the evening. The next morning we left Georgetown before breakfast, in fact before there were any signs of life on the streets. I shall never forget the beauty of that morning, as winding our way through the deep canon, the sun peeped over the mountain tops, gradually growing brighter, until all the world seemed glorified by the splendor of its rays.

"We took breakfast at a station on the way, and continued our journey, for the Bishop had an engagement in Denver that day which he felt compelled to meet."

That is only a trifling incident in his laborious life, but it was suggested to me by the trip being made in a single

buggy, without brakes, over this very road, then rugged and precipitous, which the skill of the engineer has since converted into a solid bed for the steam car. While others were building roads, developing mines, encouraging agriculture, creating commerce and giving impetus to our material advancement, Bishop Randall was building churches, establishing schools and setting in motion those varied regenerating influences without which there can be no civilization, no society. The "General Convention of the Church" elected him Bishop of Colorado, December 28, 1865. Twenty-two years he had labored as a parish priest in the City of Boston. His heart was knitted to his people in those sacred ties of pastoral relations, and he had reached the time of life when most men feel the advance of age and begin to think of rest. His call was to him as the call of God to Abraham. He suffered the same trial of his faith. It seemed to him a terrible summons to uproot those firmly bound relationships and exchange his peaceful, happy home for the trials and harassing anxieties and homeless wanderings of a missionary bishop. He was a man and could not easily sunder ties so dear.

After prayerful consideration he decided to take the staff and go forward in fear and faith, believing it was the voice of God calling him to this work. He arrived in Denver June, 1866, making the journey across the plains in a stage coach. At that time there were but two parishes in the Territory, St. John's, at Denver, and St. Mark's, at Central. The Territories of New Mexico and Wyoming were also added to this diocese. The field was a large one and the work to be performed laborious. He traveled annually over his entire diocese, from Silver City,

eight hundred miles to the southwest, on the farthest borders of New Mexico, to the out-posts of the Wind river valley, five hundred miles to the northward, enduring hardships, encountering dangers, suffering deprivations, preaching the gospel, establishing schools and performing the various sacred duties of his high office. Never was there a more faithful or devoted worker.

In the midst of his great labors, seven years from the time he arrived in Colorado, the Master called him home.

The greatness of his success is best told by a brief review of the results. Parishes were organized and churches were built at Golden, Nevada, Georgetown, Pueblo, Canon, Colorado Springs, Idaho, Littleton and Baldwinsville, at Cheyenne and Laramie in Wyoming Territory, and at one or two points in New Mexico. Wolfe Hall, a school for young ladies in Denver, was opened in 1867. Jarvis Hall, a school for boys, was opened near Golden in 1869. A school of mines was added to it in 1871. A divinity school, Matthew's Hall, in 1872. He was a pioneer in the highest sense of the word, and possessed the qualifications which fitted him for the tasks thereby imposed. As an able, learned and eloquent divine he had few equals. He expounded the Christian truth in a manner which went at once to the heart and convinced the understanding. In his social intercourse he was cordial and friendly, and his conversation was always entertaining and instructive. To his excellencies of mind and manner were added those of an exact and far-seeing business man. There are many in Colorado to-day who sacredly cherish his memory and continue to "rise up and call him blessed."

At the Memorial and Communion Service of the House

of Bishops, held in Grace Church, New York, Oct. 24, 1873, Bishop Clarkson, in his address to the bishops, said:

"When he took possession of his missionary jurisdiction, it was an entirely new, and except to adventurous gold-hunters and a few others, an almost unknown country; but no gold-hunters ever went to Colorado with more faith and with more enthusiasm to gather precious ores, than did the first great-hearted Bishop on his sublime mission, to scatter and deliver there the still more precious treasures of the Gospel and the Church. These men, dreadfully in earnest in behalf of earthly riches, all on fire with the passion of sudden wealth, saw in him a man who was just as much in earnest after the better riches of the world to come—a man all aflame with celestial fire, and they yielded to him what Christian earnestness always compels from men—respect, admiration, confidence, and a following. And so the Church in the East saw in him a man who was thoroughly and intensely in earnest, and therefore means without stint poured itself out to him, and Churches and institutions and parishes and clergymen, grew up around him and gathered about him as if by the operation of the fabled lamp of Oriental story.

"We read and talk about the martyrs of the Church in early days, and in Reformation times, and in heathen lands of our own age, and give them credit and glory, even canonize them; but here was a Bishop who was truly a martyr to work and to duty, for Christ's sake and the Church's, as any holy man of the post ever was from truth and for faith.

"Not Ignatius among the lions, nor Polycarp in the fires, not Patteson amid the savages, yielded up their lives with

a sublimer heroism, than did the noble-souled Bishop whose translation to rest and peace we now commemorate."

CHAPTER XXIX.

GEORGETOWN.

Georgetown is a lively place of between three and four thousand inhabitants, located at the base of the Snowy Range, about fifty miles from Denver and three thousand feet higher. It is picturesque and romantic, nestled amid the eternal mountains, that stand like gloomy sentinels guarding it from the world, and guarding at the same time with morose and forbidding exterior the shining glories in their own deep hearts. As they stretch away in their mighty upward slant, they are dotted with cosy little cottages that lend an additional charm to the landscape. Along the principal streets the houses have a comfortable, home-like appearance; the windows are garnished with boxes of blooming flowers, and vines climb in graceful beauty around them.

We telegraphed ahead for a carriage to take us to Green Lake, and we found it waiting—a large, over-grown spring wagon, "lined and bound" with buffalo robes; the finest type of a mountain vehicle. It was drawn by four very handsome horses, and the driver was evidently proud of his turn-out.

Green Lake is only two miles from Georgetown, yet two thousand feet above it, reached by what is called a good mountain road.

It was the most remarkable road I ever saw. We wound in cork-screw curves, with only the road between

imposing precipices above and yawning chasms below. It was "grand, gloomy and peculiar." Unlike Lot's wife, we had no disposition to look back to where we came from—it made our heads swim, confused our ideas, and left an unpleasant sense of uneasiness and distress.

For the first time I lost interest in the summits, and became deeply absorbed in thinking how we were to get out of it.

Finally we switched around a deep curve and entered a trail, heavily fringed with dense and fragrant pines. I cannot describe the feeling with which it inspired me. It suggested both mystery and supernaturalism, and the peculiar sombre tint of the prospect intensified the feeling. We seemed to be winding through a resting place of the dead. Soon the awesome feeling was succeeded by a sweet religious ecstacy.

The busy work-day world was shut out and "peace on earth, good will to man" pervaded this great cathedral of nature. The emerald lake, with its placid water, the petrified forest at the bottom, and speckled trout that skimmed near its surface, was entrancing. The tall, trim evergreens that surrounded it, were perfectly mirrored in the water, and seemed to grow both ways, while the sun's rays, that fell through them, was like the dim religious light that shimmers through monastic windows.

There were no exclamations, but everyone seemed to quietly and meditatively take in the divine picture.

But we were out for pleasure, and we thought the greatest sport of all would be to catch some of the beautiful fish, that stuck their heads up out of the water and made mouths at us in the most tantalizing way. The warder supplied us with rods, and the way we caught fish would

have given pleasure to any lover of the Waltonian art. A lady, in great excitement, went around inquiring for a bucket, she wanted to fill it, and take it home to her dear husband, in Denver. But buckets were scarce up there and none could be had for "freighting purposes." She was dreadfully disappointed, and said she intended to suggest to the proprietor of the hotel the advantage of keeping a stock of buckets for the accommodation of tourists. But when we came to settle our bills, and found we were charged fifty cents apiece for every fish caught, she forgot to make the suggestion.

After one sweet hour of heavenly quiet and calm in that beautiful spot we began our descent.

The driver, who plumed himself upon his skillful manipulation of the ribbons, seemed intoxicated with pleasure, and we went down that steep and rugged path, past the everlasting procession of tourists, at an alarming rate. A broken vehicle lay up against the side of the road, awaiting repairs. "Just watch me take the wheel off that," said he, cracking his whip and augmenting his speed. I felt myself turning pale, and poor, "chicken-hearted" Hal. looked somewhat nauseated, and closely embraced the arm of a gentleman who sat beside her.

Off came the wheel, throwing our wagon against a huge stone on the edge of the road; that being thus rudely knocked from its resting place, stopped not to "gather moss" on its way downward.

He laughed, almost shouted over his exploit, and turning deliberately around in his seat, told us not to be frightened, "he had driven over that road a hundred times and had never met with an accident yet;" but we would have felt vastly more comforted if he had kept his eyes on his horses.

It seemed natural to rush by the "Devil's Gate," but we would have preferred a more lingering look at the "Bridal Veil Falls." Strange the fascination attached to that veil, whether it be of tulle, lace or water! To my agreeable disappointment I reached Georgetown with my head on my shoulders, and, on the whole, delighted with the trip.

In the parlor at the hotel a mining expert told us a very amusing incident. A negro had been importuning him for weeks to look at his mine. He finally brought a specimen and said he had four feet of just such ore as that. Upon looking at it he thought if the negro's story was true, he had something worth having; so he hired a buggy and started off with the dusky miner. When he came to examine the mine he found a little vein about one and a half inches thick.

"What do you mean by fooling me in this way?" he said to the darkey rather roughly.

The negro turned his head to one side, and in a dazed sort of way said: "Ain't da fo' foot da, boss?" Then he examined it himself; "Well," said he, "if it aint jes like it was when I lef it; but de closer I got to Georgetown de bigger it growd, and when I got da, I d'clar fo' de Lawd it was fo' foot."

The expert said the sell was so complete and ridiculous he couldn't get angry.

CHAPTER XXX.

GRAY'S PEAK.

The following morning, refreshed and in good spirits, we started for Gray's Peak, the dome of the continent. It is 14,351 feet high. Nature is built on a grand scale

around here; "there is nothing little" about Georgetown I'm sure.

One can ride to the summit of Gray's Peak in a carriage, but we preferred to go on horseback. The morning was breezy and cloudless, the ascent gradual, and as we mounted higher and higher toward the clouds, the green valley with its shady nooks and silvery streams was as charming as glimpses of fairy land.

About half way up we stopped to rest and talk to a returning party, who had been to the summit to see the sun rise. They were so enthusiastic over the marvelous view that we took out our guide book to see if their *far stretching* yarns were true. It corroborated their assertions as follows: "From this point are plainly discernible Pike's Peak, eighty miles away, Mount Lincoln, fifty miles, Mount of the Holy Cross, eighty miles, Long's Peak, eighty miles, the City of Denver, sixty-five miles, and even the summits of the Spanish Peaks, two hundred miles southward, and the highest ranges of the Uintah mountains, three hundred miles westward. The total range of the vision is not less than two hundred and fifty to three hundred miles."

After reading this, our desires were greatly increased to take the "tip-top" view. Toiling up, up, up, we at last reached the summit. Surely this must have been the great play-ground of the Titans, when in a game of pitch and toss with mountains, they left them as we find them, heaped in stupendous confusion to commemorate the occasion. There were mountains, mountains everywhere, seemingly without bound or limit. Far away hung the emblem of the Christain faith, the Holy Cross. There was something subduing and awe-inspiring in the sacred

symbol that above all and over all stretched its arms in mute appeal to man's reverence for the Creator. One had the sense of standing before the visible throne of God waiting for the words, "depart from me," or, "ye are the chosen of my Father."

I sat down to contemplate and thoroughly enjoy the stupendous scenery, when the party gathered around and listened to

THE LEGEND OF THE MOUNT OF THE HOLY CROSS.

"Many years ago, when the Franciscan Friars were earnestly engaged in the grand work of converting the inhabitants of Mexico to the worship of the true God, a monk in Spain yielded to the tempter and committed an unpardonable crime. Day and night, with contrite heart, he sought in prayer expiation for his sin. It was revealed to him in a vision that when he saw a cross suspended in the air it would be a token of his forgiveness. Then he became filled with a feeling of unrest, and longed to travel. He joined an expedition to Mexico, and wandered over the country in search of the sacred symbol, until his hair was frosted and his limbs infirm with age. Finding no rest for his soul he joined an exploring party coming North.

"By winding ways they traveled: from mountain summits, where the sunshine lingers, to valleys barred with light and shadows, through deep defiles, robed in verdure, girdled with flowers and crowned with snow, onward they went.

"Arriving one day on the summit of a lofty mountain, they pitched their tents. It was not the hour to camp, but their further progress was prevented by a dense fog,

that with the morning sun rose from the ground and gradually grew thicker and higher, until it mingled with the clouds and enveloped the whole earth.

"The pious man wandered away from the sound of human voices to pray for the removal of his burden of sin. Kneeling in deep humility, he raised his hands and voice to God, when lo! the cloud was lifted, and suspended before him, resplendent with the rays of the glorious sun, was the 'CROSS.'

"The Great Spirit of the Mountains breathed forgiveness, and his soul went out in joy.

"Wondering at his long delay his companions went to search for him, and found him dead in the attitude of prayer, with his face toward the Mount of the Holy Cross."

During this recital the air became suddenly colder, clouds shut out the sunlight, and it was evident that a storm was brewing. With all possible haste we started on the downward march. The roads were good, and as it was all down hill, we hoped to out travel the storm.

Angry nature fumed, fretted and threatened for an hour or so, and then the rain came down in torrents. The thunders rolled, the winds lashed us, and all the elements seemed pretty busy for a while; but no matter, we had made the ascent and were happy, a new picture was hung in the gallery of memory, that time could never efface. We had something to think of and talk about, not for a day, but for many days.

The forlorn and bedraggled party which entered the hotel that evening bore no resemblance to the one that left it in the morning. We looked as if we had been attending a Baptist revival and become converts to the "dip theory." One complained of toothache, another of

sharp rheumatic pains, still another of neuralgia, but such minor damages count as nothing when we take into consideration the magnificent view.

CHAPTER XXXI.

THE MINING EXPERT.

The next morning found us on the train for Denver, well and happy. Here again we met the mining expert. As my mission was to gather stories, I endeavored to improve each shining hour, so commenced a lively conversation with him.

"I was sitting in my office one morning," said he, "reflecting over the old adage, 'all that glitters is not gold,' when I was suddenly awakened from my reverie by the salutation, 'Well, boss, how does you do?' Looking up I recognized the intruder as my old colored friend, Jim Boyd. Jim came to the country in an early day, and cast his lot with thousands of other fortune-hunters of the then wild country of Colorado, and being from the South myself, Jim often came in to talk about the old home, the fried chicken, sweet potatoes, and the many good things to us then 'non-come-at-able.'

"'Well, Jim,' said I, 'I'm glad to see you; sit down. What can I do for you?

"'Golly, boss, struck it rich; no, I thank you, boss, drudder stand up.' Pulling out of his pocket an old dirty handkerchief, with something heavy in it, he produced therefrom some specimens of rocks. 'Here it is, boss; right out of de bottom of de shaft. Here's de wealth for you, sho'!'

"'You are excited, Jim. Sit right down and tell me all about it.'

"J. 'De fact is, boss, I want to sell you dis mine.'

"'How deep are you, Jim?'

"J. 'Down forty feet; dug de hole myse'f.'

"'How much ore?'

"J. 'Eighteen inches pure stuff, boss.'

"'How does it run? Had any assays?'

"J. 'Better den dat, boss, had a reg'lar mill run; $170 a ton and plenty of it.'

"'What price do you place on this property, Jim? I don't want to buy, but perhaps I can sell it for you.'

"J. 'Now you struck me, boss. You can sell dis mine for $500; all you gets over—dat's yo' money.'

"'But, Jim, I wouldn't sell such a mine as that for so little; you can work it, if it is as rich as you say, and make from twenty to fifty dollars per day, which would soon make you a Bonanza king. Then you might be Governor, or perhaps Senator, who knows.'

"J. 'Now, boss, I'se a colored man, a po' man, and all dat, but I'se honest, and I'se never done anything yet to qualify me for dem positions you speak about—sides all dis, I'se never harmed you, and I does n't think you ought to cast such insinuations at me.'

"'Well, well, Jim, beg your pardon, but about the mine. Hadn't you better work that mine? I dislike to see an old friend who has struggled in these mountains so long and worked so hard, throw away such a good thing for a few hundred dollars.'

"At this Jim came forward, and laying his big, black hand on my shoulder, sunk his voice to a whisper and

replied: 'De fact am, boss, dar's many a good mine in dis country *spoilt by working it.* Sell de mine, boss.'

"Since that morning I have frequently had occasion to recall to mind Jim's remark, 'dar's many a good mine spoilt by working it.'"

Georgetown is a great place to get a pocket full of rocks; the windows are full of specimens, views, etc. This expert had a valise full of mountain souvenirs. A specimen is an expert's jewel, treasure, sweetheart, and everything that is delightful. He talked rapturously of the auriferous, cupriferous, galenous, argentiferous and ferriferous, and seemed delighted to find a sympathetic ear. His metaliferous voice softened into mellifluous undulations as if speaking of his first love, when he showed us a beautiful specimen of smoky quartz. Holding it at a proper angle to catch the sun's rays he said: "Quartz is an essential constituent of granite, and abounds in rocks of all ages." He had beautiful amethysts, carnelians, jaspers, agates, and so on, and he lingered affectionately on the perfections of each and every one. Hal. smuggled a wink to me and asked him, "What makes quartz?"

He contemplated her contemptuously and replied: "Twice as many pints, Miss."

Then, feeling, perhaps, that he was casting pearls before swine, he drew himself away and looked dreamily out of the window.

I took her to task for it, but she said it provoked her to see me looking as wise as an owl, absorbing that man's intellectual knowledge, when I didn't know or care anything more about rocks and minerals than I did about Sanscrit.

I reminded her of the trite adage, "it is never too late

to learn," and accused her of spoiling my golden opportunity. We didn't have time to quarrel long, for our attention was attracted by the rocky sides of the canon, where great masses of granite rocks, like Ossa on Pelion piled, seemed to pierce the very heavens, and in striking contrast to the blue sky above was the turbid stream below, beating itself in mad fury against the boulders in its course. Clear Creek, so called, from the original transparency of its water, now turgid from the dust and other residuum of many quartz mills, reminded me of Longfellow's poem:

"I am the Wave of Life,
Stained with my margin's dust;
From the struggle and the strife
Of the narrow stream, I fly
To the Sea's immensity,
To wash from me the slime
Of the muddy banks of Time."

Luxuriant evergreens grew straight up out of the rocks. The same evergreens, if taken to Denver, carefully tended, watered and petted, would be sure to die. Just so with some people, they droop and die, or are dwarfed, (which is worse) amid the luxuries of life, and the hard paths develop them into bright and shining lights.

The conductor put a stop to my sermonizing by inviting me to the rear end of the car to see the "Old Man of the Mountains."

When viewed from that distance he looked natural enough to flirt with. We cheered him and waved our handkerchiefs as we glided by, but the *stony-hearted* old fellow did not even smile in return. How long he has been there none know. In ages past the earth rocked with volcanic fires, in frienzied throes, gave him birth,

and there he stands a relic of past grandeur, watching the roll of years.

I have spun so many yarns on the way this seems like a long trip, but it can be done satisfactorily in two days at a trifling expense.

Upon reaching Denver, the natural key to all points of scenic interest, we expressed a great desire to turn right around and go over the same route again, but our plans were mapped out and we had no time to repeat.

CHAPTER XXXII.

GREELEY.

Touring in the mountains of Colorado is attended with none of the fatigue and weariness that generally accompanies excursions elsewhere. The distance from one place of interest to another is short, the air bracing, the hotels comfortable, and the trains start from all points at such seasonable and reasonable hours one is not afflicted with nervous excitement in a frantic effort to be on time for the cars—or sick headache.

We passed but one night in Denver, and the next day took a run to Greeley, a thriving town, with comfortable and elegant homes embowered in trees.

"Fourteen years ago," said one of the first settlers, "when a new comer stepped from the cars, the people looking on, in real or pretended pity, said: 'Here comes another victim.' It was indeed disheartening, for this was then a boundless expanse of dry, sandy plains. We stepped from the cars to a pile of lumber, and from the lumber into a prickly pear bed; being 'tenderfeet' we

hobbled off. It is a fact that people who are not 'tenderfeet' or new comers, can walk through a cactus bed with impunity.

"When speaking of the 'Union Colony' now, they say 'it was a great success, and people should always immigrate in colonies.' But at that time there was much dissatisfaction, and the colony officers were obliged to bear a great deal of abuse. Still they never lost courage. Poor Mr. Meeker, who was as sensitive as a woman, would have been made very unhappy at that time if his fellow-worker, General Cameron, had not taken the brunt of the work in guiding the people, and explaining continually that the project was bound to succeed. Curses and sneers rolled off his broad shoulders like water off a duck's back.

"When he would say cheerily 'my friends, it is all right, this thing is bound to succeed, and Greeley will be one of the finest farming regions on the face of the earth!' Some one in the crowd would retort, 'O, yes, I bet that 'feller' gets four dollars a day for lying.'

"We have never had a whisky saloon. Greeley was long known as Saints Rest, and is often so called now. The name arose from the fact that we had no wickedness and no need of police.

"Many left Greeley declaring it was a fraud, there was no chance to sell whisky, the soil was not good for anything, and Horace Greeley and Mr. Meeker were fools. After the 'soreheads' had taken their departure there was less talking done and more work. Men adapted themselves to their new surroundings, and a man in overalls, shirt sleeves and old straw hat, was as likely to be a minister, doctor or lawyer as a common workman. It was as if people were going about in disguise, for men can

not wear fine clothes while making adobe bricks, and that was the occupation of many during the first summer.

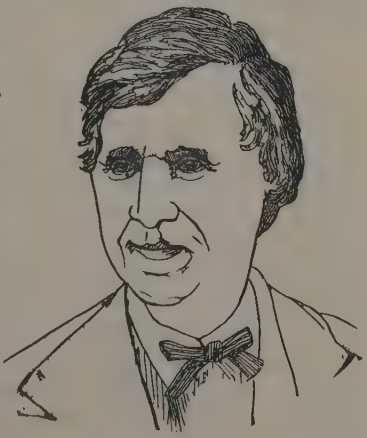
"The women were braver than the men, and many a man who is thankful to-day to be living in Greeley, owes it to his wife. In those days, by the cactus we sat down and wept, but the magic touch of irrigation has created a transformation scene equal to any witnessed on the theatre platform. The desert has been made to blossom like the rose."

The sad fate of Mr. Meeker will be found in the following brief sketch of the Ute War:

CHAPTER XXXIII.

MASSACRE.

N. C. Meeker was for many years agricultural editor of the New York *Tribune*, which position he resigned in 1869, to found a colony on the Cache La Poudre, under the patronage and hearty support of Horace Greeley, whose name it bears. Under his vigorous direction it became one of the most successful and prosperous settlements of its class west of the Mississippi, and is to day one of the most beautiful in Colorado. He established and conducted the Greeley *Tribune*, a



N. C. MEEKER.

weekly journal of large influence. Its venerable editor, by reason of his years and experience, was known throughout the State by the title of "Father Meeker," affectionately accorded him by his younger brethren of the press. Naturally philanthropic, among other things he made a careful study of the condition of the Indians, and believing that, with the earnest support of the Government, they could be made to accept civilization, and to engage heartily in its pursuits if wisely directed, he applied for and obtained the agency for the White River tribe of Utes in 1877.

Arriving at the agency he found that many of the Indians had left the reservation, and great dissatisfaction existed among them, because of alleged ill-treatment by former agents. True to the main purpose of his mission he soon succeeded in restoring quiet among the malcontents.

It was a favorite theory with him that it was possible to make the agency self-supporting by teaching these savages to adopt stock raising and agriculture. He also thought the young might be induced to attend school, and grow up educated in the English language and trained in the manner of civilized society.

With this idea he established a school, and his daughter, Miss Josephine Meeker, who inherited much of the force and enthusiasm of her father, essayed the role of teacher with the highest missionary spirit. Miss Josephine was then twenty-two years of age, a blonde, with blue eyes and light hair, tall in stature and vivacious in manner and conversation. She was a great favorite among the Indians, and during her twelve months stay

with them, received half a dozen offers of marriage from Ute braves.

Mr. Meeker went to work with his accustomed energy and the conscientious devotion to duty which characterized all his dealings with his fellow-beings, to do what was right by the Indians and the Government.

He accordingly solicited as employees at the agency intelligent men of sober and industrious habits, people peculiarly genial, and calculated to win by unvarying kindness the regard of the Utes.

The agency was removed during Mr. Meeker's administration twenty miles from White River to Powell's bottom, one of the most beautiful tracts of land on the continent. Here he began to teach the unsophisticated children of nature how to cultivate the soil. The experiment worked well until the spring of 1879. Early in the season he began preparations for a large crop. He had fenced the ground, dug wells, and built irrigating ditches. The Indians, still unreconciled, made serious complaints of these innovations. To the fence they objected strenuously, because it injured the feet and legs of their ponies.

They made frequent protests to Mr. Meeker, and finally sent a delegation of four to lay their grievances before Governor Pitkin.

These commissioners bewailed bitterly the Agent's effort to cultivate the ground, and his daughter's attempt to teach their children the ways of the white man. They wanted him restricted to supplying them with food, and compelled to allow them to live their lives in their own way. They assumed a hostile position during the entire summer, at times committing horrible depredations on the white man's side of the line, and the miners or prospectors who

ventured on their reservation to dig for gold, were shot down like dogs. They wandered up and down the country, burning the forests and grasses, leaving a trail of fire from the Wyoming line to the boundary of New Mexico.

Meanwhile, certain members of the tribe became very troublesome to Mr. Meeker. On one occasion he was brutally assaulted by Chief Johnson and quite seriously injured. Immediately after this occurrence Colonel John W. Steele, agent of the Postoffice Department, visited the agency. In a conversation with him, Mr. Meeker said: *"I came to this agency in the full belief that I could teach them to work and become self-supporting. I thought I could establish schools and interest the Indians and their children in learning. I have given my best efforts to this end, always treating them kindly but firmly. They have eaten at my table and received continued kindness from my wife and daughter and all the employees about the agency. Their complaints have been heard patiently, and all reasonable requests have been granted them, and now the man for whom I have done the most, for whom I have built the only Indian house on the reservation, and who has frequently eaten at my table, has turned on me without the slightest provocation, and would have killed me but for the white laborers who got me away. No Indian raised his hand to prevent the outrage, and those who had received continued kindness from myself and family stood around and laughed at the brutal assault. They are an unreliable and treacherous race."

Mr. Steele expressed his belief that an outbreak was imminent, and advised him to leave the agency at once.

*From "The Ute War," written and compiled by Messrs. Dawson and Skiff.

Mr. Meeker then applied for troops for protection, and Major Thornburg, commanding Fort Steele on the Union Pacific Railroad, was at once ordered to use all dispatch in reaching the Indian country.

During this time the Utes were secretly preparing for a massacre. They purchased, at exterior points, arms of the most improved pattern, and ammunition in large quantities.

Everything being in readiness, Chief Douglass visited the agency on the morning set for the massacre. He made some remarks about the soldiers coming. Mr. Meeker assured him that their coming did not mean war. Apparently convinced, but at heart resolved to do murder, Douglass ate dinner with them, and lingered long after the meal, laughing and talking in a very pleasant manner with Mr. Meeker, Miss Josephine and Mrs. Price. Suddenly he left. He was thought by the people of the agency to possess many good qualities, but he proved himself to be one of the most cruel and heartless, as well as one of the most treacherous of the band. A few minutes after his departure the firing began. The women and children, in great alarm, sought a hiding place, and when they were driven from their shelter the cruel work had been accomplished. The Agent and his employees were murdered, and no white person survives who witnessed it. Mrs. Meeker, after emerging from concealment, in passing across the grounds, came close to the side of her dead husband, with whom she had passed twenty-five years of contented married life. She stopped to kiss the cold blue lips, but was rudely ordered by Douglass to pass on.

The men were dead, but a fate worse than death awaited the women. Miss Josephine, young and intelligent, Mrs.

Price and her two children, and Mrs. Meeker, sixty-four years old, one of the gentlest, most motherly of women, were in the hands of the barbarians. All who are familiar with Indian customs and character will readily understand the awful trials that befel them in such hands.

CHAPTER XXXIV.

THE SIX DAYS' SIEGE.

Major T. T. Thornburg, in obedience to orders, left Rawlins immediately for White River agency. When his command reached the point where the road crosses Milk river they were attacked by about three hundred warriors lying in ambush. The scene of the ambuscade was peculiarly adapted to the Indian method of warfare. It was a narrow canon, the bluffs on the north two hundred feet high and those on the south one hundred feet, both well nigh inaccessible to troops. On the top of the two ranges of bluffs the hostiles entrenched themselves in a series of pits, and poured a continual fire upon the soldiers, who fought valiantly and desperately, but melted away under the superior number and position of the savages. Major Thornburg, recognizing the terrible danger to which his command was exposed, at once mounted twenty of his men, and at the head of them made a bold charge upon the enemy. In this valorous dash the gallant leader was killed and Capt. Payne came into command.

About ten o'clock, Monday night, the first of the siege, Joe Rankin, a brave scout, stole away under cover of the darkness, and speeding swiftly through valleys and over hills, reached Rawlins between two and three o'clock

Wednesday morning, having accomplished the distance of one hundred and sixty miles in twenty-eight hours. He conveyed the first intelligence of the battle, the death of Thornburg, and appealed for reinforcements.

The bodies of the dead men and horses now began to become offensive, and at every opportunity afforded by the cessation of firing from the enemy, the bodies were placed one above the other and covered with dirt. In this way the dead served as breastworks for the survivors. The situation was horrible in the extreme. Surrounded by the dead and dying, their ears pierced by the agonizing cries of the wounded and death-struggles of the poor animals; for six long days the despairing handful of soldiers fought and contemplated their desperate, almost hopeless condition. The third day they were reinforced by a company of colored cavalry, under the command of Captain Dodge, who had been notified by a Rawlins courier of the distress of their white brethren in arms, and rode rapidly to their support.

And still the murderous work went on, ceasing at night, but with the first dawn of day the alert foe, securely hidden behind the sheltering bluffs, renewed their fire. On the fifth day of the siege General Merritt came to their rescue with a considerable body of troops. It is said that when he saw the dead and wounded and the suffering to which the brave men had been subjected, he turned aside and wept like a child.

Observing the strong reinforcements, and realizing their inability to maintain the fight any longer, the hostiles withdrew, leaving the field to General Merritt, who immediately marched to the agency, where he found the bodies

of the unfortunate men, who were slain at the beginning of the outbreak, and buried them in a beautiful spot near the crystal waters of White River.

He then started at the head of seven hundred men for the camp of the hostiles who held the captive women, and which he had every reason to believe was located on Grand or Blue river. After a march of about six hours he received orders to suspend operations against the Indians, as negotiations for peace were in progress, and it was believed they would agree to surrender the captives and deliver the warriors who had led the outbreak. The military and the country generally considered this a disgraceful termination of the campaign, but were, of course, powerless to prevent it.

Ouray, the head chief of the Utes, had started on a big hunt which was to have lasted three months, but news of the trouble at White River caused his speedy return. He sent a positive command to the hostile Utes to cease fighting. Ouray was renowned in his tribe for his wisdom, and his friendship for the white man made him very helpful in the material progress of Colorado. Up to the time of his death, in 1880, he lived at his home in the Uncompahgre with his wife, Chipeta, who, like Ouray, was kind and well disposed towards the whites. His home was a comfortable adobe built for him by the Government. He took great pleasure in cultivating his farm, and was anxious to surrender the reins of government to some younger man, desiring only to be known as Ouray, "the white man's friend."

He had but one son, who was stolen from him by the Arapahoes during a war many years ago between the Utes and that tribe. It was a source of great grief to him.

The Government made an effort to restore the boy to his home, and while General Adams was agent he accompanied Ouray to Washington, where, according to agreement, he was to meet the chief of the Arapahoes and receive his long lost boy. When the young Indian was brought in, he walked up to Ouray and asked him how much he was worth, and how many ponies he had to give him. The old chief eyed the mercenary young man sadly and said, "He is not my boy. If he was, I would feel it in my heart," and turned away grievously disappointed.

They never met again.

CHAPTER XXXV.

THE RESCUE BY GENERAL ADAMS.

General Adams was Agent for the White River Utes in 1870–1. He had studied the Indian character, and by his kindness and consideration for them in sickness or distress, his prompt and decisive action in every emergency, commanded their respect and confidence. At the time of the Ute war he was Special Agent for the United States Postoffice Department, with headquarters at Denver. On the evening of October 14th he received telegraphic notification that at the request of Secretary Schurz he had been detailed for special work as Representative of the Interior Department among the Indians. This was soon followed by another dispatch conveying specific instructions as to his mission and how to proceed. The General being a man of deeds and few words, very little was known of his intentions or movements until he began to act. However, the appointment was regarded by

the public with great favor; his skillful management of the Indians, his bravery, energy and sagacity, distinguished him above all others as one pre-eminently qualified to rescue the captive women without bloodshed, which was understood to be his chief mission.

He spent the whole night in arranging his affairs for the long and perilous journey, and on the morning of the 14th he left Denver for Los Pinos, having telegraphed his wife, who was at Colorado Springs, to meet him at the depot. She said, "you are not a soldier, why do you go?" "Why do I go?" said he. "Because the State of Colorado can not afford to have those women in the hands of the Indians. I would consider it just as much a shame and disgrace to refuse my influence in rescuing them as if I should desert in the hour of battle. You would not have me stay?"

"No, thinking of it in that way, she would not," yet it was a bitter struggle.

A sad good-bye, and the iron horse sped away, bearing the brave and noble husband from her sight, perhaps forever. She stood paralyzed with grief and dismal forebodings. Thoughts of Canby and others, who had fallen victims to Indian snares, crowded her brain and made her sick at heart.

General Adams arrived at Ouray's camp on the night of the 18th, and the chief of the Utes confirmed his reputation as a friend of the white man, by giving his aid and advice in perfecting the plans for the trip to the Grand River, one hundred miles north, where the captives were then known to be.

The following morning the General started on his journey, accompanied by three chiefs, ten Indians and Count

von Doenhoff, Secretary of the German Legation at Washington. The Count was recreating among the mountains and delightful wilds of Colorado, and volunteered to go for the sake of the adventure.

There was also in the company a special correspondent of the Denver *Tribune;* Captain Cline, an experienced scout and frontiersman, with two men to drive wagons and take care of the camping outfit.

That the ladies might be spared a long journey on horseback they took a buckboard, and Ouray, with his usual kindness and thoughtfulness, sent his tent for their special use.

The chiefs who escorted the General were named, Sapavanaro, Shavano and Colorow.

The first day they traveled forty miles on an old Mormon trail, to the crossing of the Gunnison River. Here two runners were sent ahead to inform Chief Douglass of their approach.

On the morning of the 21st the envoy left Grand River for the enemy's camp, twenty miles distant. Before reaching it, they were met by one of the Indians they had sent ahead, who told them that after a whole night's council the Indians had concluded to let them come in.

Adams, who was in advance, seeing a squaw standing in the doorway of a tepee, approached her and asked if the white squaws were there. She said "no." Miss Meeker, who was standing immediately behind her, saw General Adams and his party, and pushing the squaw away, walked out to meet them.

The General asked, "are you Miss Meeker?"

She answered, "yes."

He said, "we have come for you." Miss Josephine ex-

pressed great joy, and pointed out to him the tent where her mother and Mrs. Price were.

The General went there, but they were not in.

Then the occupants of the tent and Sapavanaro held a very excited colloquy. The chief seemed angry and indignant. Turning to General Adams, he informed him in Spanish, that the women had been secreted; also that they had sent for Douglass, who was at his camp, about sixteen miles distant, and nothing could be done until his arrival.

After, perhaps an hour's delay, the anxiously awaited chief arrived. He shook hands with the General and the party, and then turned away and became absorbed in conversation with the chiefs who had escorted them.

He told General Adams, through an interpreter, that he wished for no war, but the white troops were advancing upon them.

The General said, "that he had been sent by the Government to say 'it did not want to fight, but the white squaws *must* be returned to their friends.'"

He then declared his willingness to give up the white squaws on condition that they be allowed to remain there until General Adams returned from White River. "No," replied the General, "I will go to-day to White River, but the white squaws must start home to-morrow."

Douglass was far from satisfied. He said: "You come in." The General followed him into a tepee, which was soon filled with Indians, and then commenced a council which lasted five hours.

The chief Sapavanaro stood by the General, who formally made known his errand; then one after another of the hostile chiefs spoke, the majority of them refusing their consent to the surrender of the prisoners. The pipe

was passed around, but Adams refused to smoke with them until they should agree to his request. Sapavanaro also refused to smoke. Shavano became angry and withdrew from the council. At this Sapavanaro strode resolutely into the circle and made a powerful speech. He told them he bore the mandate of Ouray; that unless the Indians surrendered the captives to General Adams they would be cut off from all communication with their head chief, who would join with the whites in forcing them to terms.

During the speech there was a great pow-wow and considerable excitement in the council, but it had the desired effect.

Douglass again endeavored to induce Adams to visit the troops and then return for the prisoners. He received as before, a positive refusal. Finding the General firm, he at last, with evident reluctance, yielded assent, which was followed by one after another of the opposing chiefs until the agreement became nearly unanimous, and the stormy council ended. The long pipe was passed around, and after smoking with them the General returned to his company and reported his success.

Soon afterward they saw coming toward them a feeble old lady leaning on a stick, whom they knew at once to be Mrs. Meeker. Mrs. Price followed, carrying her little boy on her back, Indian fashion.

"We are so thankful you have come," they said. The Indians had told them the day before that Washington was coming, but they had been so frequently tormented with similar reports, no confidence was placed in the statement. Twenty-three days had elapsed since they were made captives; they had borne insults and threats of

death, mockery and ridicule with heroic indifference, but at the sight of General Adams their gratitude could find no words, and they burst into tears. Adams went on to hold a conference with the soldiers advancing under Merritt, and left the ladies in charge of Captain Cline, who escorted them to chief Ouray's house, where they were met by Mr. Ralph Meeker, eldest son of the murdered Agent. He took them to their home in Greeley, and the poor, sorrow-stricken women were once more among loving friends.

After making all the arrangements for the departure of the ladies, General Adams took a guard of twenty-five White River Utes, and in company with chiefs Sapavanaro, Shavano and Sawawic, started to intercept General Merritt's command.

Before Adams was aware of his proximity to the soldiers, his party were surrounded and they escaped being fired on by the speedy floating of a flag of truce. Merritt's scouts had reported the approach of a band of Indians.

When the Indians, who accompanied General Adams, saw the soldiers in fighting position, they drew back and manifested great resentment.

One chief exclaimed, "And you, Adams?" with a look that said, "Have you betrayed us, have you brought us here to be murdered?" But Sawawic, a chief whom the General had nursed three months in his own house while he was Agent, said, "No, Adams good," and demonstrated his confidence in him by dismounting and walking forward alone. The terrified Indians, however, galloped back to the mountains and there stood awaiting developments. The General followed them and had just succeeded in persuading Shavano to his side, when another squad of

soldiers appeared, and the Indians bounded away with a terrified yell. Adams experienced some difficulty in bringing his escort together again, but finally succeeded, and they proceeded to the Agency.

November 25, 1879, the Secretary of the Interior appointed a Commission, consisting of General Edward Hatch, General Charles Adams and chief Ouray to investigate the recent troubles, and bring the guilty to justice. The meetings of this Commission were held in a log hut at the Uncompahgre Agency. A canvas was drawn across the building to partition off the eating and sleeping apartment from the council chamber, and back of this canvas General Hatch, without the knowledge of the Indians, placed his personal escort of twelve men. Ouray sent a message to the hostiles ordering them to meet the Commission. The ring-leaders all appeared, heavily armed, and with grum and surly countenances, protested their ignorance of everything. At one time the building was surrounded by several hundred Indians in war-paint, and the Commission seemed in imminent danger of being murdered. Even Ouray, at times, assumed a hostile appearance. The finding of this Commission, was, in brief, that for the fight with Major Thornburg the Indians should not be held responsible, but for the massacre, the twelve Indians, headed by Douglass, must be surrendered for trial. The Indians agreed to turn over the twelve thus designated to the Government, with the stipulation that they should have a fair trial by other than a Colorado jury. A bill was introduced into Congress to remove the Utes from Colorado into the Territory of Utah. The Senate refused to pass the bill, or make any treaty with them unless the twelve men were brought to justice with-

out delay. In February, 1880, General Adams was sent back accompanied by "Jack," a chief of the White River Utes, and succeeded in arresting Chief Douglass, Jim Johnson and Thomas, three of the twelve indicated. The others could not be found. After arresting them it was discovered that they could not be tried by any law outside of the State of Colorado, so they escaped unpunished. General Adams put Douglass in prison at Leavenworth, where he soon lost his mind and became a raving maniac. He is now with his tribe, a perfect imbecile.

Their escaping the penalty of the law does not lessen the credit and admiration due General Adams for his wonderful heroism in rescuing the captives, and for the delivery to the civil authorities for trial, three red-handed butchers, who were engaged in the atrocious slaughter of Meeker and his men, and who should have expiated their ghastly crime upon the scaffold, but through the misdirected mercy of the Government, were allowed to depart in peace, without the slightest punishment.

Nevertheless, there is nothing in all the eventful chronicles of frontier history, in all the interminable conflicts between the pioneers of civilization and the opposing savages, which tells of bloodier scenes than were here recorded; nor a nobler example of self-sacrificing heroism than was given to the world by General Charles Adams in his long and terrible journey in mid-winter, through the trackless mountains, buried in snow, for the sole purpose of rescuing those defenseless women from the hands of their murder-stained captors.

For this service he was appointed Minister Plenipotentiary to the little South American Kingdom of Bolivia, a post which he filled with infinite credit.

Poor little Josie was given a desk in the Interior Department, with a liberal salary, but soon afterward yielded up her life a victim of the exposure and abuse inflicted by her tormentors. Mrs. Meeker and Mrs. Price still reside in Greeley.

CHAPTER XXXVI.

BOULDER.

Returning to Denver, we took the first train out to Boulder. While there I heard of a

"NOVEL DIVORCE CASE."

Some years ago Congressman Belford was one of the Judges in the Territory of Colorado.

It used to be customary to take the evidence in divorce cases before a Master in Chancery. The lawyers would read this evidence to the Judge, and everything appearing fair on its face, a divorce would be granted. After awhile it occurred to Belford, who had a deep and profound affection for his wife, that the time might possibly come when she would apply for a divorce from him, and the application might be founded on a hundred lies which some one had told her. He did not believe in this divorce business on general principles, and accordingly established a rule of Court that no divorce case should be tried unless the witnesses were present in Court and he had the privilege of cross-examining them himself if he so desired. The first case that came on under this ruling was in Boulder county.

The husband and wife had a beautiful home, with three or four interesting children. The parents had become es-

tranged, and the children were receiving but little parental care.

The husband sat at one side of the Court room and the wife at the other, but both close to the Judge.

From the evidence it appeared that the only cause for this estrangement was dyspepsia on the part of the husband, and this dyspepsia had been occasioned by the wife persistently making salt-rising bread. These parties had lived together for nearly a quarter of a century, had accumulated considerable property, and were respected in the community where they resided. The case was regarded as sensational on account of the character of the parties, and the court house was densely packed with people anxious to witness the progress of the trial, and to hear the result.

After the evidence was all in Judge Belford, leaning back in his chair, devoted himself to a few moments thought, and turning to the parties said there was no provision in the statute which especially related to "salt-rising bread," but he fully recognized the fact that there was an intimate relation between the stomach and the brain, and when the former became diseased and disturbed the latter would become irregular and ungovernable; that a dyspeptic man or woman could not treat their best friends with common courtesy. He said further, that there used to be a law in Switzerland, when a divorce was applied for, both parties were locked up together in a cell of the prison, compelled to wash out of the same basin, eat from the same plate, and sleep in the same bed, and it was generally found at the end of thirty days, that neither of them desired to be separated from the other. He said these parties had journeyed together for twenty-five years,

and if he granted a divorce that day it would be such a shock to their conscience when they realized the event, they would seek a reunion. The real difficulty of the whole divorce business was that there was not sufficient display of endearment and affection between married people. If the husband would kiss his wife every morning when he left home to attend to his business, and kiss her every evening on his return, there would be very little trouble, because it was a well-known fact, and one thoroughly established by experience, that out of true love a woman would follow her husband to the ends of the earth and live with him as contentedly if his fortunes were adverse as she would in a palace if they were prosperous; that it was the little courtesies which made married life delightful, and the want of them filled it with misery.

After proceeding in this strain for nearly an hour, he declared he would not grant the divorce. Thereupon the husband arose and exclaimed, in the presence of the bystanders: "You are a most righteous Judge." The wife walked across the court room, put her hand in that of her husband, and went with him to their home.

She changed her method of making bread and he changed his course of treatment towards her. Result—unalloyed happiness and contentment, broken only by the death of one, which occurred ten years after this incident.

The State University is in Boulder, and that reminds me of a story that is told of the first school house here.

It was built by everybody giving what they could. Mr. Nichols found a big tree, which he cut down, intending to donate it to the school. He went for a team to haul it in, and when he returned a man had it on a wagon and was moving off. Mr. N—— demanded his property. The

man refused, saying, "you will have to fight for it," which Mr. N—— proceeded to do, and after a hard fist combat the rogue agreed not only to surrender the property but to assist Mr. N—— in getting it to town.

I was also informed that the first coal oil lamp in Colorado was owned by Mrs. A——, of this city. Her house was *papered* and partitioned off with white cotton sheets, as was the custom in those days. The first night the lamp was lighted the door was thrown open and the white walls added considerably to the brilliancy of that nocturnal luminary. The neighbors, who had been so long accustomed to the flickering rays of a "taller dip," thought the Indians had come and were burning the house.

Mr. Andrews was calling his cows, which they mistook for a cry for help, and a neighbor rushed to his assistance, replying, "I'm coming, I'm coming." The alarm spread and all the people in the town fled to a place of safety.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

SOUTH PARK.

The morning after our return from Boulder we took the South Park Division of the Union Pacific.

As we glided out of the city a splendid view of the Mining and Industrial Exposition was presented. This important enterprise was established in 1882, and promises to grow in value with increasing years. It is said that the spirit of an age or country is written upon its industrial monuments, and this is Colorado's pride. We admired extravagantly the diminutive cars that swept

along so gracefully and rapidly towards the Exposition building and to Jewell Park, a mile or so beyond.

"That car passes over historic ground," said a pioneer. "After leaving the city, and e're Broadway is crossed, it rumbles over the graves of the *miserable* of the olden time.

"Out where the road makes the grand turn and nearly doubles back upon itself, was the 'Rogues' Burying Ground,' in the early days when men 'died with their boots on' in large numbers. To the right and to the left of the road those little mounds, now nearly extinct, are the graves of the villians, the murderers, the robbers, the garroters and the cattle thieves of the days of '60 and '61.

"The mound to the left, as you pass out, is where rests Reynolds, the wife murderer—he who tortured his victim and then killed her for the love of murder. Near by, and lying parallel to Reynolds', is S——, the cattle thief, who was cut short in his career by the vigilants. Across the road yonder is Teaper, the highwayman—he who robbed his victim on a lonely road in the mountains, then lashed him to his horse and turned the brute loose to tear his sides in shreds through the tangled woods. After Teaper come two long rows of victims of the revolver and the halter. In fact, none lay there, barring the old proprietor, but those who died with their boots on.

"In the early days there were three or more places on the outskirts of the city where were buried the dead. Besides the old well at the race track, wherein bodies were sometimes tumbled, there was the Catholic burying ground, the Peoples' burying ground, the Jews' burying ground, and the 'Rogues'.' This latter, over which we have just been looking, was a private burying place, and belonged

to one McG——, who had a contract with the big rogues with the big gambling houses, the vigilants and the hang man to bury their dead. A bluff, grum man was thi McG——. He seldom smiled, and laughed only when h had a *call*, and then the sound came hollow, low and un earthly, reminding one of the ghosts and goblins i their midnight orgies. He was sharp to drive a bargain had an eye to profit, and was always in a hurry. A old crone who lived in a cabin in the rear of his sho used to relate that she could hear him at all hours of th night making coffins, and while beating a tattoo wit a hammer upon the lid, would sing in a low guttera sound, 'rattle his bones over the stones—he's a poor devi whom nobody owns.' It was said of him that for practi cal purposes he used but one coffin, always dumping th body into the grave and saving the coffin for further use Be this as it may, he one day passed in his chips and th box he had so long used with economy was now utilize for himself. Here ended the usefulness of the 'Rogues burying ground,' and its legends have passed into history.'

While waiting for the "iron horse" to take refresh ments at the water tank and coal sheds, I had an opportu nity to reflect upon the difference between the style of trave on wheels twenty years ago and now; for, there, throwr up against a fence, was an old, rapidly decaying stag coach. It seemed a sacred thing, this relic of other days for had it not borne the pioneers here, who created th State? It was a luxury in its time, but now it is a crumb ling victim of a newer form of progression—puffing, pant ing, pushing steam.

I beckoned the conductor and asked for more ligh upon this mouldering remnant of the past, and said, a

I gazed upon the venerated wheels, "it seemed to me I could hear the wind singing a requiem over them."

"Pshaw!" said he, "they are boring an artesian well down there. That's what you hear."

"Perhaps so," said I, sentimentally, "but doesn't that (pointing to the coach) play upon the heartstrings a sorrowful tune of the long ago?"

"No, madame, that's the new 'classical' music of the Present."

"Oh, you misunderstand me, I am not speaking of the artesian well, I have reference to the old stage."

"What, that old rattle trap!" His lips curved in scorn, and looking at me as if he doubted my sanity, he replied: "Human ingenuity never constructed a more horrible machine for torturing the race. Perhaps you never traveled in one? They are as cold as Arctic wool in winter, hot as Hades in summer, put all the limbs asleep by crowding and mashing them together in impossible space, and if you are trying to catch a wink of sleep, the first thing you know you get a jolt that almost breaks your neck, and at last, more dead than alive, lands you at your destination sore, torn, battered and bruised. Oh, they are nice things, they are!"

"Then don't abuse them," said I, "but look at them from a poetic standpoint, as promoters of the Christian virtues, by cultivating patience, hope, charity, endurance and prayerfulness."

"That's all right in theory, but it would take a stronger eye of faith than mine to see it," and he continued to "punch with care," while I meditated upon the unappreciativeness of the average man.

Twenty miles from Denver we entered Platte canon through an imposing gate-way of rocks, rising fully one thousand feet above the stream on either side, and breaking into all sorts of fantastic shapes at the top.

Our train makes some marvelous turns. Suddenly a projecting angle seems to threaten ruin and destruction, and while this thought is upon one the engine glides gracefully around it into new surprises. On the opposite side from the road-bed an English company has constructed a flume which conveys water to an irrigating canal, that waters and fertilizes countless acres south of Denver. This ditch is so large, and involves consequences so vast, one irresistibly cranes the neck to catch a glimpse of the boats and sails which should ride its waters like those of the rivers we knew in former times.

Platte river, which gives the name to this canon, is as clear as crystal. Its waters have not yet been soiled by the working of mines and stamp mills in the mountain camps beyond. It rushes over miniature falls, breaking into feathery foam as it dashes against rude boulders, and leaps on as if flying from some mighty pursuer. This stream is full of speckled trout, the gymnast of the cascade, the most beautiful of the finny tribe, the delight of the epicure.

The conductor said, "they had only to throw out a line while the train was rolling along, and haul them in as fast as they could count."

That seemed almost as miraculous as some stories told by Matthew and Mark, but Hal. said he was bamboozling me.

On looking up, I saw coming toward me, with his hand extended in a pleased-to-see-you manner, Mr. Jake Scher-

rer, one of Colorado's cattle kings. I told him I was gathering romances of the mountains, and should levy a contribution upon him. He immediately proceeded to tell me of

"MEETING AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE."

"Many years ago I was engaged in freighting to and from the mountains. While following a grapevine road through a wild and awesome canon, using vigorously the usual ox-persuader in my intense anxiety to reach a human habitation before night-fall, suddenly clouds gathered and filled the canon with gloom. They whirled and tossed and swept through the heavens, and presently the mist and wind enveloped my path in a mass of foam, often lulling for a moment to let a ray of sunshine through to delude me with false hope, then returning with a force that made my covered wagon writhe and tremble. One false step would have sent me and my little cargo to certain destruction. I shall never forget that struggle with the elements on one hand and death on the other.

"Coming at last to a small log-cabin, the outlines barely visible through the fast falling snow, I stopped to 'turn in' for the night, feeling grateful to find shelter from the storm.

"Tall, dense, dark evergreens surrounded it, wrapping it about like a pall. I pushed back the blanket which served as a door to the establishment, for doors on hinges and window glass were luxuries not to be had in those days. I looked around, but there was no one in. As the pioneers, like the ancient apostles, had everything in common, I took possession, and proceeded to make myself at home.

"Taking down a carcass of deer that hung on the wall,

I cut some fine steaks from it and cooked my supper. While eating, I heard approaching footsteps. The blanket was drawn aside, and a large man, with unkempt hair and long gray beard, stepped in and glanced fiercely around.

"'Hello, Cap.,' said I 'do you live here?'

"'I thought I did,' was the curt reply.

"Not a very hospitable greeting, but the weather outside trampled upon dignity, and forbid bowing out with, 'I beg your pardon, I did not intend to intrude.' So I said again, in an off-hand way, though I was conscious of a shudder, 'splendid steak this, sit down and have supper, Cap.'

"He hung his hat on a peg sullenly, and took his seat.

"His manner was darkly suggestive.

"We ate the meal without another word. The wind was sighing and wailing—shrieking sometimes—and ending in fearful hisses. As I sat there with that grum stranger confronting me, I thought of the loved ones at home, of my own sweetheart, joyous and happy in fresh and dewy girlhood. If I should fall a victim to this border ruffian, my death would be her first grief. Men think swiftly when their lives are in danger.

"After supper I pulled my pluck together and said, 'let's have a smoke.'

"Producing an old, deeply blackened and strongly odorous brier-root, the pioneer's meerschaum, and lighting it with a coal, he opened the conversation by asking:

"'Where are you from, stranger?'

"'From S——, a town in Iowa,' I replied.

"'Why,' said he, 'that was my old home, I always made —— hotel my headquarters there.'

"'You ought to remember me, then, for I was an errand boy in that hotel.'

LITTLE JAKE.

"'What,' said he seizing my hand with a hearty grip, 'is this little Jake Scherrer? Why, of course I remember little Jake. Pardon my inhospitable treatment, but I thought when I found you here that your purpose could only be murder and robbery.'

"I replied that I, too, considered my life in imminent peril from his threatening appearance. We had both contemplated each other with suspicion, and were quite pleased at the agreeable termination.

"He laid his hand fondly on my shoulder, stroked my head, as if I was still a boy, and said: 'Ah, you resurrect a thousand memories of better days. Then I had money, friends and hope. But the woman I loved deceived me. Our wedding day was set, and when I arrived to claim my bride, the words had just been pronounced which made her the wife of another. Disconsolate and forsaken I left the country and have never given anyone the slightest clue to my whereabouts. I could not endure the humiliation in the presence of old friends, and so for twenty years I have been a wanderer in these mountains, never seeing a familiar face. Yours is the first.'

"We sat up late that night talking of the old times. When bidding me good-bye, he said, 'we shall never meet again. I shall quit this spot and leave no trace of my further wanderings.'

"A few months afterward I passed over the same road. An enormous boulder had fallen from the mountain top and torn out the logs on one side of the cabin. I searched carefully among the ruins, thinking he might have been crushed beneath them, but he was not there; the hut was deserted and a wreck; strangely typical of the life of its occupant."

CHAPTER XXXVIII.

PLATTE CANON.

The varied beauties of this canon form a constant succession of surprises. From beginning to end it is a prodigious art gallery, hung with the works of the Great Master.

After reaching the parks the mountains were beautiful and verdure-clad, but not on so grand a scale as at the entrance of the canon.

Twenty odd years ago a brave woman, *one of the first families of Denver*, mounted a creaky wagon to accompany her husband to the mountains. On the way the wagon broke down and they were in despair. There was neither blacksmith shop nor settlement within twenty miles; so the lady gathered her mantle around her child, which she carried in her arms, and toiled wearily over unbroken roads, through pelting snow. Tired and bedraggled she came at nightfall to the "dug-out" in the mountain side, which was to be her home. The child sickened and died, and with her own hands she performed the last sad rites. Her heart was torn and bleeding, for the maternal ties are as strong in the hovel as the palace.

Indians would often stop and ask for something to eat, and one day, when they were on the war-path, they came

in great numbers and made her cook for them, from early morn until dark.

Presto, change! Her husband, a few years later, sold a mine for five hundred thousand dollars. To-day these romantic, sequestered parks, flower-gemmed and shaded with graceful trees, are dotted with rustic cottages where many of the "*first families of Denver*" spend their summers.

At Webster we took an "observation car," and the first thing I observed was a train of burros, otherwise donkeys, packed and about starting for some point in the mountains. The mule that the Dutchman, who had charge of the train, was to ride, refused to go, and persisted in its stubbornness until the poor man became discouraged. His wife, a little, round, fat German woman, indignantly rushed to the scene of action, saying, "don't you know notings?" and unceremoniously gave him a push, which precipitated him down a declivity. First she tried to lead, then to persuade with a stick. The husband, who had recovered his equilibrium, was standing with his hands in his pockets grumly watching the proceedings.

"RUN HERE, YACOB."

At last, thoroughly exasperated, she ran around behind the animal, raised both hands and let them come down on its hips with a sounding whack. Whereupon the donkey lowered his head, raised his haunches, struck out

boldly with both feet and laid the old lady abruptly on the ground. He was then ready to go. Being once started he was as persistent in that as formerly in bolting, and kept his heels so frequently in the air it was dangerous for the woman to rise.

She screamed, "Oh! Yacob, run here, Yacob!"

He hastened to her assistance, shouting, "*Keep your tam head mit de ground.* I tink you learn some tings pretty quick already."

We thought Jacob's advice very applicable to all self-assertive individuals.

Our train was off again, and having seen it circumvent so many mountains which persisted in not getting out of the way, I supposed it was bent on some sort of strategy calculated to dodge the next one. But there I was again deluded, for it turned suddenly to the right and seemed to be making a straight, short cut for the summit. We had advanced only three or four hundred feet, but had gained more than that number in elevation. From the car windows we could look down the chimneys of the little village left at the foot of the ascent.

Another half-hour of persistent steaming brought us to the top of Kenosha hill, 10,300 feet above the sea. There was an explosion of opinions. The charmed tourist said "excelsior"—the hurried man of the mines, to whom this hanging on the selvedge edge of the mountains was an old story, gave a disgusted "umph!"

Swinging dizzily around a sharp curve—what a vision! Stretching out beneath the summer heaven's delicious blue was a landscape unlike any I had ever seen before. A natural park of magnificent proportions, watered by sparkling streams, and dotted with mounds and hills,

fringed with dark clumps of pine, spruce and balsam, and protected by mountains that stand like giant warders to this enchanted land. The whole so wondrously wild, yet so serene and peaceful, one could scarcely realize that the adjacent fastnesses were ever used to shelter bands of guerrillas, thieves and robbers.

FATE OF THE GUERRILLAS.

Let me tell the story before I forget it. Years ago, in 1864, I believe, there came from Texas a troop of cut-throats, who claimed to be Confederate soldiers, but were nothing of the kind. Their leader, Jim Reynolds, was one of the earliest gold-seekers of California Gulch, and knew the country well. He came to plunder the miners, and excited his followers with marvelous tales of the riches to be had. One pleasant day in July, 1864, as the coach that maintained communication between Buckskin Joe and Denver was nearing McLaughlin's ranch, where Como now stands, these guerrillas, booted, spurred and armed to the teeth, appeared before it, and roughly commanded the driver to halt and surrender, declaring themselves to be Confederate soldiers, capturing all such outfits. The line was owned and conducted by Mr. W. G. McClellan, a small, gentlemanly man, who was seated by the driver, Ab. Williamson. They were ordered down, and their money demanded. Ab. said, a stage driver was never before suspected of having any; but this little piece of railery did not prevent their searching him. They then snapped his whip under his nose, which is the greatest indignity that could be offered to a driver, and proceeded to business.

With a pistol aimed at the head of Mr. McClellan, they demanded the express box, the mail bags and his watch.

Fearing the weapon might be accidentally discharged, he gracefully handed them over without any parleying. It was then about noon, and they were only a half mile from McLaughlin's ranch, which was a stage station. They went there and ordered dinner. A guard was placed over the occupants of the coach, and while the meal was being prepared the guerrillas opened the express trunk, took the treasure, amounting to several thousand dollars in gold dust, ripped up mail sacks, opened the letters, and appropriate what money there was in them, chopped up the coach wheels, remarking that they wanted to do the U. S. as much damage as they could, then mounted their horses and proceeded on the road towards Denver.

McClellan and Williamson returned on foot to Buckskin Joe, over the short trail *via* Montgomery, where their story was told, and a party organized at once to pursue the fugitives.

After several days raiding along the road, when near to Central City, the guerrillas retraced their course, and one night camped in the thick woods of the canon, about a mile above where Webster is now built, and while some were cooking, others playing cards, a party of twelve or fifteen from Gold Run, under the leadership of Jack Sparks, came suddenly upon them and fired, killing one and wounding the leader, Jim Reynolds, in the arm. The party scattered in the greatest confusion, and took to the bushes, leaving all their arms, plunder and camp equipage on the ground. The one who was slain was the next day beheaded, the ghastly trophy placed in a sack and carried to Montgomery by a doctor of the party.

Two days afterwards one of the band was captured alone, and several days afterward all except two were captured and taken to Denver by Lieut. Shoup, with a detachment of the First Colorado Cavalry, Governor Hunt, then U. S. Marshal, and Wilbur F. Stone, Assistant U. S. Attorney, of the Park county forces. At Denver the prisoners were turned over to the military authorities.

Col. Chivington, commanding the District, ordered them to Fort Lyon. They were placed in charge of Capt. John Cree of the Third Colorado Cavalry. When near the head of Cherry creek, in Douglass county, the prisoners, as afterward reported, attempted to escape, and were all killed by the troops in charge of Capt. Cree. The fact is, they were all placed in line, blindfolded and deliberately shot down under orders. The troops returned to Denver, leaving the bones of the robbers to bleach and whiten on the plains.

While following the guerrillas to their fate the train has arrived at Como.

CHAPTER XXXIX.

NAMING FAIRPLAY.

Arriving at the hotel, we were ushered into a large, square room, called the parlor. The only articles of furniture visible were a round table, as large as King Arthur's, and a few chairs. When the proprietor became aware that I was gathering material for a book, he kindly brought in the pioneers to see me.

One of them told me of the naming of Fairplay. "In 1859," said he, "certain parties made a discovery of rich

placer diggings in the South Park, at or near what is now called Hamilton. These diggings were so rich that it was said one ordinary laborer could dig a pound of gold per day, and were named Tarry-all by the discoverers, who laid claim to all the valuable ground, or to use a frontier phrase, 'gobbled up' everything, so that later comers could not secure any mining ground without paying exorbitant prices for it. By reason of this the place was called 'Grab-all' by those who failed to get a show in the diggings.

"The disappointed fortune-seekers subsequently pushed further on along the middle branch of the Platte and there made other valuable discoveries. Among the number were four men from Central, then called Gregory, who, having heard the fabulous stories then in circulation respecting the new mines, clubbed together, and loaded a mule, that belonged to one of the men, with all their earthly possessions, and started for the new mining camp.

"They had stopped at the above mentioned camp and panned out considerable gold, making one of the men, by the name of Hill, banker. Their provision gave out and Hill refused to let them have money to buy more, which immediately aroused their suspicions.

"One of the party, a man named Tom Payne, laid their complaint before Reed, Mills & Co., who had a provision store. They called the miners together to arbitrate on the subject, and after patiently hearing the evidence, it was decided that Mr. Hill must weigh the gold and give every man an equal share. While they were talking around the camp-fire Hill plunged out of the cabin into the dark, and the miners started in quick pursuit, keeping

track of him by the cracking of the grass and dry branches under his feet.

"Finding it impossible to escape them, he made a wide circuit and entered his cabin, where they found him in bed, covered up head and heels. They dragged him out, took the gold dust, and, in the presence of the arbitrators, weighed it and gave each man his portion. Hill refused to receive his, but they held him, and while he struggled in resistance, they put the money in his pocket.

"James Reynolds, who afterwards became a notorious guerrilla, stood by, with his hands in his pockets, quietly watching the transaction. When finished, he exclaimed: 'Thar, b'gad, if one is the devil and t'other Tom Payne they shall have '*Far play!*'

"Shortly after this a committee was appointed to draft rules for the district and give it a name. Captain Charles Nichols, John Reed and Sydenham Mills were the committee. After drafting the rules, it was agreed that Mr. Mills, being the oldest miner, should give the name. He having taken an active part in the incident above narrated, and with his mind strongly imbued with the idea that everyone in that camp must have justice, named the town 'Fairplay.'"

"Yes," said Mr. Stansell, "that is how the name was given, and hearing it related brings to mind a romance that occurred there a year later, which I will tell you. It is now called

THE LEGEND OF FAIRPLAY.

"In the summer of 1860 a solitary man was industriously at work, sinking his 'prospect hole,' and trying to reach bed-rock, when suddenly there appeared at the top of his shaft a man, rifle in hand, who remarked, 'I have

you at last.' The miner looked up from his work, recognized the individual at the top, and responded, 'yes, you have, but you will give me fair play, won't you?' To which the other replied, 'yes, meet me at sunrise to-morrow, at a certain point,' designating the place. The man in the shaft said, 'I will.' Whereupon the one on the surface swung his rifle over his shoulder and walked off.

"The next morning dawned bright and beautiful, and at sunrise the two met, without friends, surgeons or the usual parade of meetings 'of honor,' and with their rifles, took positions fifty paces apart, and commenced the combat. At the first fire the miner fell mortally wounded. The stranger deliberately shouldered his rifle and walked away, no one knew whither. The miners buried the dead man at the spot where he fell.

"The explanation of this tragedy was subsequently learned to be this: The two men had formerly resided in Texas, and had been comrades since boyhood; had played, studied, traveled, planned, enjoyed and suffered together until their attachment had strengthened into the love and trust of brothers. One of them had a sister, who seemed to him an angel of truth and innocence. He was proud of her beauty, and introduced his friend, hoping that these two, the dearest upon earth to him, might love and be united as husband and wife.

"She fell a victim to his wiles, and her betrayer fled the country. When the brother learned of the perfidy of his friend, he took a solemn vow to devote his life to avenging the wrongs of his sister. Arming himself he started in pursuit of the fugitive, and for three years tracked him from place to place, without success, until he came upon him as above narrated."

Another gentleman, with a pleasant, benign countenance, and a ministerial air, said, "I will tell you of

A CHURCH DEDICATION.

"It was 'way up'—in the clouds, not far from Leadville. There were six church members of the denomination which had undertaken the building of the first house of worship. It has been often remarked that church people seldom 'strike it rich' in Colorado, and these six men were no exception to the rule; they were pious, but poor.

"The building had cost something over a $1,000, of which $530 remained to be provided for on the day of the dedication. The Presiding Elder of the district came to assist the pastor in the duties of the day. He canvassed the financial situation very carefully, and it must be admitted with very little outcome of enthusiasm as a result. Indeed, the undertaking before the brethren seemed to him a hopeless one, but he was wise enough to keep all imaginings to himself, and declare for success beforehand.

"The occasion was of sufficient importance to draw out all the well-disposed people of the camp, and like pioneers in the cause did they listen to the morning sermon and respond to the appeal that followed. Liberal beyond expectation, and in some instances beyond ability, the morning audience reduced the debt to little more than one-half. It appeared, however, as if all had been raised that could be, and the outlook for the dedication was dolefully unpropitious. But the mining superintendent, the editor, the Justice, and some of the lawyers had become interested in the effort, and when the evening congregation gathered, there were some faces as new to such scenes, almost, as the place of assembly was new to them—not

the gentlemen above named, but those whom they had sought out and invited to be present and 'take a hand.' It was said that many of them left 'hands' elsewhere to be there. No minister in the land had more reverent attention than had the preacher there that night. He discoursed upon the divine mission of the Christian church, its helpfulness to the lost and despairing, and showed how the church followed men even into these mountains, exhorting and warning them; how the resident pastor had come with a pittance of missionary aid, uncertain of sympathy or support, to be their friend in sickness or in death. He drew a vivid picture of the childhood home and church, the far-away temples in which the fathers and mothers of his hearers were then worshipping, or from which they had been carried to their graves, their end victorious through the same gospel to be preached in this mountain chapel. The congregation dwelt for the time in the associations of the past, by some almost forgotten, and the change was to these feverish spirits as healthful and restful as anything short of a mother's embrace could have been.

"Then came the figures representing the balance due on the structure, 'which balance must be provided before the building could be "given to God,"' said the preacher.

"Oh, Christian of 'the States,' could you have seen that collection!

"There was no handsome usher in kids daintily and deferentially receiving the Master's coin on a silver plate; there was not even a plush-lined box with extended handle; there was no soft sighing by the organ—at a dollar a sigh, but there did happen to be a tin pail in the corner, upon which the eye looking for the silver service fell,

and then there *was* a silver service worth witnessing, and one that made its own music. The pail went around, and so did the music, each performer taking it up where his neighbor left off—the handful of silver held on high, the tin pail low down. Jingle, jingle, jingle was solo and chorus, with interlude of remark from the platform, and audible smiles from the givers, until the singers by note, or transposing two letters only, the signers and the silver-toned singers had drowned the discord of debt and free offering. Who says 'irreverent?' All such should have witnessed the instantaneous hush, the solemn, and yet grateful, bowing of that strangely assorted congregation in the beautiful dedicatory service which followed immediately upon this unique tin-pail extinguishment."

THE PAIL WENT AROUND.

FATHER DYER.

The gentleman then suggested that I ought to see Rev. J. D. Dyer, generally called "Father Dyer," because he was one of the first ministers of the gospel who settled in the Rocky Mountain region, and one of the characteristic men of the pioneer times.

As there were no churches in that early day he would preach in the streets, in saloons, gambling houses and wherever he could gather a crowd. He would fearlessly proclaim the truth, and at the close of the service some self-appointed steward would pass the "hat" among the

"boys," and Father Dyer's exchequer would be greatly enlarged with the "gold dust from the diggings," as that was the "circulating medium" of those days.

Though he would terrifically portray the awful calamity that would surely come upon his hearers, if they did not repent of their sins; his genial manner, his quaint humor and his ready wit insured for him a cordial welcome to the hospitalities of the miner's cabin. The stories told of his humorous witicisms would fill a volume.

A man, who had become dissatisfied with the church because of some difficulty, and had withdrawn from it, met Father Dyer one day and said to him, "Father Dyer, I have been out of the church three years, and have been watching church members all that time, and have come to the conclusion that they do not live up to their professions."

Father Dyer looked upon him with a calm and piteous expression, as though he was very sad about it, and deliberately replied, "My dear brother, I think you have been out on picket duty long enough; you had better come into headquarters and be relieved."

Upon another occasion, at a ministerial gathering, there was to be a children's meeting. A chairman was chosen, who was proverbial in giving a joke, and with equal pleasure would receive one. He was bald-headed and had false teeth. Hearing that Father Dyer, who was to speak, was sensitive in being called *Old Father Dyer*, he took great pleasure in introducing him as *Old Father Dyer*, and repeated it during his remarks a number of times, to the merriment of all in the house, and finally said, "Now, *Old Father Dyer*, please come forward and address the children."

Father Dyer stepped out before the children and said: "'*Old Father Dyer!*' Well, children, if I am OLD Father Dyer, I do not go bare-foot on the top of my head nor tie in my teeth with a string."

This did not settle the house, but it did the chairman.

Shortly after this Father Dyer wrote me an incident in his life, which reads as follows:

"In the spring of 1864 I received my mail at Laurette, otherwise better known as Buckskin Joe, in Park county, Colorado. I was sent there by the Conference to take charge of a church.

"Falling short of funds, I took the contract of carrying the mail every week on snow shoes, from the above place to Cache creek, *via* California Gulch, seventy-five miles and back.

"Somebody got a corner on flour, and it went up to $40 per sack, and for once I had a sack to spare. Some of my friends besought me to take it over there, as they were nearly out. I could not find a pony for sale, but I found a man who said he had a cow that would pack, and I bought her.

"I procured a pack-saddle, sewed a gunnysack over the bag of flour, and girted it on as tight as I could. Then I tied my cow to a post and went in the hotel to eat my breakfast. An old friend, Mr. Moody, offered to help me start, but by this time my cow got mad. We each had a rope; Mr. Moody led and I was to drive her. He started, and the cow took after him, on a down grade. He ran his best; the cow jumped just as high and far as she could, and struck just behind him. I held on as tight as possible, and at the length of two blocks, he took around

the corner and she after him. Just then the girth broke, and away went pack-saddle and flour.

"After this novel scene I gave up the idea of trying to feed the hungry with temporal bread, but continued in my effort to dispense the bread of life. Some ministers might think the above was not becoming, but I had either to leave the work and Conference, or earn a living, and I was not educated up to the point that a man was justified in leaving because the people did not pay a good salary."

CHAPTER XL.

BRECKENRIDGE.

We spent an hour or so very pleasantly at Como, and enjoyed our dinners, for which the stimulus of the pure, bracing mountain air admirably fitted us.

Taking the Breckenridge branch, we immediately commenced the ascent of a succession of hills. Everyone sat in the open car and laughed and chatted and apostrophized the wonderful scenery.

As our train followed a groove in the mountain side, we looked down upon a green, exquisite little valley, several hundred feet below. A silvery stream wound through it, almost circling in its course, a town. In proportion, as we mounted higher and higher, the houses diminished in size, so that this charming spot, surrounded with pine-covered mountains, seemed to us a fairy-land. I went to work building all sorts of air castles about it, but the conductor shivered them all by telling us it was a deserted mining camp, one of the kind that spring up in a day, like "Jonah's gourd," and wither away as rap-

idly. This was the first dead town we had seen, and we thought it a rather attractive corpse.

The mountain sides were all aglow with rainbow tinted flowers, and it seemed that we were being literally "carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease."

At Boreas, the summit, the train stopped long enough for us to gather bouquets, and look down the valley of the Blue river, over which nature has thrown a beautiful blue mist, like a veil—the effect was enchanting. In our scramble for flowers I thought of Linnæus, of whom it is said, that whenever he discovered a new flower he thanked heaven for the sight.

While arranging our flowers George T. Clark, a "barnacle," found our party. He was on his way to Breckenridge to look after some mining property, which brought up the subject of gold and prospecting.

"Gold was first discovered in Breckenridge in a very singular way," said he. "An adventurous prospector started out alone. After crossing the range he found the snow on the Pacific slope was from thirty to forty feet deep, and covered with a thin crust of ice. He proceeded very cautiously, but lost his footing and began to slide at a hair-lifting speed. Not being provided with snow shoes the toe of his boot plunged into the ice and he shot right through the snow. After a slide of two miles his heel struck the earth, and kicked up a great lump of gold."

I have known Mr. Clark a long time; he is a gifted story-teller of the Baron Munchausen order. I thanked him for the story, however, for it prompted me to inquire into the matter, and I found that gold was first discovered on the Blue, near where Breckenridge now stands, in the summer of 1859, by Mr. William Iliff. Since that

time many millions of dollars have been taken out of the Summit county mines.

At Rocky Point, where we reach the acme of scenic glory on this line, the town of Breckenridge commences to play "Bo-peep" with the admiring tourist; first on this side and then on that, we see it—making another turn, a full view is obtained.

The pretty little frontier town seems only a stone's throw distant, but the train, as if in a frolicsome mood, with no other aim than to intensify our interest in the play, dashes away, making a short curve and surprises the town from another point.

The sudden change of temperature from the plains to the mountains forced us to don our heavy wraps, in lieu of which Mr. De B—— put on his gossamer overcoat for warmth, and his linen duster over that for style. The gossamer hung below the duster, forming a border of black, which gave him the appearance of a bill distributer for a minstrel band. But he was dressed to life in good humor, which is, after all, the most becoming garb a man or woman can wear. We stopped at the Grand Central, an excellent hotel. Our party retired early so as to be ready to ramble freely and extendedly the next day.

CHAPTER XLI.

A SAD STORY.

Immediately after breakfast I started out to find a gentleman to whom I had a letter of introduction.

"You want items," he said. "Ah, I see—and they have sent you to me because I am a sort of bookish fellow and have been a quill driver."

The man who thus spoke had a handsome head, well set on broad shoulders, a large, soul-full blue eye, and I wondered what trick Fortune had played on him to turn his hair as white as the snow-drift, for his face was yet young.

"Have they told you of the two boys who had a camp way up yonder in Georgia Gulch? That was a bitter winter. (I strung up my nerves to hear a heartrending story.) Many a poor miner would have sold his birth-right, like Esau, for a mess of pottage, for pedigree don't count for much in this country; a good square meal goes farther.

"We had the heaviest snow storm that winter that ever sifted down on these mountains, and the two boys in Georgia Gulch were snowed in for weeks and weeks, until their larder ran pretty low—it went plumb to the dogs, I might say, for they had decided that the poor, woe-begone 'yaller purp' must serve them for the next meal.

"Neither of them could scrape up courage to slaughter the brute, for a miner's dog is dear to his heart; they talked about drawing straws, and finally concluded to chop off its tail, out of which they made soup; the famishing are never very choice. They gave the poor dog the bone, and being refreshed by their porridge, went in search of game. Success crowned their efforts, and they returned in the evening with enough to keep them from starving until the snow melted; but the mutilated pup was sorely grieved over his *sad narrative.*

"By the way, you must see Judge Silverthorn; he loves to talk of the old times. He came here in '59 and was Judge of the Miner's Court. He is a diminutive man, almost dried to a crackling, and has such a strange, weird look that you couldn't help wondering to what age or

order of human beings he belongs. His hair and beard are grizzly gray, and he chews continually. When he tells a border tale his little keen eyes twinkle with humor and intelligence, then he goes into convulsions of laughter and kicks up his feet until he resembles a jack-knife half open—forming a picture altogether grotesque. But he is the soul of honor and goodness, with a heart so much larger than his body that it is continually running over with kind deeds and comforting words.

"His wife, who died recently, was called the mother of the camp, the good Samaritan to all in trouble and distress. How the boys loved her! She always spent her winters in Denver, and in the spring, when we heard Mrs. Silverthorn was coming, we put on our snow-shoes, met her at the top of the range and brought her down on a sled. That was fun, let me tell you. With loud hurrahs, and hats tossing wildly in the air, we heralded her arrival.

"Silverthorn has looked just as he does now for the last twenty-five years. It is said that when he was on the way to this country he stopped at some town on the Missouri river and looked around for a party who were *en route* to the Blue, but they shook their heads deprecatingly and said they did not want any graveyard deserters; wouldn't have time for funeral services on the road.

"He at last succeeded in closing a bargain with one party, and the first night out, when they had gone into camp, and the old gentleman was reconnoitering for buffalo chips, there arose a discussion among the campers about 'that old man;' they thought he was likely to die on the way, and they decided then and there to eject him. When he returned they informed him of their decision.

"He pulled off his coat, and like another David, challenged the biggest man in the camp to fight him, declaring he could lick any of them. He was so plucky they concluded to take him, but they slipped a few boards in the bottom of the wagon in case they might need a coffin on the way."

And then, with a far away look, as if his mind was wandering through the halls of the past, the gentleman said: "There are many romances in this country. The blue-flannel shirt and the rough miner's garb often cover a heart joyous with hope and ambition, or one painfully throbbing out a sorrowing existence. Grief has frosted my hair. When I came to Colorado a glorious day seemed dawning upon me, that fell e'er noontide into hopeless, rayless night.

"Mining business called me to California, and circumstances prolonged my stay a year, during which time I sent frequent letters to my wife, whom I had left in Denver, expecting from week to week to join her there.

"One day I was notified to appear in a divorce suit. She had been persuaded by malicious, officious friends that I was false to her, and had deserted her. It was her pride they touched, not her heart.

"The grief was so great that nature reeled under it, and for weeks I was the victim of a fever that robbed me of all consciousness, and prevented me pleading my cause. Death passed me by, but left my heart sore and sad.

"It was six months before I was strong enough to travel, and I took the train for Denver. When I arrived there I learned the sad story. They had sworn to lies, and my Leonora was then the wife of a man who was handsome in person, refined in manner, dressed like a nabob, and

had succeeded in making her believe that he was wealthy and well born, when he was only a worn out and ruined gamester. The disreputable *roue* deemed it the one god-send of his vile life to win Leonora, for she was a very queen among women. Her hair was black as a raven's wing, and clustered in short, loose curls about a head of classic mould, and her form was lithe, tall and graceful.

"I met her only once, and that was on the streets in Denver. No word was spoken, but when she raised her plaintive eyes to mine the expiring flame breathed into life again, and went quivering all through me. It was the mingling of her soul with mine. I read it in her eyes and cheeks. I wanted to clasp her to my heart, and felt like one under some horrible spell, with arms hanging powerless at my side, when the much coveted object is within reach.

"A few years later, following up my Bohemian life, as reporter for a newspaper, I drifted to ————. Late one evening I entered the bar of a hotel and inquired, 'what's the news?' The clerk, not knowing the wound he was about to inflict, replied, 'Mrs. Leonora B——, the handsome wife of the gambler, died yesterday and was buried to-day.'

"I dropped into a chair, and drew my hat low down on my brow, to conceal the anguish in my face. I had not even heard of her being in the town.

"'Women, like moths, are often caught by glare,' and she, poor child, had dashed through the flames, and her life was a lingering death. An hour later I was kneeling over her new-made grave. Alone, and in the stillness of the night, I wept such tears as flow when the heart swells with unspeakable sorrow. God alone can explain the

everlasting mystery of love. I linger here—for I have what the poet calls

'Two handfuls of white dust, shut in an urn of brass.'"

He said that was the first time he had ever told the secret of his life. I think it advisable to never tell such secrets to man or woman. *One might as well put them in a book.*

There are times when conversation is irksome, and feeling that we had reached that point, I was starting away, when a poor, hollow-eyed woman, with her rags fluttering in the breeze, approached with irresolute step, and extended a long, bony hand in mute appeal for help. He said to her if she would wait there a minute he would soon return with something for her. I lingered to talk with the woman, and gave her my mite. He was quickly back, and slipped a package into her hand. The beggar was profuse in thanks and blessings, and eagerly opened the bundle. It contained simply a pair of gold cuff buttons. What use she could make of them I could not divine, for she had neither cuffs nor collar.

I hurried away for fear my face would betray my thoughts. The man, in the bigness of his heart, wanted to assist her, but if the acts of men make angels weep, they certainly sometimes make them smile.

CHAPTER XLII.

TOM JENKINS.

The day was sunny and breezy, and our party started off for a ramble over the mountains. Mr. De B——, as usual, accompanied Hal. and me. From their subdued conversation I thought three was a crowd, and dropped

behind. About half way up we met a returning pedestrian. As he passed, my veil was blown away, and lodged in a bunch of berry bushes. He politely extricated it from the briers and returned it to me.

Mr. Rough, one of our party, came up at that moment and recognizing in the gentleman an old acquaintance, introduced him to me. "Ah," said he, "this is the lady who is gathering items."

"I want to tell you about uncle Tom Jenkins, the old man who married the young girl to *train* her up to suit him."

We seated ourselves on a projecting rock, under a tree, to hear the story.

"Often in these mining towns," said he, "the sudden acquisition of wealth works surprising transformations.

"Tom Jenkins was old and decrepit, and had been prospecting for many years without finding anything but disappointment. However, he accepted his ill luck with a kind of grim philosophy, while younger and less sturdy hearted men would have despaired.

"We boys used to say, if poor old Tom would only strike it, what a mighty fine thing it would be for him. Money would do him some good; he would never fool it away at the gambling table, or kill himself drinking and carousing.

"He always returned from his unsuccessful tour without a murmur, although where he should sleep and wherewithal he should be clothed, were unsolvable problems, and he was ever sanguine of 'striking it' the next time. Well, one day, sure enough he did strike it, and sold his prospect hole for twenty thousand dollars. I can never forget the flush of excessive happiness on his wrinkled

old face as he told over and over again how he found it. We all shook hands and honestly congratulated him upon being comfortable in his old age.

"Tom became a target for scheming mothers. The widow Thompson, who had two daughters, set her trap to rope him in. Tom was soon touched by the divine afflatus, and it inspired him like stout, old wine; he became frolicsome, went to the dances, slicked down his hair, dusted his clothes and wore 'biled shirts.'

"The engagement was short, and Tom entered domestic life with the youngest of the daughters. He told his friends he was old and set in his ways, and as her character was not yet formed he would train her up to suit him. For a few weeks they seemed to enjoy home life. How she did put on style! New dresses, new bonnets, and all sorts of new fangled things for her throat. Her love was a matter of profit, you see.

"One morning he awoke to find himself deserted. It was soon noised around that Mrs. Jenkins had run off with a sporting man of the town. Tom being distrustful of banks, kept his money by him, and one bag of the precious stuff disappeared with her.

"It was a hard blow to the old man; he fell off until he was as thin as a lath, and walked around with his hat on the back of his head mumbling incoherent words. The neighbors thought he was a trifle loony.

"The runaway couple went to Denver where the gay Lothario appropriated the bag of gold she spirited away from the old man, and skipped the country. He has never been heard of since.

"After many days Tom received a note from his wife reproaching him for not searching for her; she had only

played that little trick to test his affection, she said, and if he did not come soon, she would think he didn't love her and would sneak off like a guilty thing and drown herself. The old dough-head believed her, yoked up his oxen, went to Denver, and brought her home to *train* again! Better a mill-stone had been hanged around his neck, for they said she talked to him in sulphurous dialect, serenaded him with chin-music after the lights were blown out, found cobwebs in his hair and split kindling-wood over his shoulders. Finally she ran off with another gambler, and the old man actually died of a broken heart.

"There is nothing like a frontier town for thrilling events," he continued. "We have had some very remarkable duels here. About twenty years ago two gentlemen, who were in every respect valuable citizens, quarreled about some trifle, I've forgotton what, but it resulted in a challenge to mortal combat. We were all greatly distressed, for they were good fellows and we made every effort to pacify them, but without effect. They agreed to fight with hatchets, thirty paces apart. Mr. Bressler, that handsome blacksmith across the way, sharpened the hatchets, and the work was well done; they were as keen-edged as razors. The gentlemen practised so earnestly that almost every tree around the town received a scar from their weapons. The evening before the fight was to come off one of them received a letter from his mother, in which she informed him that his antagonist was the son of her dearest friend, and she hoped the boys would love each other like brothers. This letter brought about a reconciliation, and they are still living, both filling prominent positions in other States.

"Well," said he, "I started out to tell you about a duel,

but that was a 'drawn battle' and don't count. Speaking of 'drawn battles' I can tell you one that beats that one all hollow.

"Two fellows were mining over here in Galena Gulch, and they had a dispute about a girl, which resulted in a challenge. It was left to a meeting of the Miner's Court to determine the manner of fighting. The miners had no confidence in their courage, and it was decided that they should stand back to back, walk off fifteen paces, then right about face and forward march, shooting and continuing to shoot until one was killed, or their revolvers emptied.

THEY CONTINUED TO WALK.

"At the appointed time they met and were placed back to back in the presence of the entire population of the gulch. When the order was given to walk fifteen paces, they started off bravely. Upon reaching the line, instead of turning to face each other, they both walked as fast as their legs could carry them, clear out of the country, probably thinking:

"He who fights and runs away
Will live to fight another day.'

"Enough of burlesque duels," said he, "but I saw a funeral once that made an everlasting impression upon me.

"A party were prospecting in Buffalo flats, and afte digging awhile in one place they concluded there wa nothing there, and commenced a hole a short distance away.

"One night upon retiring, a member of the party had a presentiment that he would not live through the night and thereupon disposed of his personal effects to different parties, telling them his wagon and team would pay the funeral expenses.

"The boys treated it as a joke, and laughingly requested to be remembered in his will. But the next morning the fellow was as dead as a mackerel.

"His wagon and team were seized upon for debt, and just how to defray funeral expenses they did not know, for they had 'nary red.'

"After talking the matter over they concluded to bury him in the abandoned prospect hole, and wrapping a blanket around him they let him gently down.

"There was not a Bible, Prayer book or Hymn book in the camp, and feeling it was not the proper thing to do, to bury him in that heathenish way, it was suggested that some one sing. The boys looked at each other, in a sort of blank wonderment, as if trying to remember some sweet religious tune of their Sunday School days. The silence became oppressive. At last one fellow threw his head back, and keeping time with his foot, sang, "Oh, la, boys, won't you git out de wilderness, git out de wilderness.'"

The conversation of this gentleman was a marvel of loquacity, and Mr. Rough, who was familiar with the early incidents of the place, lost no opportunity in jogging his memory.

Seeing our party returning, we concluded to wait for them. Hal. said we were like Bunyan's Formality and Hypocrisy. We had only pretended to climb the hill. They had been to the summit, and had a glorious view of the "Delectable Mountains."

CHAPTER XLIII.

THE STAGE RIDE.

Now arose a debate whether we should go to Leadville by way of Como or Frisco. We were informed that the coach left for Frisco every morning, and the road was level and smooth, through the prettiest valley that ever was seen.

The *stage ride*—that decided me. Mr. Rough, a walking embodiment of common sense, and the "brake and balance wheel" of the party, gave us the advice that Punch gives to people about to get married, "don't." But he might as well have said "do," for we immediately engaged passage in the stage, and I commenced to plan for myself a seat with the driver; for drivers are said to be living, breathing, talking Encyclopædias of Western lore.

Promptly at the appointed hour the horn blew, and Hal. and I gathered our traps and were soon on the veranda of the hotel. But where was the coach? We anxiously looked about for one of those gaily decorated affairs, like the chariots in the circus, where the driver and some favored passenger sits on top, entirely oblivious of who or what is caged in the box below. We waited. At last a

fine looking man, in natty suit, broad brimmed hat, and bran new kids, politely inquired of us if we were going to Frisco. We replied in the affirmative. Whereupon he tipped his hat, and said, "allow me to assist you into the coach." To our utter amazement "*the coach*" was a large three-seated spring wagon, painted in black and "old gold," and strikingly suggestive of an undertaker's rig.

I bounced to the front seat, eager that my chat with the driver should not prove a delusion also.

The pleasant-faced landlady invited us to come again, and the porch was crowded with new-made friends, who waved us good-by until we were out of sight. It was perfectly delightful to be treated that way; we felt at peace with the world and ourselves.

The driver swung around town gathering up his load, and when the last "all right" was given, he counted noses and found he had nine passengers. "A little too thick for comfort," said he, "but some of them will stop at the first station." It was a sort of variegated crowd; there was a big man, who created a stir when he got in; they said he was a candidate for ——. He had rather a ruddy complexion and a rubicund nose, the effect, I suppose, of being so near the sun. I regarded him with a feeling of commiseration, for nose sun-burn is so unbecoming. He got out at all the stations and seemed to know everybody, for there was a real old-fashioned hand-shaking, and they all went inside and followed him out again with their handkerchiefs to their faces.

I was particularly interested in a cow-boy, one of the features of this western country. He wore a dust-colored *sombrero*, which drooped all around; pants stuffed in boots that were high enough for leggings; a blue-flannel shirt,

and a yellow, cotton handkerchief tied about his neck. In the leather strap around his waist hung a raw-hide lariat, which he said was useful in more ways than one. If he ran out of provision he made "lariat soup" for dinner, drew it through his mouth for supper, and chewed it for breakfast. The buxom mountain lass at his side, whose dress was a bewildering combination also, tucked her head to one side and said, "Why, Jack, what a whopper!"

"How long have you been in this country, driver?" I ventured to inquire.

"Oh! I've been driving over these mountains, off and on, for over twenty years."

"I expect you have had many adventures?"

"You bet," he said.

I told him that I was gathering Colorado stories, with the intention of writing a book, and asked him to relate an adventure. He meditated awhile and said:

"I was driving a stage in the San Juan country several years ago, and among the miners at a little town called S——, where I always stopped for the night, was a young man named Robert L——. We called him Bob, because we liked him. He was an honest, hard-working chap, and as handsome a fellow as ever trod sole leather. One day Bob struck it rich, and with his face all beaming he told me he intended to start back home on my coach the next morning, to marry the girl he had been engaged to for seven years. 'I have served like Jacob of old,' he said, 'and I am at last to be rewarded. The old man objected because I was poor, but now I have made my little "pile," and the hours don't go fast enough. I would like to fly to her, for during all the long, weary years she has

been watching and waiting for me.' It was enough to make anybody feel glad just to see him and hear him talk.

"When we started the next morning his heart was full of joy, and he was cracking jokes and making the crowd merry. About three o'clock in the afternoon we reached a little stream that was heavily wooded, when several men, with their revolvers cocked, rushed out of the underbrush and commanded a halt.

"They compelled Bob to throw up his hands, and commenced searching his pockets. He had his dust in a buckskin vest worn under his clothing—there was ten thousand dollars in it.

"When the robbers found it, Bob sprang to his feet and said, 'I have worked for that money with the hope of marrying the girl I love; if you take it, you will destroy my happiness forever.'

"'We'll destroy you if you don't hand it over.'

"'I'll never do it,' said Bob.

"Whereupon they blew his brains out. One searched him while the others stood with their pistols drawn on me and the other passengers.

"After getting the vest they put spurs to their horses and were soon out of sight. To this day no trace of them has been found. Poor Bob, the villians had spotted him. I never drove over that road again; couldn't stand to pass the place."

The driver's voice grew husky, and his eye moist—I swallowed a profusion of chokes. Suddenly the horse to the right gave a plunge, and the driver gracefully curled his whip over his head and brought it down upon the flank of the refractory animal.

"You have handsome horses," I said, "what are their names?"

"Astronomy and Deuteronomy, Omy and Duty for short. Omy is always frisky when she starts out, but she soon breaks down. When it comes to the home-stretch, Duty knocks the persimmons every time."

At the next station the cow-boy and the kaleidoscopic young lady left us, and we took on a stranger.

The candidate clasped his hand in a hearty shake and said, "Where in h—l have I seen you before?"

"Don't know, sir; what part of h—l did you come from?"

"They seem to be familiar with the domain of his Satanic majesty," said Hal. in a whisper. I resumed conversation with the driver.

"Were you ever in Denver?"

"Oh, yes, many times; I was there before the flood."

"Why, you seem very young, considering the time you have been on earth."

"Come, now," said he, "what are you giving me; don't go slinging jokes at me."

"Well, as you lived before the flood, probably you can tell me something about Mrs. Noah. History has very little to say about the old lady."

"Oh, you are way off the track, I don't mean Noah's flood, I mean the flood in Denver in '64."

"Ah!"

"At the dinner table in a hotel in Denver, I once remarked, that 'water runs up hill in this country.' A big fellow across the table, who seemed to be pretty full, said: 'You can't choke that down me; you've got to

swallow that or fight.' He made at me with a carving knife and just cut my head clean off."

"Clean off?"

"Yes, ma'm."

"I suppose there was enough of you left for an inquest?"

"Well, I should say so; I went *in quest* of him, and I just chawed him up."

"Then I suppose the jury sat on you?"

"No, ma'm; I have never been 'set down' on yet."

There was no more time for talking, for we were drawing near to a "fire in the mountains," an experience I had been pining for.

THROUGH THE FIRE.

The sight was grand; the long red tongues of fire were twining and lapping around the lofty pines up to the very top, and flying off in flags and sheets above.

We began to feel their warm caresses, for the wind was in our direction. The flames had closed back of us, cutting off all retreat, and onward we must go.

I hoisted my sun umbrella to keep off the sparks. Vesuvius couldn't hold a candle to them. The "whole region 'round about" seemed on fire. My umbrella was reduced to a skeleton.

Finally we all curled down in the bottom of the wagon "like breakfast bacon in a frying pan," except the Jehu, for he had to bend his energies to keeping the frantic horses in the road; as it was they traveled considerable zig-zag country. He would occasionally tell us to "keep cool." But it was a difficult thing to do under the circumstances.

The irrepressible Hal. stuck her head up and said, "you and the driver have 'simmered' down, eh! Have you still a 'consuming' desire to see a fire in the mountains?"

We were a sorry looking outfit when we arrived at Frisco. *O, my!* and Duty were minus mane and tail, and cooked in spots. It was a burning shame.

A BURNING SHAME.

The driver's face was so black with smut, he looked like a coal heaver. He said, "That takes the eyebrows off of any fire I have ever seen, and as soon as I can ascertain the origin I will send you full particulars. It will *illuminate* your book."

The candidate declared it was the most "infernal" ride he ever took. We invested in cold cream and anointed our faces until they looked like balls of butter in the sun. The facetious landlord remarked, that we were the first *cremated* people that ever ate at his table.

CHAPTER XLIV.

MINING IN SAN JUAN.

Taking the cars for Leadville, I was surprised and pleased to find among the passengers a number of successful mining men. As the San Juan country is now attracting attention because of its fabulous wealth, I became quite interested in their stories of prospecting there, way back in '61, when it was known as Baker's Park, Baker being the first man to enter the country.

"It was in the winter of '61," said Mr. Curtis, "that a young friend of mine, knowing that I had some money, whispered to me of a 'new find' in the San Juan country, and said if I would 'go in' with them they would start immediately for the new Eldorado, build roads, lay out a town and by spring be ready for work. It was impressed upon me that 'mum' was the word. However, it leaked out as all such matters will, and there ensued a regular scramble for that country. Their provision and money gave out, and not finding a 'color,' they returned heaping abuse on the diabolical swindle.

"Bringing up the rear was the son of a wealthy Cleveland merchant, who had received twenty thousand dollars from his father, and invested it in that speculation—lost it, of course. He was a graceful, handsome fellow, and as he approached me, his face wreathed in smiles, I said: 'You seem happy over your misfortune.' 'Well,' said he, 'I can't help laughing when I think of what a d——d good thing we would have had if we had only struck it.'

"Speaking of the first rush to the San Juan country," said Mr. Cy. Hall, "I was at that time mining in California Gulch, but when I heard of the new discovery I grew dissatisfied with my 'pannings out,' and became restless for richer diggings. Distance lends a power of enchantment to a miner. He is always ready to follow any will o' wisp that happens to present an attractive story of rich mines found in some inaccessible country. It would be wasting breath to say, 'stay where you are,' for they won't do it. I know how it is. I've been there. I was doing well enough in California Gulch, but I heard such a world of talk that I clubbed in with some boys and followed the last excitement.

"Arriving at a point within a mile of where Durango now stands, we laid out a town, built seventy-five houses, and in a few weeks there were five hundred people there.

"Snow fell from three to four feet all over the country, and didn't melt an inch the whole winter.

"Many of us went there with our pockets full of glittering dust, but we all had to face starvation. We ate the oxen that carried us over, and even the entrails that had lain in the sun for days; lived on bullrushes for

months. Those that went out hunting invariably got lost and starved to death.

"When the winter broke up everybody that could get away, went.

"I returned to California Gulch, suffering greatly on the way from hunger and cold, for moccasins and a blanket were about all the clothing I had.

"Arriving in sight of the cabin of my old partner, I called to him to bring me a hat and a pair of boots, I had a blanket, and I wanted to make a respectable re-entrance into the camp.

"Refreshed by my adventure I resumed mining in the old place, with renewed vigor and determination.

"I can tell a story that will overtop that," said the Hon. Charlie Hall, "one in which the harassing predicament of starvation in the fastnesses of the mountains is calculated to pull the quills of the 'fretful porcupine' clear out by the roots.

"In the winter of '61 I was attacked with the San Juan fever, and three of us strapped our provisions and blankets on our backs and started out to capture bushels of hidden gold. Our objective point was the present site of Ouray, and the distance being comparatively short on an air line, we laid in a small supply of rations, which were exhausted after a few days out, and our luxuries during the remainder of the time consisted of a buffalo robe, boots, leather pants and ants. We first ate the buffalo robe, singing the hair to a powder, which we ate, but when we came to masticate the skin, we found it as tough as a door mat. That lasted a day or so, and we then commenced on our boots. We went for the stew made of them with appetites that knew no limits. My leather

pants were the next thing tackled. We cut them into strips, and ate with as much avidity as the Neapolitan would his long, luscious macaroni.

"Having now exhausted our mess-box, we went in search of ants, and peeled the bark of the trees and the old logs until they looked as if they had been struck by lightning. Ant lunch is pretty good when you can get enough of them. That sort of wrestling for life continued until there ceased to be any fun in it.

"A pedestrian tour over rocks and snow is not near so entrancing as watching the scenery from a car window.

"We subsisted for three days upon our vitals, rather expensive victuals, too—and there was an ominous wildness in the hungry eyes of the men that made me suspect they would soon be forced to cannibalism. As I was the smallest man in the party I stood a fair chance of making the next meal.

"As night drew on this conviction preyed upon my mind, until every time I lost consciousness I had visions of drawn daggers and glaring, fiendish eyes, that startled me broad awake.

"After the camp-fire had died away, I gathered up my blankets and stealthily crept to another spot, but not to sleep, and as I lay there, I saw the two men approach the place I had deserted, feel around on their hands and knees, and foiled in their murderous designs, slink back to their blankets.

"The sun had scarcely awoke the sleeping world when I crawled out of my retreat and confronted the men with what I had seen, and announced my intention to leave them. One of them expressed a desire to accompany me,

and continue in the route we had decided upon the day before. The other man went alone.

"As we continued our tramp over the interminable mountains, the days seemed like years, and the hunger-pain kept gnawing at our vitals until strength was gone. If we fell to the ground it was almost impossible to recover our feet.

"My friend was of robust physique, and could stand the 'racket' better than I.

"I had fallen off until my clothes were large enough for a dozen of my size.

"We struggled along for fourteen days, and I reached a pile of rock from which the snow had melted, and felt resigned to lie there and die; my lower limbs were already dead to my thighs.

"My companion, with painful effort, climbed to the top of what is now known in the San Juan country as Hanson Mountain. He looked around at me with his face as bright as a Chinese lantern, and shouted, 'brace up, Charlie! we are all right. Another outfit in the valley.' That was about the happiest moment I have any recollection of.

"The party in the valley came to our rescue. They carried me into camp, and I pulled the scales at forty-eight pounds. They handled me as if I was a child; put my legs in boiling water, but I didn't feel it.

"It was Ben. Eaton's party that rescued us. They fed me on water gruel for several days, but I didn't gain much fat on that kind of diet. Finally Ben. made the awful announcement that I must die.

"He was absent a few days, and when he returned I told him they were starving me to death. He again gave

me the pleasant information that I had to die, and I might as well eat everything I wanted.

"I did, with the appetite of an alligator.

"When I got on my feet again the boys would hardly have been more surprised if they had seen an Egyptian mummy rise up and walk.

"In less than six months I weighed 134 pounds. I shall ever feel grateful to Ben. Eaton for my salvation. We have *eaten* many a good meal together since then."

"I have a funny reminiscence of my last trip through that region," said Mr. Phil. Trounstine. "It was in '76. I was on business for the house. We had traveled sixty miles and had nothing to eat. Our team was tired and we were as hungry as wolves. I told the gentleman with me to stay by the team and I would go into the mountains to kill some game for our supper. I hadn't gone far before I saw a deer, and raising my gun, brought it down. My companion complimented me on my skill until I began to think I was a crack shot.

"By and by we drove up to a house and inquired if we could get supper there.

"The man said he had no meat except bacon, but we were welcome to it.

"We are all right in that particular, said I, for I have just killed a young deer.

"'Then come in,' said he.

"When he saw our deer he asked, 'whar did you git that, stranger?'

"I observed the dismay in his voice, and thought something or other was wrong, but I answered promptly, 'a short distance below here.'

"'Oh, Hannah, Hannah,' he called 'I told you some

d—d fool of a tender-foot would kill that ar pet deer of yourn, if you didn't put a bell on it.'

"I was not near so hungry as I had been, and felt greatly relieved when he said, 'much obliged to you, stranger, for bringing it to us.'"

CHAPTER XLV.

LEADVILLE.

The Greeks have enumerated seven wonders of the world, and Leadville, the magic city of the Rocky Mountains, deserves a place on the list, as it has grown to harmonious proportions and enduring strength almost literally in a day.

The carbonate formation found here is something of a phenomenon in mining, yet experts confidently assert that the deposits in many of the mines are so extensive it will require many years to exhaust their treasures.

The older districts, proud of their orthodox fissure veins, derisively called this camp "the district of sand mines."

In 1860 the whole region hereabouts was known as California Gulch. Then the placer grounds were very rich in gold, but of too limited an area to warrant permanent settlement on a large scale, so the impatient fortune-hunters, who had no claims, began to prospect for more tempting fields, and in 1866 it was about depopulated. The carbonate discoveries awoke a new life in 1877–8, which soon made Leadville the liveliest town in the world for a time. A marvel in fact of the present generation. It has gas and water works, telegraph and

telephone lines, street railways, the letter carrier system, fine public schools, several large smelting and reduction establishments, stamp and sampling mills, a fine opera house, several extensive wholesale and retail grocery, dry goods and hardware houses; three daily newspapers, the *Chronicle, Herald* and *Democrat;* corner lots worth $5,000 to $10,000, and everything that goes to form a full-fledged city.

We were soon comfortably located at the Grand Central. Mr. Chapin, the proprietor, has been a hotel keeper in Colorado for years. A story is told of him that when conducting a hotel in Denver in the early times, a negro called with a very fine turkey under his arm, and wanted to sell it to the "boss."

Mr. Chapin bought it and gave an order for four more.

The negro answered, "I ain't got no wagon, and fo' fowls jist like dat ar, would be a big tote, so I will fotch one at a time, boss, if dat will suit you."

"All right," said Chapin, "but be sure to get them here in time for my Thanksgiving dinner."

"O, I'll do dat, boss, you may 'pend 'pon it."

The negro called every day, each time lugging a big turkey, received his money, and was ordered to put it in the coop in the back yard.

The day before Thanksgiving Mr. Chapin, speaking of his forthcoming dinner, said to a friend, "come, let me show you my turkeys, they are fine."

To his astonishment there was only one turkey in the coop.

It was afterward discovered that the negro had stolen the one bird out of the coop each night and sold it to him next morning.

How such a slick steal could be accomplished without detection, was a profound mystery to Mr. Chapin, and he expressed himself accordingly.

An old negro standing by sorrowfully shook his head and said, "Ah, massa, it may be dat nigger was starvin, and you know necessity is de mudder of invention."

Early in the afternoon we started to visit some of the mines. The "Morning Star" seemed "only a step away," and we prepared to walk, so that we could gather wild-flowers and rocks by the wayside, and occasionally look back to where we came from.

While Leadville boasts of its lofty perch there is no level ground around it, and no matter in what direction you go, you must expect to climb and get your lungs inflated with rarefied air. We scrambled over a wilderness of stumps, the only remains of a once proud forest, and were informed the trees which grew there had been used in timbering the mines. So the forests have been transplanted underground, which is a violent reversal of the natural order of things. We stopped often on the way, not so much to look back, for that was rather nauseating from our dizzy eminence, but to get a full breath.

Reaching the "Morning Star" we sat around on the stumps and discussed various subjects, prominent among them, the "fitfulness of fortune."

The men who discovered the carbonate belt and opened it, are almost national celebrities; their names are familiar household words throughout the country, and we felt privileged to talk about them. Many of these miners are still rich, but as in every other mining country, the majority of them are poor. Nine out of ten who made from five to twenty thousand, spent it and philosophically re-

turned to the pick and shovel as day laborers. Ex-Governor Routt, of the "Morning Star," is estimated to be worth a million. Joe Watson and George Corning, his former partners, are wealthy men. Eddy, James and Grant stand at the head of the list of the wealthy. George Fryer and Senator Tabor were foremost in making Leadville. The Senator is still rich, with large real estate and other interests in New York, Chicago, Denver and elsewhere; is mining more in Colorado than ever before; has large interests in copper lands in northern Texas, and extensive mining interests in New Mexico and old Mexico. George Fryer, from whom the celebrated Fryer Hill takes its name, died a poor man. We did not descend into the depths.

Hal. said it was time to ring a change on the scene, and so we started back to the city, around which circled vast wreaths of smoke, that looked as if it had been belched from the crater of a volcano. On reaching the hotel we found that we, like the dyer's hand, had taken our color from our surroundings. Indeed, during the whole of our stay there we were continually reminded of the sentence, "dust thou art." But while the lower world was shrouded in smoke and dust, the sky was a perpetual delight. The clouds were always experimenting and always getting up fine effects. The sunsets were superb.

CHAPTER XLVI.

TWIN LAKES.

The next morning our party visited "Twin Lakes," a pair of crystal beauties nestled among the peaks—a delightful resort for tourists, who camp and boat and fish

there. The snowy sails that float over the silvery waters are nine thousand feet nearer the sky than those that fly the ocean. It cost me considerable of a pang not to go, but I had made a contract with myself to gather stories, and I could not fritter my time away in other pleasures. A woman is very conscientious about breaking an engagement—with herself! But one is always rewarded for resisting temptation. They had scarcely started when I was summoned to the parlor to meet a number of pioneers a friend had kindly brought to see me. They were a jovial set, and from them I collected the following:

In the early days of California Gulch, a man by the name of Pat. Smith struck it rich, and, as goes the world, honors were thrust upon him. He was nominated for the Justice of the Peace. In all probability he had never read a line of law in his life. One Jim Brown, a lawyer and well up in his profession, declared that he didn't want to practice before such an ignoramus as Smith, and fought him with all his might and main during the canvass. But money is power with voters, and so Smith was elected. When fully robed in judicial ermine he felt the dignity of his position, and lost no opportunity to get even with Brown. On one occasion a man was found on one of the lonely highways, going at a rapid gait, on a horse that belonged to some one else. The primitive method of disposing of such malefactors was a rope and a convenient tree. But the wheel of progress rolls on, and the owner brought suit to recover his property.

Brown was engaged to defend the suit, and he brought up points of law to convince the Justice that the man being in possession of the horse was not proof positive that he had stolen it.

Smith instantly overruled the points.

Finally Brown read from Blackstone a case precisely similar to the one before the court.

"What do I care for Blackstone, or any other lawyer," cried Smith. "I know the man stole the horse, and I have decided it—that's enough. I am Judge here, sir!"

"Your Honor," replied Brown, "I know you have decided the case. I read the point merely to show you what a d—d old fool—

"What's that!" interrupted the Court, springing to his feet in a frenzy of rage.

"Blackstone was," calmly concluded the lawyer, resuming his seat.

ONE AT A TIME.

A politician, when canvassing the Territory, struck California Gulch, and expressed a desire to address the miners. Anxious to collect a crowd, a stand was improvised from a dry goods box, and it was placed in front of Aunt Betsy's, as she was familiarly called, who kept hotel at the mouth of the gulch. Upon this stand the politician took his position, and when the miners, who were scattered several miles along the gulch, returned from their day's work, he began his speech. A few minutes later he had an audience of several hundred.

In the midst of a grand rhetorical flight a disturbance commenced on the edge of the crowd, and gradually spread, as the disturbing cause, which was a small donkey, pushed its way in.

The speaker bravely endeavored to maintain himself against the increasing uproar, but in vain.

The animal belonged to the landlady, and was accustomed to being fed at the hotel steps precisely at this hour.

He was making his way to receive his rations, as usual. The crowd parted before him, and he marched directly up to the platform, which blocked his further progress. He fixed his melancholy eyes on the speaker, and then gave vent to a discordant "haw he! haw he!" that awoke the echoes from the surrounding hills.

ONE AT A TIME.

The politician had tact enough to turn the ludicrous event to account, and bowing to his audience said, "one at a time, gentlemen." The crowd dispersed in uproarious laughter.

The first time, probably, that a political meeting was broken up by a *bona fide* jackass.

"I was traveling in a stage coach," observed Col. P. R. Smith, "when a fellow traveler told me a story of

BACKING UP A MINISTER.

"In an early day, when only the brave, reckless and daring adventurers from the States had obtained a foothold in Colorado, a young man no less brave, wended his way to a mining camp, somewhere near California Gulch. The sojourners in this camp were generally termed "a hard set,' and the mention even of one or more of the bloody scenes enacted there would make a pilgrim's hair stand on end. Imagine, then, the reception likely to be given to an humble worker in the Master's vineyard.

"But nothing daunted, our young gospel dispenser made bold to enter and announce his intention to preach on Sunday. But no sooner had he published his intention than a committee of the worst characters formed to wait

upon and magnanimously allow him so many hours in which to leave the camp.

"This all worked very well until there arrived one of the most reckless of these daring adventurers, known as 'Dare Devil Dick,' who had just returned from following a band of marauding Navajo Indians.

"When aware of the true state of affairs he at once declared himself the minister's champion, and announced that it would be worth any man's life to attempt to break up the meeting. He also apprised them of his intention to make a few introductory remarks.

"Well, every body knew that 'Dare Devil Dick' meant what he said, hence they were compelled to accept the situation, and decided to go to the place appointed for worship and hoot the preacher down.

"The day and hour finally arrived, when Dick appeared as per advertisement, and delivered himself in the following manner:

"'Friends and gentlemen, listen to me. I was the first American to cross the Great Desert. The first to visit the sacred spot where the Sainted Montezuma, the Indian Savior, mounted upon the back of the glorious white eagle, to take his flight heavenward, and I hope to be here when he returns to take his people home. I was here when the pilgrims came hunting gold in this glorious land. I was here when the first American woman (God bless her) arrived. I was here when the bad men first opened their dens of iniquity; when that poor boy's soul took its flight across the range, for refusing to play poker with Bill Sykes, for he said he promised his good old mother never to gamble. This was my first sin, but I had to do it. I sent Bill to 'kingdom come,' by limited

express. Buckskin Joe soon followed Bill; I had to do it. Seven-up Pete went next; I had to do that, too! Now, I became a marked man. Some called me bad, but I was always on the side of the weak and helpless.'

"'Since then I have had some pretty lively times; have been a prospector, miner, Government scout, cow boy, stage driver and trapper, and between times amused myself gunning for Indians and Greasers on my own account. Yes, I have been handled pretty roughly; have been 'chawed' by grizzlies, scalped by Indians, nearly burned at the stake, shot and knifed dozens of times, blowed up once or twice, and on one occasion fell into a quartz mill, and run clean through before it could be stopped. On another occasion I was dropped in a sluice box and panned out as pure as virgin gold.'

"'Now, friends, you have said that this beloved minister shall not preach in this camp, to a lost and dying world. You have said this, and you come to enforce your threat. You carry your guns, knives and sabers, and come equipped with all this arsenal, for what? Simply to bluff this defenseless, unarmed minister of the Gospel, who means you only good. But there is no bluff in this game. I hold four aces and the five spot, and the first man who moves a bluff I'll raise him. Boys, I mean business. You know me of old; *you'll hear the Gospel once;* you'll hear it now.'

BACKING UP A MINISTER.

Then laying down his navy six-shooter on the pine table, used for a pulpit, he turned to the minister, saying in his most persuasive style, 'Parson, sail in. Give 'em h—ll! I'll back you.'

"And he did sail in; preaching such a sermon as has never been heard in these parts before or since; picturing the good Christian homes, the kind mother's influence, now almost forgotten. Pointing out the sins and inevitable end of the lives they were living; begging and exhorting them to turn back before too late. Picturing the bright future of the repentant sinner, the golden gates of the New Jerusalem, through which the just must enter; the happy meeting with loved ones who had gone before, a reunion to last for ever.

"When the minister closed, tears were flowing from the eyes and down the cheeks of many a hardened sinner, and more than one of the brawny pioneers joined hands with the young preacher and worked faithfully for the cause. Among them none were more earnest than 'Dare Devil Dick.'"

"Experience is often very expensive in this country," said Major Randall, "and when one has run the gauntlet, he has voluntarily or involuntarily gathered many amusing reminiscences. I came here when the excitement was at its highest, and Leadville was a surging, tossing sea of living humanity. It was impossible to procure a room at any of the hotels. I drew the attention of the clerk to the snow-white hair of my companion, and said it would be a shame to make him sit up all night. He thought so too, and said he would see what could be done for us. We thanked him and took a turn about town to see it by gas-light. The streets were so crowded that navigation

was slow unless one went with the current. At every corner was a brass band, and the brilliantly lighted saloons were thrown wide open, with not even a green screen at the door, and they were so crowded that the excited and busy bar-tender reminded me of an auctioneer, knocking down the glass to the highest bidder.

"It seemed that every nation under the sun was represented here. Besides the slangs indigenous to the soil, we heard strange provincialisms of every section of the United States. We thought the myriad of twinkling stars in the heaven's serenest blue was the grandest free show we ever had. But the fighting and shooting were so terrific that star-gazing wasn't pleasant, and we soon retraced our steps.

"I felt dismal and forlorn, for like the 'Son of Man,' I had no place to lay my head. As I entered the office of the hotel I saw two vacant chairs, and kept my eye on them, thinking if I couldn't do better, I would engage them for the night. But the clerk informed us we could have a berth on the floor up stairs. We rolled up in our blankets and buffalo robes, and in five minutes were sleeping the sleep of the righteous.

"Early next morning a gentleman called and said he understood we were looking for mining interests. He had a claim on Carbonate hill that he must necessarily make a sacrifice of, as he was compelled to leave the country. It was very rich, no doubt about it; every thing on Carbonate hill was rich. He would sell out for twenty thousand dollars, ten thousand cash.

"A room 4x6 had been vacated that morning, which we succeeded in having assigned to us. So we retired to our *closet* to consider the matter. My friend, who was

generally self-possessed and solemnly deliberate, said joyously, 'biggest luck in the world; I tell you we are next door to bonanza kings. I am a man of deeds and few words; let us grasp this right away before some one else gets in ahead of us.'

"We rushed down stairs fearing our luck had already been gobbled up, but the miner sat dejectedly alone, with his eyes fixed on the door, watching for our return.

"We tramped away to see the claim; found a hole twelve feet deep, and was soon satisfied that there was nothing in it. Immediately upon returning to the hotel the proprietor buttonholed us, and said he had a rare opportunity for us. He had taken up a placer claim and had done sufficient work to apply for a patent; was simply waiting for the snow to go off to make official surveys. One of the party was about to sell his interest to a party that was obnoxious to him; would be glad if we would take the interest and come in with him—would sell cheap—dirt cheap. Figured it up so there was no question about the millions. I told my friend if he would agree it was a 'go.' He agreed.

"Didn't see the location before purchasing. After purchasing we commenced at once getting ready to visit it, and upbraided ourselves for not doing so sooner, like the man that locked the stable after the horse was stolen.

"We found it away above timber-line, and prospectors had located claims all over our placer grounds. A survey was made and we filed our application for patent. Prospectors filed sixteen adverses. A change came over the spirit of our dreams; we, who were so opulent a few days before, found ourselves embarrassed. A compromise was effected; they agreed to let us out, take the land and

pay the cost. Happy once more! It seemed that a world had rolled from my shoulders. And now we were sure we had cut our wisdom-teeth and could with perfect composure decline 'a piece of the pie.'

"But day in and day out the news of new discoveries were poured into our ears, and we would have been anomalies in the human race if we had not become inoculated with the disease.

"A few days later I found myself on a horse going to see a claim on Sheep mountain in the Ten Mile district. This was the true Golconda! But it proved to be a greater fraud than the other.

"All that summer I was grasping at something that, like the fairy gold, left nothing but leaves and sticks in the hand. However, by being faithful to the old proverb, 'if at first you don't succeed, try, try, again,' I finally stumbled on some good mining property."

CHAPTER XLVII.

THE PIONEER LIFE OF MRS. AUGUSTA TABOR.

I was pleased to receive a call from Mrs. Augusta Tabor, who was then visiting in Leadville. She is a frail, delicate looking woman, with pleasing, lady-like manners. I give the story of her frontier life in order to convey an idea of the hardships endured by the pioneer women.

"My first acquaintance with Horace Austin Warner Tabor came about in this way: My father, a stone contractor, took the train one morning in August, 1853, for Boston, to hire stone-cutters. When about sixty miles from home two young men entered the train, one of them taking a seat by my father. In conversation it was de-

veloped that these men were stone-cutters and looking for work. My father employed them. In two years from that time Mr. Tabor, who was one of the men, asked my hand in marriage. Another two years passed and in January, 1857, we were married in the room where we first met.

"During our engagement he went to Kansas and settled upon one hundred and sixty acres of farming land in Riley county.

"On the twenty-fifth of February we left my home in Augusta, Maine, for our new one in Kansas. We made our way to St. Louis, which was the terminus of the railroad, thence to Kansas City on a five day boat. At Kansas City we purchased a yoke of oxen, a wagon, a few farming tools, some seed, took my trunks and started westward. My trip was not very pleasant, for the wind blew disagreeably, as it always does in Kansas.

"We arrived at our destination on the nineteenth of April, at 11 a. m. I shall never forget that morning. To add to the desolation of the place the wind took a new start. The cabin stood solitary and alone upon an open prairie. It was built of black-walnut logs, 12x16 feet; not a building, a stone or stick in sight. We had brought two men with us, and how we could all live in that little place was a question I asked myself many times. The only furniture was a No. 7 cook stove, a dilapidated trunk, and a rough bedstead made of poles, on which was an old tick filled with prairie grass. I sat down upon the trunk and cried; I had not been deceived in coming to this place. I knew perfectly well that the country was new, that there were no saw-mills near, and no money in

the territory. But I was homesick and could not conceal it from those about me.

"Mr. Tabor and the two men unloaded the wagon while I tried to clean up the cabin. I found a number of old New York *Tribunes* in the room, smoothed them out, made a paste of flour, and soon had the black, ugly logs covered, putting the newspapers right side up that I might read them at my leisure, for I could see that reading matter was likely to be very scarce. Having covered the walls I unpacked the boxes and made up a decent bed. I took out my table linen and silver, for I had not left home without the usual outfit, and then began to prepare my first meal. I cannot say that it was very inviting, but I did the best I could, and we were all blessed with good appetites. The two men took rooms near by and boarded with us, thus helping us to money to support the table. Mr. Tabor broke the land, put in the seed and began farming in good earnest, exchanging day's labor with the neighbors to save hiring help. After doing my housework I also went into the fields to work.

"No rain fell that summer, so that when harvest came we had nothing to gather. Mr. Tabor went to Fort Riley and worked at his trade, while I remained at home with my babe and made a little money by raising chickens.

"Indians and snakes were then numerous in Kansas, and I lived in constant dread of both. I cannot tell which I feared the most. The rattle-snakes crawled into my cabin to get into the shade, and when I sat down it would be upon a three-legged stool with my feet under me.

"The winter was warm and pleasant. When spring came we tried farming once more. An abundant crop resulted, but there was no market for it; eggs were three

cents per dozen, and shelled corn twenty cents per bushel. I kept boarders and made some butter to sell. In February, 1859, Mr. Tabor heard of Pike's Peak through some one of Green Russell's party, who was returning, and at once decided to try his luck in the new Eldorado. He told me I might go home to Maine, but I refused to leave him, and upon reflection he thought it would be more profitable to take me, as in that case the two men would go along and board with us, and the money they paid would keep us all. Mr. Tabor worked at the Fort through March and April, earning money for our outfit.

"The fifth day of April we gathered together our scanty means, bought supplies for a few months, yoked our oxen and cows, mounted our seats in the wagon and left the town of Zeandale with the determination of returning in the fall, or as soon as we had made money enough to pay for the one hundred and sixty acres of Government land, and buy a little stock.

"What I endured on this journey only the women who crossed the plains in '59 can realize. There was no station until we arrived within eighty miles of Denver *via* the Republican route: no road, and a good part of the way no fuel.

"We were obliged to gather buffalo chips, sometimes traveling miles to find enough to cook a meal with. This weary work fell to the women, for the men had enough to do in taking care of the teams, and in 'making' and 'breaking' the camp. The Indians followed us all the time, and though friendly, were continually begging and stealing.

"Every Sunday we rested, if rest it could be called. The men went hunting, while I stayed to guard the camp,

wash the soiled linen and cook for the following week. Quite frequently the Indians gathered around my camp, so that I could do nothing all day. They wallowed in the water-sources from which our supplies were obtained, and were generally very filthy. My babe was teething and suffering from fever and ague, so that he required constant attention day and night. I was weak and feeble, having suffered all the time that I lived in Kansas with ague. My weight was only ninety pounds.

"We arrived in Denver about the middle of June, and as our cattle were footsore we were obliged to camp there until the first day of July. Then we went up Clear Creek where the town of Golden was being established. A miner came down from the mountains from whom we inquired the way to Gregory diggings. Leaving me and my sick child in the 7x9 tent, that my hands had made, the men took a supply of provisions on their backs, a few blankets, and bidding me be good to myself, left on the morning of the glorious Fourth. How sadly I felt, none but God, in whom I then firmly trusted, knew. Twelve miles from a human soul save my babe. The only sound I heard was the lowing of the cattle, and they, poor things, seemed to feel the loneliness of our situation, and kept unusually quiet. Every morning and evening I had a 'round up' all to myself. There were no cow-boys for me to cut, slash and shoot, no disputing of brands or mavericks. Three long weary weeks I held the fort. At the expiration of that time they returned. On the twenty-sixth of July we again loaded the wagon and started into the mountains. The road was a mere trail; every few rods we were obliged to stop and widen it. Many times we unloaded the wagon, and by pushing it helped the

cattle up the hills. Going down hill was so much easier that it was often necessary to fasten a full grown pine tree to the back of the wagon for a hold-back or brake. Often night overtook us where it was impossible to find a level place to spread a blanket. Under such circumstances we drove stakes in the ground, rolled a log against them, and lay with our feet against the log. Sometimes the hill was so steep that we slept almost upright. We were nearly three weeks cutting our way through Russell's Gulch into Payne's Bar, now called Idaho Springs.

"Ours was the first wagon through, and I was the first white woman there, if white I could be called, after camping out three months. The men cut logs and laid them up four feet high, then put the 7x9 tent on for a roof. Mr. Tabor went prospecting. I opened a 'bakery,' made bread and pies to sell, gave meals, and sold milk from the cows we had brought.

"Here one of our party, Mr. Maxey, had an attack of mountain fever, and for four weeks he lay, very ill, at the door of our tent, in a wagon bed, I acting as physician and nurse. A miner with a gunshot wound through his hand was also brought to my door for attention.

"With the first snow storm came an old miner to our camp who told us dreadful stories of snow-slides, and advised Mr. Tabor to take me out of the mountains immediately. Those who know anything of the surroundings of Idaho will smile at the idea of a snow-slide there. But we, in our ignorance of mountains, believed all the old miner said, and left for Denver.

"I had been very successful with my bakery in that camp, making enough to pay for the farm in Kansas, and to keep us through the winter.

"Arriving in Denver, we rented a room over a store. It was the first roof I had slept under for six months. I took a few boarders and Mr. Tabor returned to his prospect, which he found had been jumped by the miner who had advised us to leave. 'Might was right' in those days, so he lost all his summer's work, and had to sell the cow to buy the supply for the new camp which was up the head-waters of the Arkansas.

"The 19th of February, 1860, I was lifted from a bed of sickness to a wagon, and we started for the new mining excitement. No woman had yet been there.

"We were seven days going to where Manitou now stands. I made biscuit with the water of the soda springs; they were yellow and tasted so strongly of soda that even we, with our out-door appetites, could not relish them.

"We lingered there one week, the men doing a little prospecting, and working on a new road over the Ute Pass.

"We made such slow progress over this road that every evening we could look back and see the smoke from the camp-fire of the previous evening. After two weeks of such wearying travel we reached South Park. I shall never forget my first vision of the park. The sun was was just setting. I can only describe it by saying it was one of Colorado's sunsets. Those who have seen them know how glorious they are. Those who have not cannot imagine anything so gorgeously beautiful. The park looked like a cultivated field, with rivulets coursing through, and herds of antelope in the distance. We camped on the bank of a clear stream, and the men went fishing. We had broiled trout that night for supper, and

passed the evening over a game of whist by the light of our camp-fire.

"The fourth day in the park we came late at night to Salt creek. Tried the water and found that we could not let the cattle drink it, neither could we drink it. We tied the oxen to the wagon and went supperless to bed. The night was very cold, and a jack came to our tent and stood in the hot embers until he burned his fetlocks off. He stayed with us to the end of our trip, and carried me many miles upon his back.

"We moved on the next day to fresh water, and camped on Trout creek. Knowing that a party of men had left Denver a few days before we did, and feeling anxious to come up with them, the men shouldered their rifles and started out in search of foot-prints, each going in a different direction. The one who came upon the trail was to fire off his gun as a signal to the others. All day long I listened for the report of a gun. The men had not arrived when night's shadows gathered around, and I felt desolate indeed. The little jack came into the tent, and I bowed my head upon him and wept in loneliness of soul.

"The men had gone farther than they expected, and were somewhat bewildered, and only for the camp-fire that I kept blazing, they could not have found their way back.

"As they did not find the trail, we concluded to follow the way a stick might fall. It fell pointing southwest, and we went in that direction.

"Finding what we thought a good fording place in the Arkansas river, we decided to cross, as the road seemed better on the other side.

"The river was very rapid and full of boulders, around which clung cakes of ice. Our cattle, thin, weak and tired, were numb with cold, and halted in the middle of the river. The men plunged into the cold stream, which was waist deep, tied ropes to their horns, went upon the opposite shore and endeavored to drag them over, but with no success. They then unloaded the wagon, putting the goods upon the ice, which was liable to break off and float away, unyoked the oxen, dragged the wagon over, and carried the goods on their shoulders. The faithful little jack swam the river with me on its back. Upon consulting our watch we found that we had been six hours crossing the Arkansas.

"We made a fire, dried our clothing on us, and nursed the cattle all night, feeling that we must save them, for our provision was getting low, and unless game came in from the valley, we should be obliged to eat them.

"After camping in this place a week we moved further up the river, where we went to work in earnest. Mr. Tabor and Mr. Maxey whip-sawed some lumber and made sluice-boxes, sawed riffles from a log, put in a ditch from the creek, and commenced washing the bank away. Cleaning the boxes up at night, we found fine gold in an abundance of black sand. I worked hard every day trying to separate the gold from the iron sand, and at night would have only a few pennyweights of the precious metal. For four weeks we worked there; our supplies were about gone and we felt discouraged. It had been one long year since we heard from the loved ones at home.

"One morning a man came to the camp and said he was one of the party that left Denver a few days in advance of us, and they had found gold in paying quanti-

ties. He gave us explicit directions how to reach the rich diggings. We followed his directions, and undertook to cross the river where it looked shallow. When near the opposite bank we came into a deep channel. Our wagon bed, with myself and child in it, raised above the wheels and floated down the stream. It was rapidly filling with water, when it occurred to me to cling to the willows on the bank. I did so, and held with unnatural strength until the men came to my rescue. We reached California Gulch three months after we left Denver. The first thing after camping was to have the faithful old oxen butchered that had brought us all the way from Kansas —yes, from the Missouri river, three years before. We divided the beef with the miners, for they were without provisions or ammunition.

"Before night they built me a cabin of green pine logs, without floor, door or window. The roof was covered with poles, bark and dirt, and the wagon was converted into table, side-board and three-legged stools. I entered this place happy that I once more had a roof to cover my head, and at once commenced taking boarders, with nothing to feed them except poor beef and dried apples.

"It was soon noised about that gold was struck in California Gulch, and before many weeks there were ten thousand people there. A mail and express was immediately decided upon, and I was appointed Post Mistress.

"With my many duties the days passed quickly. I was called upon to weigh all the gold taken from the upper part of the gulch, as we were the only owners in that section of a pair of gold scales. The miners would clean up their boxes, get their gold weighed, and go to town (where

Leadville now stands), spree all night, and return 'dead broke' in the morning to commence again.

"Mr. Tabor was then working our mine, which was No. 12 above discovery. We took that because it had a fall, but it was a mistake, for the gold was nearly all washed over the fall into the claim below, from which $80,000 was taken out during the summer of 1860.

"I was very happy that summer, and joyfully anticipated a visit to my mother and father in the fall.

"On the 20th of September Mr. Tabor gave me one thousand dollars in dust. I put my wardrobe, what there was of it, in a carpet-bag, and took passage with a mule train that was going to the Missouri river. I was five weeks crossing, and cooked for my board.

"With that thousand dollars I purchased one hundred and sixty acres of land in Kansas, adjoining the tract we already owned. My folks dressed me up, and in the spring I bought a pair of mules and a wagon in St. Joe to return with, which took about all my money.

"Mr. Tabor gave me one-fifth of what was made that summer, when I left; the other four thousand he sent to Iowa and bought flour, and in the spring we opened a store in my cabin. He worked in the mine during the day, while I attended to the store. I feel that in those years of self-sacrifice, hard labor, and economy, I laid the foundation to Mr. Tabor's immense wealth; for, had I not staid with him and worked by his side, he would have been discouraged, returned to his trade, and so lost the opportunity which has since enriched him."

CHAPTER XLXVIII.

A TALK WITH JOURNALISTS.

From Leadville to Buena Vista I fell in company with a party of newspaper men, and gathered the following stories:

Colonel John Arkins, now general manager of the *Rocky Mountain News*, was at one time foreman of the composing-room of the *Tribune*. Major Henry Ward, now Inspector of Indian Agencies, was at that time, say from 1875 to 1878, managing editor of the *Tribune*, and Mr. Thomas F. Dawson, now editor of the Denver *Times*, was city editor. They were a pleasant, companionable set of men, but none of them were then considered as rolling in the lap of luxury. It may be that they were "hard up." Be that as it may, Arkins and Dawson found it desirable, along in July of 1877, to take a vacation, notwithstanding the disagreeable fact that they must leave additional work to the already over-worked Major Ward. Middle Park—land of frosty nights, sunshiny days, mountain trout, and, oh, horrors! mountain lions and grizzly bears, must be the place at which they should seek that quiet and recreation which their weary brains demanded. Well, they went. How they found the capital with which to start the expedition, it is not the province of this historian to record; neither shall the story of the extensive tour, the fishing and hunting exploits, be repeated. A tradition has, however, come down to the present time illustrating the fondness of newspaper men, as well as of ordinary mortals, for practical jokes, and

showing how it was far more possible to perpetrate them in those Arcadian and youthful days of Denver journalism, than it at present would be.

Arkins, it would appear, had always had a penchant for writing. But for the fact that he, like many other men of genius, had failed to make himself proficient in the chirographic art, Mr. Arkins would undoubtedly long ere this time, have made a reputation in some field of literature —whether in poetry, in romance, or in labored leaders on the editorial page, his colleagues had never been able to definitely decide in their own minds. But he could not write, and this is what got him into trouble. His characters looked so very much like hieroglyphics that no mortal, who had not made a special study of them, could decipher them. Now, that he has come to be manager of a Democratic newspaper, and wear a high hat, he may have reformed. We only speak of the Mr. Arkins of the olden time. Like most other people he did not fully appreciate his deficiencies, and frequently boasted of his penmanship; he had never been known to write even his name that he did not call attention to the Gothic character of its construction.

There came a time, however, during this camping expedition, when his manner changed in this respect.

It was a rather warm day toward the latter part of July that Arkins announced his determination to remain in the tent rather than go fishing. Dawson being interested in a work of fiction, concluded also to remain, and both sat down in the tent, the former to write, the latter to read; Dawson quaking with fear lest Arkins would ask him to admire his handwriting, and Arkins, as it

afterwards proved, quite as uneasy lest Dawson's curiosity should be aroused.

As the Fates would have it, the reader lifted his eyes from his book just as the last stroke of the writer was put to the paper. There was something quite suspicious about the manner of the essayist, and his mind seemed dreadfully weighed down until he found a means of getting his letter to the post office, which, as that was fifteen miles distant, proved no easy accomplishment.

Let it be briefly recorded, however, that by the time the letter had been gotten off, Mr. Dawson had received a summons to return to Denver. The day after his arrival, he had scarcely gone to work at his desk, which was near Major Ward's, when he heard an ominous growl from the direction of his elbow neighbor. There was a continuous mumbling and grumbling for some five minutes, at the end of which time the Major turned to Dawson, throwing a bundle of manuscript to him, with the remark: "Here, Dawson, see what you can do with this. It's a letter from some inspired idiot, but I can make nothing out of it."

Now Major Ward is one of the most accomplished masters of the pen in the entire wild West, and his feelings had been greatly wrought upon by the close scrutiny he had been compelled to make of the horrid scrawl before him.

Imagine the surprise on the part of the city editor when he discovered that the manuscript was the same of which he had caught a glimpse in Middle Park. It told a very thrilling story of an adventure in the park, of which Mr. Dawson was described as the hero. We shall group facts. It appears that on the day previous to the writing in the tent, Dawson and Arkins had engaged in a shooting

match at that proud bird of freedom, the American eagle, "whom none could enveigle or put salt on his tail," and Dawson brought it to the ground. Concealing his chagrin at the time, Arkins had determined to get even in another manner. He had written a letter to the *Tribune* telling how his companion in arms had met with a trying experience—how he had encountered what he had conceived to be a veritable mountain lion, and, after climbing a tree, had fired one shot after another at it, until it was brought to the ground, when Dawson, glowing with excitement and exultation, had rushed to the spot where the expiring animal lay, only to meet a park ranchman who demanded then and there $25.00 from the astonished scribe for killing his pet calf. This is the gist of a story, which, however, was highly adorned with the figures of speech, ornate diction and elaboration of detail for which Col. Arkins has since become famous.

It was a good story, and well written, and Dawson, as a journalist, felt that it ought to be printed. He was in doubt what should be done. Happy thought!

A few minutes later a transformation had been wrought. It was Mr. Arkins who had killed the pet calf.

The proper head-lines were written and the story went to the printers.

Col. Arkins appeared as the hero of his own romance—his bad penmanship had proved a veritable boomerang. No wonder that after this he determined to reform. Yet he never forgave Dawson for the trick. As for Major Ward, he also felt that his confidence had been imposed upon, though he admitted that the trick had been well turned.

And this is the legend of the fate which befell the man

who attempted to become a Colorado journalist before he had learned to write.

"Arkins is fond of a joke," said another quill driver. "I have often heard him tell an experience of his, which, if you feel inclined to hear, I will relate."

We expressed our willingness, and he proceeded.

STARTING A WESTERN PAPER.

"In 1878, when excitement ran high in Leadville, and fortunes were made with almost magical rapidity, Arkins, then foreman of the Denver *Tribune*, was struck, as he relates it, 'all of a heap,' with the idea of starting a paper in the Carbonate city. Friends advised him to let 'well enough' alone, and not go careering after the uncertainties of life. But he laughed at their arguments and ultimately invested every dollar he had in a printing press and shipped it to the great mining camp.

"In those days the only railroad in that direction terminated at Webster, the rest of the journey being made in stages.

"So great was the rush of travel, only those who were in favor with the management could obtain a seat in the stage unless ordered long in advance. But our journalist, having an eye single to comfort, took the necessary precaution and secured it.

"While at Webster he saw the wagon trains heavily laden with bullion toiling on their way to the depot. He stepped around to see his freight safely transferred. The type had been packed in boxes, which of course were as 'heavy as lead.' A great, burly teamster, who seemed to possess Herculean strength, swooped down on a box, expecting to toss it with careless ease into the wagon, but

somewhat baffled, he lifted it slowly, with a puff and pant, and said, 'bullion both ways, by jingo!'

"The stage possessed a comfortable seating capacity for nine, but this time it was extended to fifteen. Extended, however, is not the right word—squeezed would be more appropriate. His mind began to tumble from its lofty flights to the grosser contemplation of 'compressed meats.'

"There was but one of the gentler sex in the coach, and she carried a canary bird, a pet squirrel and a geranium in a pot; all of which she unhesitatingly deposited in the laps of the gentlemen that had not been previously converted into chairs for some one.

"They expected to arrive at Fairplay in time for supper, but before they reached the middle of South Park the wind and snow commenced a tussle, which was followed by a battle of the elements that was appalling. Arkins soon realized that the path of glory, like true love, seldom runs smoothly. He didn't more than half like the thought of having the snow for a winding sheet, even though it might be typical of purity; and had no notion of filling a grave far above the common world.

"When they reached the top of Red hill, all above, beyond, and about was enveloped in Egyptian darkness. The snow didn't come down in eddying flakes that the poet talks about, but fell in blinding sheets.

"The driver said it was impossible to go on. The horses were bewildered by the darkness and the raging tempest. The leaders, as if thrust around by some irresistible power, doubled back on the wheel horses. There was no time to meditate; no time to be tender and comforting to the woman who tearfully inquired if her household pets were in danger. They simply had to string

their nerves to the highest tension and act promptly, or be frozen to death in that houseless solitude.

"There were a few scattering trees on the hill, but there was no ax; no way of kindling a fire. They dared not separate for fear of being lost in the darkness. So they joined hands and formed two lines, the first man in each line holding to the bits of the leaders, and made their way as best they could down the hill; the snow continuing to pelt them with relentless fury.

"They arrived in Fairplay at two o'clock in the morning. A crowd had assembled at the hotel and were vigorously discussing the feasibility of sending for the belated coach. They were received with a fever heat of excitement, which so strongly resembled the stir and finish of a play, that each particular man imagined himself the 'star actor on the stage.'

"Their moustaches and eyebrows supported little rifts of snow, and their limbs were rigid with cold; but, partaking freely of liquid refreshments, rapidly dispelled the freezing sensations, and early that morning they left for Leadville over the Weston pass.

"In process of time the *Chronicle* was established, with our hero in charge, in a little 6x8 room, with a washstand for his editorial desk.

"All being in readiness for the first edition of the paper, Mr. A. seized a note-book and went in pursuit of items, when attracted by a number of persons gathered around a little shanty, he bent his steps in that direction; walked in without leave or license, and soon discovered the cause of the commotion in front. The air was stifling with chloroform. A woman lay stretched on a bed and a physician stood over her making active use

of a stomach pump. The facts ascertained, he returned to his sanctum and dashed off an account of it.

"The next morning a large man with flushed face and bloodshot eyes entered his office accompanied by a woman. He demanded, in stentorian tones, to see the man who wrote 'that article in yesterday's paper about his lady,' and with a little frescoed swearing announced his intention to blow him into the warmest place in Lucifer's domains.

"The editor said meekly the reporter had stepped out, but if an untrue statement had been made, he, being the editor, would be pleased to correct it. He couldn't understand how it happened, for the merest glance at the lady was sufficient to establish her character, and stepping forward with great suavity of manner, declared that she seemed to be the 'flour of sulphur and the cream of tartar.'

"The caustic sarcasm of the apology passed unperceived by the enraged couple, and was received as the editor intended it should be. The woman smiled and bowed thanks; the man seized his hand, saying, 'your head is level;' both united in an urgent invitation to 'come, take a drink,' when all three waltzed into a neighboring saloon and—smiled unctuously."

CHAPTER XLIX.

THE ALPINE TUNNEL.

The ride from Buena Vista to Gunnison is a wonderful, and in most respects, a delightful experience; there is nothing meek or humble about it, the clouds and mountains flirt and kiss each other right before our eyes. We

continue to rise higher and higher until the Continental Divide, with its icy coronet appears clear-cut and glistening against a back ground of blue sky. The Union Pacific, in its effort to out do all rivals in feats of mountain climbing, has, in this instance, mounted to an altitude of 11,500 feet above the sea, at which point the trains plunge into the Alpine tunnel, and the next view we get of the light of day is on the Pacific slope.

About a mile farther on the engine dashes around a curve and stops at the "palisades," which rise almost perpendicular to a height of nearly five hundred feet. These towering rocks were beautifully embellished with beds of gauzy ferns. Graceful vines twined about their heads, and the ropes on which the men were suspended to carve out a roadway for the iron horse are still dangling there. Hal. talks learnedly of every green thing, from the "cedar tree that is in Lebanon, even unto the hissop that springeth out of the wall." Mr. De B—— thought it would be a proper act of gallantry to present her a bunch of ferns, and in his effort to reach them clung to a rope, which broke with his weight, when, "Oh, what a fall was there!" I wanted to ask him how he liked scaling palisades, but he seemed so cast down I didn't have the heart to speak.

Quartz creek, with its numerous tributaries, sparkles through a valley two thousand feet below. Raising one's eyes from this profound abyss the range of vision extends over one hundred and seventy-five miles to the San Juan country, where the Uncompahgre peaks stand with haughty crests, and, lying between, softened by the light blue tint of this lofty atmosphere, are hill and dale in wavy line and sleepy rest. The eye drinks in such beauty as intoxicates the soul, and then we are whirled away and

the lovely valley, like all life's charms, slips from us, leaving a steel engraving in the picture book of memory, bearing the inscription, "Glorietta View,"—yet it is called "Quartz Valley," which is "of the earth, earthy."

And now we are carried swiftly through wonder after wonder of grand scenery. Keeping company with such lofty peaks makes one feel so insignificant; there arises an overpowering consciousness of being only a speck, an atom, an infinitesimal part of the great scheme of Creation. Such contemplations are not pleasant; I prefer talking to that merry group of lawyers.

ANECDOTES OF THE BAR.

"There are many episodes in the life of an attorney who has practiced law in Colorado for twenty-two years," said General Sam Browne, "which may be at once instructive and amusing. On my arrival in Denver the District Court was in session in the bar-room of the old Planters' House. It was presided over by B. F. Hall, the first Chief Justice of Colorado—him of the 'ambrosial locks,' and when I entered the *bar* the Court was engaged in the trial of a case, the subject matter of which—a large wash-tub full of gold-dust—was present in court.

"One party was represented by the eloquent and learned but erratic, General Bowen, Judges S. and S., and the other by Judge Perkins and Judge H——. One party won, I don't recollect which, and thereupon the Court and counsel adjourned to an upper chamber and all took a drink on the Winchester plan, fire and repeat.

"A day or two after the foregoing occurrence I took my first retainer, $50. It was paid to me out of a buckskin bag of gold-dust. I was at a loss to know what to do with

it, until Judge Hallett, with whom I had taken up temporary quarters, kindly furnished me a small bag in which to carry my wealth. Gold-dust was then the only circulating medium in use here except revolvers.

"To return for a moment, this same Judge was soon afterwards indicted by the Grand Jury of his own court for malfeasance in office, and the indictment returned while he presided. He was in a quandary, and immediately consulted J. Bright Smith, Amos Steck, Judge Perkins and myself as to the proper course to be pursued by him in the premises.

"We very promptly convinced him that B. F. H. as Judge, dispensing justice, and B. F. H. a private citizen, the subject of an indictment, were so distinct and separate that the Judge might, as well as a Court, quash the indictment against the individual. Accordingly we filed and argued the motion to quash, which he, after the most grave and careful consideration sustained.

"This was my first victory in the Courts of Colorado on a motion to quash.

"Soon afterward a Court was to be held in Canon City, to which a number of attorneys, including Steck, Smith, Perkins, Gorsline and myself went to try our luck. On leaving Colorado City we took the short line through Red canon, and reached the southern end of the canon at nightfall, in a terrible snow storm. It was impossible to proceed, as we could not see the road, and were wholly ignorant of the country. So we were compelled to remain at a deserted ranch without food or shelter. Perkins discovered a bed of onions under the snow. Gorsline said he was fond of onions, doted on onions, in fact. Smith said while he didn't crave them as a steady dish, as a rel-

ish homœopathically injected, he rather liked them. Steck, in a grand outburst of expletives, manifested his disgust, and the balance partook of the odorous repast in silence.

"This was our only supper, except what we obtained from Taylor's jug.

"Next morning the party was about as sickly and disgusted an outfit as the world ever saw. We reached Canon in due time, and literally filled the court with the aroma of our presence, so to speak.

"During the next year a murderer named Van Horn was tried at Central City, before Judge Chas. Le Armour. Henry M. Teller defended, and during the trial the Judge conceived it to be his duty to leave the bench and be sworn as a witness in the case. Teller objected, but without avail. Armour took the oath, and on the first question being put to him, Teller again interposed an objection addressed to the bench, then empty. The Judge was equal to the occasion. He promptly took the bench and overruled the objection, then descended to the witness stand and proceeded to give his testimony. So the farce went on. Van Horn was convicted, sentenced to death, and was finally hanged with great *eclat* by A. C. Hunt, United States Marshal.

"After Judge Hall left the bench he was succeeded by a man named Gale, from Pennsylvania, who, in one respect, was like necessity—he knew no law. Among other of his peculiarities, he had a certain system of disposing of demurrers.

"He would hear them one day and decide them the next morning, invariably sustaining the first and overruling the second, and so on, to the end of the list.

"One day Bright Smith argued a demurrer to one of

my declarations, which, among others, was taken under advisement.

"That evening the Judge spent at my house. The next morning I leaned over the bar ostensibly to inquire after the Judge's health, but in fact to see the status of my demurrer. I found it on top and sure to be sustained if allowed to remain there. Soon the Judge's attention was attracted in another direction. I quietly slipped it under the next one in order and took my seat. Thereupon Judge Gale proceeded to decide his demurrers. As usual, the first was sustained and the second overruled. Mine was of course overruled, and I triumphed. Smith, who had seen the operation, whispered to me, 'you —— old fraud, you shuffled the deck on me.'

"But the Gale soon blew over—back to its native clime, and we were happy once more.

"While listening to these incidents I have thought of an experience of mine," said Judge V. D. Markham.

"In the spring of 1879 I received a telegram from parties living in Kansas to meet them on a certain day at West Las Animas, the county seat of Bent county, in the extreme southeastern part of Colorado. I arrived at West Las Animas the evening before the day appointed for the meeting. Early the next morning I received a dispatch from the Kansas parties saying, that, owing to some accident to the train, they would not arrive until the next day. It so happened that Judge Henry, Judge of the district of which Bent county was a part, had just that morning opened a special term of the District Court for that county. This special term was held at the request of the County Commissioners of Bent county, for

the purpose of trying five prisoners, then in jail, for the several offenses for which they had been indicted, and so relieve the county from the expense of keeping them. I had no particular business in the court, as no other business was to be transacted except the trial of these prisoners. But when a lawyer is not otherwise engaged he goes instinctively to the court-room, as a duck goes to the nearest pond. So I wandered into the court-room, in which court had just been opened. No sooner had I entered the room than the Judge, from the bench, notified me that there were no attorneys in attendance besides the prosecuting attorney, John M. Waldron, and myself, and he would be compelled to require me to appear as attorney for, and to defend these five prisoners. In vain I informed the Judge that I was in court by accident, and that I had important business on the outside. I begged, beseached and implored—told the Judge I was afflicted with rheumatism—I was near-sighted—I was deaf, and I didn't expect to live long anyhow. He was inexorable and I had to toe the mark.

"Just then the prosecuting attorney, Waldron, came to my rescue and afforded me momentary relief, but, believe me, it was only momentary. He whispered to me that the first of the five prisoners to be tried, a Mexican sitting near us with both legs cut off just above the knees, would plead guilty. Of course the Judge could not hear what Waldron said.

"I gravely straightened up and informed the Judge that I was ready and willing to proceed with the trial of the Mexican, who was charged with stealing a watch and chain, valued at eight hundred dollars. The prisoner was

at once arraigned and the indictment read to him. He was called on to plead. Great Heavens! he pleaded *not guilty*.

"The Mexican could not speak one word of English; the pleading, and everything else, was carried on through an interpreter.

"I then requested the Judge to permit me to retire into a back room, with the Mexican and interpreter, that I might learn the nature of the defense and prepare for trial, which request was readily granted by the Judge.

"As soon as we three were in the back room I inquired of the prisoner, through the interpreter, whether he had stolen the watch and chain. He candidly confessed that he had stolen them, but said he didn't believe they could prove it on him. I at once came to the conclusion that inasmuch as he was guilty, whether it could be proven or not, he might as well go to the penitentiary, and a good deal better go there than for me to fool away a whole day in defending him, after he had told me he was guilty. So I told the interpreter to tell him he had better withdraw his plea of not guilty and plead guilty. The interpreter was fully equal to the task. He had a long undertone conversation with the Mexican, but I am profoundly ignorant of what passed between them, except as I gathered it from the interpreter afterwards.

"It seems that among the many attractions which existed inside the walls of the penitentiary at Canon City, he had very forcibly impressed upon the Mexican's mind the great advantage of the boot and shoe factory which was carried on within these walls. The interpreter communicated to me, as the result of this long talk between himself and the prisoner, that he had informed the Mexican there was a good boot and shoe fac-

tory in the penitentiary, and it would be a first rate place for him to learn to make boots and shoes. He was captivated with the idea, thought it a splendid thing for him, as he had no legs and could not do ordinary work. He said it would take him six years to learn to make a first class boot, and for this reason, if the Judge would sentence him to the penitentiary for six years, he would plead guilty. I saw the propriety of fixing the sentence at six years, and at once closed the contract with the Mexican and fully intended to carry it out in good faith. We then took him back into the court-room, where the Judge was patiently awaiting us. Without saying anything to the Court about the boot and shoe business, I announced that the prisoner had concluded to withdraw his plea of not guilty, and plead guilty. The plea of not guilty was accordingly withdrawn, and the Judge proceeded to explain to the prisoner the consequences of the plea of guilty. But the prisoner persisted in his plea, relying of course upon the boot and shoe contract made in the back room, of which contract the Court was entirely ignorant.

"I supposed the Judge would reserve sentence until the trials were all over, and would then sentence all the convicts on the last day of the term. In the mean time I would quietly inform the Judge of the boot and shoe bargain entered into in the back room.

"Imagine my amazement when the Judge, immediately after the plea of guilty was entered, proceeded to sentence the Mexican to the penitentiary *for only two years*, and that without a word about boots and shoes.

"This sentence was at once and in the presence of the Court, communicated to the poor fellow, when, of all the mad Mexicans since the days of the Aztecs, he was the

maddest, and immediately he yelled in terrific Mexican, 'who in h—ll learn to make nice boot in two years.'

"I heard from him during his incarceration, and learned that he served out his term fully convinced that the whole thing was a put up job between myself, the interpreter and the Court."

CHAPTER L.

STORIES OF THE BENCH AND BAR.

Mr. C. S. Thomas, who is one of the most successful and talented lawyers in the State, then related the following amusing incident:

"In one of the frontier towns of Colorado, several years ago, resided an attorney of Milesian extraction, but who at present is believed to be somewhere in Texas. He was something of a character among those who knew him best, and to a somewhat fair understanding there was united a degree of obstinacy and perseverance which was extraordinary. However misty his conceptions of law might be, there was no mistaking his idea of the rights of his client, which always overbalanced any other consideration. To enforce or defend that right he would take any position, and if necessary, defy even the statutes of the State, though his success was hardly ever measured by his zeal. I once had occasion to appear for plaintiff, and try an ejectment suit for the recovery of a town lot, purchased some time before, but withheld by defendant on general principles. Our friend already alluded to appeared for the defendant, and, having neither title or right, claimed that defendant's possession at the time of the plaintiff's purchase was a sufficient title, and then as-

suming the position to be tenable, boldly asserted that the doctrine of *caveat emptor*, (let the purchaser beware) a principle applicable to contracts for sale of personal property only, and unheard of in matters concerning real property, was applicable to the cause.

"He was promptly overruled by the Court, but nothing daunted, upon argument to the jury, took the same position, and in order to enlighten their minds as to his meaning, proceeded to explain the doctrine of '*caveat emptor*,' as follows:

"'Now gintlemen, these worruds is a Latin terrum, which ye can't be expected to understand without explination, becase Latin is a did language, used chafely in the profession of law and midicine. *Caveat imptor* manes for instance, if I've got a mule and you want to buy him and that mule's got some pints about him what ye don't understand, and you can see them pints as well as I kin, if ye take that mule you bet your life you've got ter 'LOOK OUT!' That's what it manes ivery day in the wake.'

"The word 'lookout' was delivered with a mighty shout that deafened Court, jury and spectators, but the definition, though unique, failed to convince the jury."

Mr. G. H. Kohn said, "as telling experiences seem to be the order of the day, I will give some of mine.

"I was once invited to a wedding; the groom was a waiter in a hotel in Denver, but had formerly been engaged at the Cliff House at Manitou, where our acquaintance dates. He requested me to recommend a clergyman to tie the knot. I asked if his intended had no preference in the matter.

"'Yes,' said he, 'she would prefer a Catholic priest, but

as he would charge about $10, and would want it all cash, I cannot afford that kind of a clergyman.'

"I had a client, a German Lutheran divine, whom I obtained to perform the ceremony.

"The groom seemed to think a wedding ring necessary, and I accompanied him to the jeweler's, where he was shown a brace of solid gold rings, that cost ten dollars each.

"'Have you any cheaper?' he asked.

"'Yes,' said the jeweler, 'but they are plated.'

"'How long could a girl wear a plated ring without its appearing to be plated?' asked the groom.

"'About six years,' was the answer.

"'Well, give me that ring for $3.00. The Lord only knows where we'll be in six years. I won't tell her its plated, and she'll never find it out.'

"In a week after that the parties had grown weary of wedded life and separated.

"I paid the minister his fee!

"I was once appointed," he continued, "to defend an indigent prisoner, charged with the larceny of a horse. The prisoner protested to me that he was innocent, but unfortunately the facts, based entirely upon circumstantial evidence, pointed the other way. No one saw the person who stole the horse, steal it.

"Up to the hour of trial we had no witnesses.

"It occurred to me as a last resort that it might be well to show the previous good character of the accused. While waiting in the sheriff's office for our turn, I asked the prisoner if there was any one who could testify to his previous good character.

"'Yes,' said he, in exulting tones, 'John S. can testify to that; we were carpenters together in San Francisco.'

"'Where is John S——?' I inquired.

"'He's a prisoner in the county jail here,' was the answer.

"That almost dumbfounded me. I at once, however, concluded to take my chances with that person who was to furnish a character for my client.

"I had him brought from the jail and put upon the stand. He testified.

"The District Attorney accidentally failed to ask the witness anything about his present occupation.

"My client denied stealing the horse, or any knowledge of the larceny. The evidence for the State being all circumstantial, the testimony of the accused and his character-giving friend raised such a doubt in the minds of the jurors that they rendered a verdict of 'not guilty.'"

The conversation then turned upon their *confreres*, and the stories followed thick and fast. Said the gentleman at my right, "Col. J. B. Bissell of Leadville is one of the most able, courteous and eloquent gentlemen at the bar of the State. His splendid physique, sonorous voice and clear intelligence, would make him a conspicuous man anywhere, and his rare social qualities make him a welcome guest and a host of friends. The Colonel is a hard fighter in court, and gives and takes in most royal fashion. Whoever meets him in the forum has an antagonist of formidable dimensions, mentally and physically, and to overcome whom, resort must be had to every resource of which the cause will admit. He is rarely nonplussed or at a loss to act; though on one occasion he confessed

himself to be temporarily dumfounded, made so however not by counsel, but by Court.

"It was in 1879, before Judge (now Senator) Bowen. The Colonel was making a vigorous argument against certain instructions requested by the defendant, and which, to his mind, were vicious in the extreme.

"He spoke loudly and effectively, and at last struck one clause for the destruction of which he had saved his best arguments and most ponderous weapons.

"He thundered against it with logic, authority and with invective, until that poor instructor looked like a felon without benefit of clergy. After dissecting it, riddling it, tearing it to pieces and utterly annihilating it, he raised himself to full height and brought down his last sentence with the sledge force of a trip-hammer, something after this fashion: 'Now, your Honor, after this tremendous array of authority, which I defy the gentleman on the other side to contradict; after all these reasons, founded alike upon logic and precedent; after this exposition of the insidious doctrines which it is designed shall be instilled through the agency of this instruction into this cause; after all these things, I ask, in the name of reason, in the name of equity and fair dealing, by all those sacred principles which underlie and give life to our jurisprudence, by the memory of those great jurists whose lucid expositions of these momentous and all-important rules of law, stand as their greatest monuments, will you not refuse this instruction?'

"At this instant Judge Bowen interrupted by saying, 'Bissell, give me a cigar!' Bissell stopped—'stopped with a start' in the midst of his eloquence, mechanically took a cigar from his vest pocket, walked to the bench, handed

it to his Honor, shook himself to ascertain if he were dreaming, and took his seat. The argument was ended."

"I have a good one on Patterson," said another of the legal fraternity. "In the early days of the '70's Mrs. Mary Johnson, of Vinegar Hill, was a character, and a most ubiquitious one. She was a witness in nearly all the sensational cases of the period, and knew more of her neighbors' affairs than they could possibly know themselves.

"She was once subjected to a severe cross-examination by the Hon. T. M. Patterson, who so deftly plied her with questions that she was finally driven to a corner, and a question was asked which, however she might answer it, would involve her in a palpable and unexplainable contradiction. She hesitated for a second only, and then turning upon him savagely answered: 'Misther Patterson, ye are only calkelated to create confusion.'

"She was permitted to leave the stand without further questions."

"No collection of stories of Colorado lawyers is complete without one on Judge Bradford," said a gentleman in the party, "so here goes:

"'Judge Bradford,' said Judge X. during the trial of a cause, 'you have made an ass of yourself and are in contempt. I will fine you $5.00 for contempt and for making an ass of yourself.'

"'Here's $2.50,' said Judge Bradford in his famous high piping tones, 'that'll pay for the contempt. I s'pose I'll be an ass all my life, so I'll owe you the other $2,50.' Court adjourned."

The following is the story of an "orthodox attorney." As no names were given I suspect the relator to be the

hero, and shall designate him as the gentleman who professed on one occasion to be near-sighted and deaf.

"Several years ago, during a time of great religious excitement among some of the orthodox denominations, a divine of prominence called upon a Denver attorney, at his office, and somewhat abruptly remarked, 'my dear, dying brother, I have come to see you about your immortal soul. It grieves me to hear that you are yet out of the ark of safety, and that you have not made your peace with God. My dear brother, have you no fixed religious opinions?'

"*Attorney.* 'Oh, yes, I have one.'

"*Divine.* 'Thank God, that is better than none. What is that one?'

"*Attorney.* 'Well, I don't believe in the orthodox hell, and once get that orthodox hell out of the way and there isn't a great deal to bother about.'

"*Divine.* 'My dear deluded brother, you say you don't believe in the orthodox hell—you certainly commit many sins on this earth—if you do not believe in the punishment of hell, what punishment do you think will be inflicted on you after death for these many sins?'

"*Attorney.* 'I have given this subject very serious consideration, and have come to the conclusion that I will be sentenced to the torture of being everlastingly compelled to take depositions, and I assure you that the fear of this sometimes almost persuades me to be a Christian.'"

There is no knowing how many more stories I would have gathered, for lawyers, as a rule, are good talkers, and this party seemed bent upon bringing all of their associates of the bar upon the scene, but the neighing of the iron horse announced our arrival at Gunnison.

CHAPTER LI.

GUNNISON.

The city of Gunnison was founded in the fall of 1879, by Prof. S. Richardson, and now it has massive brick and stone blocks, that seem to have sprung up with the swift and easy architecture of Aladdin's Palace. The La Veta hotel, a superb building, with accommodations equal to any in Eastern cities, is entirely a native structure. The foundation rock and ornamental stone were all quarried at the edge of Gunnison; the brick were made there, likewise the woodwork. The iron castings are the product of their foundries; the lime for mortar and plaster of native manufacture. Adding to these products the gold and silver in the surrounding mountains, and we have the resources which are to maintain a constant growth.

How the Gunnison bank was established is a characteristic story of frontier life. In '79 Sam. G. Gill, then living in Denver, conceived the idea that a bank would pay in Gunnison. Not until the spring of '80, however, was he able to organize it, then succeeded through the help of Governor Tabor and the late Col. Jacobson. At this time the Rio Grande road was completed to Alamosa in Conejos county, Gunnison being distant one hundred and fifty miles. All freighting had to be done by mule and ox teams across Cochetopa Pass, a long, tedious haul.

When Gill left Denver he locked up the greater part of his bank capital ($30,000) in his safe, and shipped it to Alamosa. When he reached that place he found such a vast quantity of freight *en route* to Gunnison that

it was a week before the forwarding merchant could ship his furniture and safe.

All this time the latter, with its precious contents, stood upon the platform of the forwarding houses, passed daily by all the hard characters of a mining camp, who, had they known its value, would soon have wrecked it. Gill had it marked Alonzo Hartman, Gunnison, Colorado (the name of one of his partners), then purchased a suit of overalls and loafed around with the freighters so as to keep an eye on his treasure.

At length the valuable freight was loaded, and when ready to start, Gill stepped up to the driver and asked if he could secure passage with him. After some parleying the man said, "yes, if you will do half the cooking, and buy all the supplies, tobacco and whisky, wash the dishes, hitch and unhitch the mules, you may go." Gill consented.

The fourth day out they were compelled to build a corduroy road, and were subsequently delayed a day by high water. In all, they were fifteen days *en route*. Gill performed his part of the contract to the satisfaction of his "boss." But it was rather a novel *role* for a bank cashier to assume.

Arriving in Gunnison, and having paid the freighter, he dropped his disguise and assumed his proper character, greatly to the astonishment of the latter, who then, for the first time, discovered the identity of his "cook and helper."

CHAPTER LII.

"ADOPTING A WESTERN BOY."

The La Veta Hotel, though completed, was not yet open for visitors. However, we had no reason to regret it, as we were made quite comfortable at the Tabor, where the polite and obliging clerk, Mr. J., brought the pioneers from the highways and byways to talk with me. There were no old people in the country. The oldest gentlemen I met were Col. Smith and Prof. S. Richardson, and they *speak of themselves as boys.*

Said Mr. Rough, "I was one of the million who toiled in the mines and did not strike it rich. Among the fellows who gathered around the camp fire and spun yarns was Dick Irwin. He was at once jovial, bright and witty, of large and varied experience, though his violet eyes did not speak of adventure, and his smoothly shaven face and small, graceful stature gave him the appearance of adolescent youth.

"Once upon a time he went to Philadelphia on a visit with Mr. Joe Watson, and while there was invited to a large and rather fashionable party.

"Out of courtesy to his host, rather than inclination, he went, but it had been many years since he attended a gathering of that kind, and he felt like a fish out of water. He took a seat in a retired corner and was enjoying the gay scene in his peculiar way, when the two beautiful daughters of the host timidly approached him and asked why he didn't dance.

"He told them that his early education in that direction

had been somewhat neglected; indeed, he had never had any education, he was brought up by the rude savages; was stolen away from his parents when a child four years old. He was skilled in all the arts of the red man; could ride like a Centaur, dance the war dance and pitch the tomahawk, but was entirely ignorant of the graces of civilization. He related thrilling incidents, how he was stood up by a tree and the warriors shot their arrows around his head to see how near they could shoot and miss him; how he longed to be with his people, and in his effort to escape was apprehended and forced to travel, half-starved and footsore, over a rugged, mountainous country. He was finally sold to good Mr. Watson for a red blanket, a plug of tobacco and a jug of whisky.

"Their hearts and eyes were brimful of pity and sympathy for the poor young man, and before retiring that evening they related the sorrowful story to their mother, and begged of her to adopt him; they had no brother and they thought he would fill the bill to a fraction.

"The mother said she would sleep on the matter, but there came neither 'sleep to her eyes or slumber to her eyelids.' Like Miss Murdstone, 'generally speaking she didn't like boys,' but this story harrowed up her soul, and her interest in this young fellow began to assume mammoth proportions.

"The next morning she called on Mrs. Watson and expressed her desire to adopt the young Western boy. Imagine her astonishment when Mrs. Watson informed her that the 'boy' was the Hon. Richard Irwin, known throughout Colorado as a daring and adventurous explorer, that he was a leading member of the Colorado Legislature, and had a wife and four children!" Just as Mr.

Rough finished a form darkened the door, and he exclaimed: "Dick Irwin—as true as I live! 'Speak of the angels and you hear their wings.' Where did you come from, old boy? We are having a sort of old-fashioned love-feast; sit down and give us a bit of your experience."

He declared he felt as embarrassed as if he had been called upon to speak in meeting, nevertheless his perfect repose of manner gave the contrary impression. His voice was low and his articulation so perfect as to render every word distinctly audible, which gave a peculiar charm to his conversation.

"Modesty forbids me to speak of myself," said he, "but I will tell you a funny thing that happened in the early days on the Huerfano.

"HOW HE WOOED HER."

"A Justice of the Peace had been called upon to marry a poor Mexican to the object of his affections. The Justice elevated his eyebrows in surprise to see such a handsome girl willing to link her destiny with the poor shiftless fellow before him, but proceeded to declare them husband and wife according to law, and then demanded his fee—five dollars.

"The astonished Mexican exclaimed: 'Por Dios, I haven't it, Senor Judge.'

"'Well, then,' said the Justice, 'I annul the legal contract until you get it.'

"While the fellow was hunting up his *compadres* and *amigos* (partners and friends) to raise the funds necessary to make him the happiest man on the creek, the Justice said to the girl, 'Marcelina, couldn't you marry a more worthy fellow than that? He can't even pay the marriage fee.'

"'Por Dios,' she replied, 'it seemed the best I could do, and how miserable a poor girl feels away from her friends, without either home or husband. So when he asked me to marry him I couldn't say no, as I didn't know of anybody else who wanted me for a wife.'

"'Why, Marcelina, you could have done much better if you had only known it.'

"'Por Dios, I'd like to, who could it be?'

"'Why, you could have me, and as the fellow has not paid the five dollars, stand up and I'll marry you myself.' And he did so, thereby annulling the previous ceremony and clinching the final one."

Mr. Irwin then took his hat and bowed gracefully out of the room, saying,

"Was ever woman in this humor woo'd?
Was ever woman in this humor won?"

"Come," said Mr. Dunham, who, in energy and enthusiasm, is a typical Western man, "we will go to the office of Dr. Jennings and see his large and handsome collection of specimens. He has specimens of the iron, coal, silver, gold, etc., produced in this region." Somewhat astonished at his list of the precious and useful, I asked, "is that all?"

"Yes," said he, pulling his mustache in a meditative way, "we are only waiting for some one to suggest something that we haven't, and we will immediately send a prospector into the mountains to find it."

Entering the Doctor's office, and Lo, the poor Indian, skull and bones, like the label on "cold pizen," was "just above the chamber door."

I sat down on a big lump of anthracite coal (it isn't everywhere that nature furnishes an ebony chair of such

strength and proportions), and we talked of the ghastly relic. All of his ornaments, which hung by him, the beads, feathers and earrings, looked bran new. He must have been cut down in the freshness of his youth, before he had an opportunity to decorate his belt with many scalps. Death is so remorseless. But it is hard to tell, he might have been "heep big Indian," and powerful hair-puller of his day, bearing the high-sounding cognomen of Rolling Thunder, Roaring Water or Whistling Wind. I couldn't learn the particulars, for the only relic of him in any one's possession was there, the property of Dr. Jennings. He says it is genuine, and he wouldn't sell it for its weight in gold. He is right, for soon the once powerful race will be swept from the face of the earth, and exist only in memory, or on the canvas of Jack Howland, where, in company with the buffalo of the plains, they will live in life-like reality, long after the hand of the gifted artist has mingled with the dust.

As I sat there, that grinning face on the wall seemed to be casting reproachful glances at me, and saying, "all these millions of acres were my hunting ground; you came here and tried to make me earn my living by the sweat of my brow, like the white man, and teach me to say, 'gee, haw, come up Buck!' But I preferred to borrow ponies and chase the antelope and deer. I knew nothing of Sunday School and the sciences, except the science of hair-lifting. You should have kept away. The Gospel that says, 'preach my word to all people,' was not intended for me." Solemn thought—a subject of remorse for those who believed they were taking the "buried talent" from the unworthy steward! Only a few years ago smoke curled from their tepees on the plains, the braves

gathered around their council fires, and the forest echoed with their whoop, when they started off in search of scalps. And they had no steam engine to freight home their trophies. How shameful! The Bureau ought to have attended to that matter.

Who is he, anyhow? by what title must I address him? He certainly belongs to the royal family of the Sioux, Cheyennes or Arapahoes, who are responsible to no civil court of justice, who toil not, neither do they spin. Whoever he is, he has been checked for the "happy hunting ground," and he'll not be lonely, for the rest of his family will soon follow. Their glory has faded. Sorry to say it, sorry to wound the hearts of those who talk so lovingly of the noble red man—but it's faded.

CHAPTER LIII.

A WESTERN FUNERAL.

Mr. Charles Shackleford, of Gunnison, a gentleman of pleasing manner and remarkably fine conversational powers, told me the following pathetic little story:

"She was the mildest-mannered Magdalen in the camp, where there were many rough and desperate characters, both men and women. It was what might be called, on the frontier of civilization, a 'hurrah' town, where the reckless, desperate and bloody-minded men of the plains frequently came in for a 'racket,' and rode through the streets pistol in hand, uttering oaths never heard in the settlements east of the Missouri; oaths that expressed the concentrated essence of blasphemy, rank with the flavor of bar-room obscenity.

"There was no church in the camp, but there were many saloons and gambling halls, and several dance-houses, where were congregated painted Jezebels and girls of desperate fortunes, who had fled the crowded thoroughfares of the Eastern cities to take part in the unbridled liberties of a bad life, far removed from the scenes of their maidenhood and purity.

"Life was busy and buoyant there, but was not held in high esteem. Duels between men were frequent, but entirely informal. An insult was given, and without delay insulter and insulted drew their 'guns.' The law always justified the man who got the drop on his antagonist. The murdered man was informally buried and soon forgotten, until his 'partner' or 'brother' came to avenge his death.

"But one day the whole camp was still, and the ghost of a fallen girl seemed to walk through the tented town and into the saloons and places of revelry, commanding peace.

"The mild-mannered Magdalen was dead. Her sisters in shame had prepared her a shroud—of raiment white as snow, and procured a handsome coffin for her poor body.

"A young preacher with his wife had lately come into the camp, and he was asked to conduct the funeral service over the dead girl. He consented.

"The hall where the body of the girl was placed for the last rites was filled with desperate men and fallen women. There was one pure woman there, the preacher's wife, and she was seated by the side of a handsome madame in whose house the girl had died.

"After the opening prayer the minister read from the

Gospel of St. John, 20th chapter: 'The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalen, early, when it was yet dark, unto the sepulchre.'

"He preached the love of Christ to the assembled crowd. He spoke not of hell nor the torments of the damned, but talked of the blessed Master, of his mercy, his charity, and of his infinite wealth of love. He spoke of him as the very bosom friend of the fallen, as a very present help in time of need; as the only hope of human life and the only friend on whom they could call in time of trouble and of deep despair. Even though father and mother, and brother and sister had proven untrue, and had deserted them, still they could lay their burden on Him, and craving His love and forgivness, could receive that rest and peace and love that passeth even the love of a brother. And so he said we will commit the future of this poor girl, whose life was shadowed as she passed into the hidden land, to the mercy of our blessed Lord, believing that He will look into human lives and human hearts with love and tenderness, and gentle truth; that he will not forget that it was Mary, the Magdalen, who was first at the sepulchre and wept because they had taken her Lord away.

"There were few dry eyes in that hall when he concluded his touching remarks, and there were fewer still when he read out as the closing hymn:

"'Just as I am, without one plea,
But that thy blood was shed for me,
And that Thou bid'st me come to Thee,
O, Lamb of God, I come.

"'Just as I am, and waiting not,
To rid my soul of one dark blot,
To Thee, whose blood can cleanse each spot,
O, Lamb of God, I come.'

"The thrill of that last hymn touched many hearts as they never had been touched before. Nor will that picture ever pass out of my mind. As I recall the scene I can even now see the pure-faced wife of the preacher, holding the same hymn-book, and joining in a tremulous soprano at the feet of the dead in company with the handsome madame in whose house of shame the poor girl died."

CHAPTER LIV.

THE ROYAL GORGE.

It was with a sigh of regret that I left Gunnison and the many delightful people I met there.

We returned via the Rio Grande Railway, and soon the little engine was panting and groaning in its toilsome ascent of the Marshall Pass. We were now approaching perilous heights indeed, we seemed to be suspended, like Mohamet's coffin, midway between heaven and earth. Yet we had ceased to hold our breath to assist the locomotive, for one becomes accustomed to swinging on the ragged edge of the mountains in the course of a tour through them.

It was very wild when we reached the summit, and a marvelous inspection of the situation increased our thrilly sensations.

The scenery along the Arkansas in its passage through the Rocky Mountains is varied and beautiful. At times the river glides smoothly through a wide valley, between vine-covered banks, and again rushes impetuously through a narrow belle, roaring and foaming over its

rocky bed, until again soothed to rest in a broad, open park.

The prospect becomes more and more sublime until the Royal Gorge is reached, where the towering rocks, thousands of feet above us, bend their heads together like the fabled Symplegades through which the Argonauts passed in their search for the Golden Fleece.

Our hearts seemed to sink and almost stop beating while contemplating this chasm, the supremest possible ideal of awe-inspiring grandeur. We can not see the face of God and live, but we can look upon his creation, learn of him, believe and tremble. Soon we are whirled from this deep wrinkle in the dread frown of nature to the broad, smiling prairies. Earth, from the loftiest mountain tops and deepest valleys, the flowers that blossom over its wide plains, the stars that twinkle in the heavens, the elements that speak in thunder tones, or sigh in the gentle zephyrs, bids man join in the glad anthem:

"The hand that made us is divine."

Canon City, called the Gate City of the Rocky Mountains, and the "garden spot of Colorado," certainly makes excellent provision for tourists and—convicts.

The Penitentiary, which is located here, surpasses any I have ever seen in the perfection of all its parts, and the accommodations of the McClure House were elegant. We were furnished a private parlor without extra charge, which is something unique in a traveler's experience.

Hearing a boy on the street sing out something, which was not distinctly audible, I put my head out of the window and called "paper." The little urchin looked up and said, "soda water, lady; have a glass? only five cents."

These little urchins are as vociferous in presenting their

beverage to the public as the newsboy with his paper. We went to the mineral springs, just at the edge of the city, and found many invalids there, lolling in the rustic arbor, and drinking freely of the health-giving waters, which are said to cure chronic, cutaneous and blood diseases.

The next on the programme was Talbott Hill, where Professor Marsh of Yale College, and Professor Cope of the Academy of Natural Science, Philadelphia, have exhumed bones of animals of enormous size.

These fossil remains were discovered in April, 1878, by a young gentleman who was teaching a country school in the park. He immediately apprised the professors of his discovery, and since then Talbott Hill has attracted the attention of the entire scientific world. Limited time prevented our visiting the orchard of Mr. Jesse Frazier, who has succeeded in demonstrating the possibilities of fruit culture in the Arkansas valley. I learned from good authority that he has now nearly three thousand apple trees in bearing.

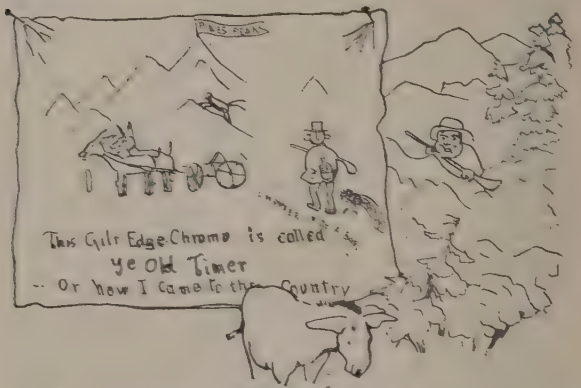
Canon City has been settled twice. In 1860–61 it was almost as large and important as Denver, but the diversion of travel to the South Park mines by another route, and a great many of her citizens having entered the army at the outbreak of the war, soon brought the place to ruin. In 1863 it was almost entirely depopulated, Mr. Anson Rudd and family being left its sole occupants. Any man who could remain in a frontier town while it was indulging in a Rip Van Winkle sleep of five or six years ought to be worth interviewing, and so, accompanied by Judge Felton of the *Record*, I called at his residence, and, happily, found him to be a pleasant,

genial gentleman, full of genuine wit and humor. He invited us to a rustic seat under the apple trees, that were literally breaking down with fruit.

In answer to my questioning he said: "I knew of the coal, iron and mineral springs in this vicinity, and saw that Nature had arranged things for a city, when the people should be ready, so concluded to 'bide my time.' I told them I was too poor to provide my family with provisions during a journey to some other place. Twelve others remained, but they were crippled or deranged, and as I was the only sound one I was said to be the only man left. The loneliness and stillness were oppressive at times, and the large, empty stone houses that had been so full of noisy life intensified the loneliness. For a long time our existence as a community was ignored; we had not even the advantage of a mail; apart from an occasional visit from the Indians there was nothing to break the monotony."

He then invited us to the house to see a picture presented to him by friends on his sixty-fourth birthday. It is called "Ye Old Timer," or "How I came to this Country." With a merry twinkle in his eye he said, "there is the buckboard to show how I came, and the rest of the picture is thus explained: Once, while out hunting with a party of friends, I saw the back of a jackass above the sage brush, and, taking it to be a bear, I crawled on my hands and knees until near enough, and fired—killing my jack, after which I sat upon a cactus, that caused me to take my meals off the mantel for a week or two, and to prefer standing when asked to be seated. This picture was presented to me by Judge Felton, in a very

graceful speech, under the apple trees—a surprise party, they called it."



THE CHROMO.

Judge Felton, who was turning the leaves of Mr. Rudd's scrap book, said, "I will read you the reply to that speech as I find it here:

"'*Friends, Fellow Citizens and Members of the Fruit Eating Club:* As we have met on this anniversary occasion to commemorate an eventful event, which has long since passed into history, and is filed away among the archives of forgotten statesmen, I think it proper that we should celebrate the occasion with ceremonies commensurate with its individual and national importance. The cordial response you have given to the *sub rosa* invitation you received to give me a surprise, has caused my feelings to go junketing to the ethereal realms of estatic idiocy, (where I feel it unsafe to follow because of heart trouble,) in view of which you will please excuse me if, in the interim, I remain and look after my jeopardized fruit interest.

"'I acknowledge to a little surprise that so many of the invited surprisers failed to surprise, though when I look on the surprisers congregated, and take a mental inventory of their apparent fruit capacity, I can cheerfully accept the regrets of the absentees.

"'My vocabulary is too meagre to thank you in fitting words for this spontaneous and enthusiastic outburst of respect, which I have accomplished only by a persistent effort; therefore I will have to look to other sources for aid. First, I will consult the lexicographers:

"'But Webster fails in verbal lore,
And Walker lived too long before
Surprises had become the rage,
(As 'tis a thing of modern age),
And Worcester, tho' of recent date,
Had no surprises in his pate;
At least, so far as I can trace,
He lacks in terms to treat this case.
In this sad, sore dilemma, I
Am forced for aid my muse to try,
'In order that an answer meet,
In fitting words, your speech may greet;
A speech so tinged with genius' rays
It takes me back to halcyon days
Of boyhood, when, with speech the first
On startled earth, my genius burst,
The words were beautiful, altho'
Just what you meant, I do not know.
* * * * *
This chromo, with its scenes so rife,
So fraught with incidents of life,
Along its rugged mountain range,
Where all is changeful, weird and strange,
Conjures to memory's flickering light
Scenes stored back in oblivion's night.
The "bar" that sports the jackass ears,
Rolls back on me a tide of years,
And brings again the scenes afresh

When once, in wand'ring thro' the "bresh,"
I spid a grizzly, fierce and awful,
And, as it was both right and lawful
To prey upon the plantigrade,
My preparations were soon made
For bloody contest, fierce and long.
Then, after singing my death-song,
I drew a fine bead on the ursuline mass,
Crack, went my gun, and down tumbled an ass.
The cactus, so modestly rearing its fronds,
With that innocent air, which the devil oft dons,
Can discount the conscience of any old-timer,
Not barring the hard one of Old Rudd, the rhymer,
Altho' with the scene, it may gracefully blend,
Yet, 'twill ever remind me of my latter end.
The mules that so piously pose in the scene,
Are concocting some trick on their owner, I ween,
Yet their forms on the canvas will ever suggest
To my mind the features of each honored guest.
The artist's likeness in the scene,
Standing beside the cactus green,
Altho' no label guides the mind,
And, save the bottle, shown behind,
Marked "Snake Bite," little else is seen
To draw distinctive line between,
Yet 'tis so plain, most any fool
Could tell the artist from the mule.
I thank you, friends, for you attention,
And other things unwise to mention.'

"This impromptu response I had prepared some two weeks before the occasion."

Governor Rudd, as he is usually called, is one of the oldest citizens of Canon, and his many excellent traits of character have won for him general respect and esteem. With a heart keenly alive to the necessities of the times, and fully in sympathy with the welfare and efforts of his fellow-men, he has attained a "beautiful old age."

He escorted us through his fine orchard, plucking and presenting us in a hospitable manner with luscious apples and pears. There was no "forbidden fruit" in that garden.

CHAPTER LV.

"THE RELIGIOUS WAR."

The Hon. Thomas Macon, in speaking of Canon, said: "The first settlement was made up of all classes, the vicious element predominating. The second settlement began in 1864, and the settlers were of the highly moral order, and like the Puritans of old, were determined to lay the foundation of social and sound moral principles; allowing every one to worship according to the dictates of his own conscience, provided always the conscience was so far enlightened as to accept their theology.

"With this high and holy purpose, about twenty families arrived at Canon in July, 1864, and at once resolved, first, that the earth belonged to the saints; second, that they were the saints; and proceeding to act upon their conclusion, took possession of the vacant houses in the town.

"They were of the old-fashioned orthodox Baptist creed; looked upon infant baptism as a sin against the Holy Ghost, and missionary enterprises as casting the children's bread to the dogs.

"They came without a shepherd, but they had a 'singing master,' who taught them to sing, and with his assistance they praised the Lord on Sunday.

"For a time all went on smoothly, but in an evil hour a wolf came to harass this flock of lambs, in the shape of a Universalist preacher, and they were sore distressed.

"The idea of taking from them their favorite hell was more than they could endure. One old lady, a sort of 'mother in Israel,' declared that fire was as necessary to salvation as water, and she would as soon give up baptism as hell.

"It was plain that they must have a shepherd, one who could fight with the weapons of faith, and put to flight the enemies of Satan. So, in process of time, they lit upon the very man they needed. He was fresh from Missouri, and rejoiced in the annihilation of all heretics. He arrived early in the spring of 1865, and at once began to prepare for war.

"He threw down his glove (buckskin, of course), and it was promptly taken up by Beelzebub, as the enemy was called, and for several months the entire community was agitated with profound discussions of original sin, total depravity, the efficacy of good works, the nature of faith and the mysteries of redemption, atonement, foreordination and election.

"At length Satan and his ambassadors were vanquished and fled the country, leaving our Baptist friends and their preacher master of the field. A great revival and many baptisms were the result of the victory, and it became necessary to court the favor of the Church to gain or hold popularity.

"The politicians all became Baptists, and for a few years the Church was omnipotent in Fremont county. But prosperity proved their ruin. Like Jeshuran, they 'waxed fat and kicked.' Having no external foes they quarreled among themselves, and their preacher, or elder, as he was called, attempting to compose their differences, as is usual in such cases, incurred the hostility of both factions, and in

a solemn assembly of the Church he was put upon trial for slander, convicted, and in the presence of his weeping family dismissed, not only from his pulpit but from the Church.

"To the eye of flesh the good elder was lost, but the eye of faith saw further into the millstone. He was cast down, but not dismayed; discomfited, but not conquered. He bent before the storm, but did not break. His enemies boasted of their victory, and taunted him in his distress. He went on in the even tenor of his way, and devoted himself to making friends of the Mammon of unrighteousness. They did not dream of the resources of one possessed of such unfaltering faith as he had. They forgot, if indeed they had ever known the proverb, 'Pride goeth before destruction, and a haughty spirit before a fall.'

"The good elder had taken the precaution to appeal or move for a new trial, and before the momentous day for that had arrived, he was prepared. He had laid their grievances before the sinners of Canon City, and they were in the Church in force, determined to see fair play.

"After the usual formalities it came to a vote, and the sinners voted him back into the church and pulpit, his most active prosecutors were censured and suspended until they should repent and ask the good man's pardon, which they never did; when the elder, to heap coals of fire on their heads, introduced an organ into the church. This caused further defections, and in the spring of 1868 all but four of the original families who entered Canon in 1864 sold out and removed to Missouri, and the land had rest till now.

"In the summer of 1867 Bishop Randall of the Epis-

copal Church, made his first visit to Canon, and his clerical garb at once indicated his sacred character. It was quite plain he was not a Baptist, and the before-mentioned elder, in his zeal for the protection of his own, took the alarm, and after some inquiry, decided the Bishop was a Roman Catholic priest. This was at once communicated to the faithful, and they were warned to keep away from him and his meetings.

"But they were assured by the Bishop that he was an Episcopalian, and on the next day a few of the Baptist brethren, anxious to see the new form of worship, disregarded the warnings and ventured out.

"They were horror stricken when the Bishop appeared in his robes; but curiosity held them and they sat with what composure they could command until the 'creed' was recited, and 'I believe in the Holy Catholic Church' was said, when with one accord they rushed out of the church, declaring the Bishop to be a Roman Catholic, and proving it by the creed.

"And now," said Mr. Macon, "while we are talking of old times, I will tell you another story.

"A MARRIAGE BY THE JUSTICE."

"From 1863 to 1868 Fremont county was attached to Pueblo for judicial purposes, and all cases of law originating in Fremont county had to be tried at Pueblo. The legal fraternity, therefore, sought the latter place, and Canon City was for some time dependent entirely upon Pueblo for counsel in their grievances, and Pueblo lawyers were looked upon as the highest authority.

"The judiciary of Fremont during this time was not of the highest order, but was considered at least honest.

There was a Probate Judge and at least one Justice of the Peace for each precinct. The community did not seem to require more. The Justices had but little to do and found their offices sinecures. Now and then a marriage was to be solemnized and this was about all they were called upon to do.

"In the fall of 1864 one Thomas A. Johnson was elected Justice of the Peace. He was both verdant and modest, but strictly honest. He didn't find his judicial duties onerous, and pursued his vocation as a ranchman without interruption from suitors in his court. The only change observable in his situation was the appellation of 'Squire, with which he was addressed by the people.

"This condition of things continued for about six months, when he was called from his plow to join a couple in the bonds of matrimony.

"This being his first call he was considerably embarrassed, being unfamiliar with the ceremony; and there being no lawyer with whom he could consult, he was compelled to depend upon his own resources.

"At length he commanded them to stand up and raise their right hands. This order being obeyed, he proceeded, 'You do solemnly swear that you will take each other for man and wife.'

"To this they reponded in the affirmative, whereupon the Squire said, 'by the authority invested in me by the Constitution of the United States and the laws of Colorado, I pronounce you *man* and *woman*.'

"The man protested that they were that before the ceremony, and what the Squire said did not amount to marriage.'

"The Squire assured them that this ceremony would do until he could take counsel of a lawyer, and adjourned the matter for ten days. This satisfied the parties, and they went on their way, but they never returned to have the amendment made to the ceremony, and are still living together as man and woman."

CHAPTER LVI.

THE HUNT.

Taking the baby railroad for Pueblo we found ourselves in company with a party of Nimrods, who were returning from a big hunt. They were enthusiastic on the subject, and talked freely of their exploits.

Said Mr. J. W. C., "I shall always remember the grand old time we had in '82. A party of us left Denver for a month's hunt in Southwestern Colorado, in the Ute country, from which the Indians had a short time previously been removed. The Rio Grande R. R. was at that time building its Salt Lake line, and was just reaching the reservation. We arrived in Delta now a flourishing town, but then the toughest place in the West, at midnight, and camped in the sand and sage brush. Talmadge said Leadville, in its booming days, surpassed anything he ever saw in the way of wickedness, but he should have visited a railroad camp, when the graders and miners were making a night of it. We concluded the Utes had not been removed.

"We traveled up the wide valley of the Gunnison, thence up Tougue and Surface creeks until we reached the Grand Mesa, a country that can only be described by say-

ing that ten by thirty miles in extent, it seemed like a tall range of mountains, from which the tops had been cut off, leaving a beautiful rolling mesa 5,000 feet above the surrounding country, and from the edge of which the grandest and most beautiful view is obtained.

"Far below, on the steep side of the mountains up which we had threaded our way, we could see the effects of the autumn frost and sun on the foliage. The colors were in great patches. There were the dark green of the spruce, then the red and green of the oak, further on a long belt of cedar, and patches of the brightest crimson—a mountain shrub—and mingled with the whole, large clumps of yellow quaking-asps.

"Far below us was Tongue creek, fringed with a beautiful patchwork of variously colored Colorado trees. Farther away, thirty miles from where we stood, through the centre of a dark, dust-colored valley about twenty miles in width, flowed the Gunnison river, and to us, with its fringe of yellow trees, it looked like a winding thread of gold, with an occasional flush of silver, when the sunlight was reflected from some part of it.

"Far beyond the river rose the Elk mountains, whose dark shadows and perpetual snows, told us they were part of one of the highest ranges in the country. We pushed on through a succession of parks, each surrounded with trees, and generally a mountain stream or lake added to the beauty of the scene.

"We camped in a dark clump of spruce, near us a little stream, and in front a large lake of the coldest and clearest water, fairly alive with trout. At the peep of day we were up and prepared for a tramp before breakfast; there was a splash far off in the lake, the sharp ring of a rifle,

a heavy plunge, and a little later V. K. brought in for our breakfast the first deer of the hunt.

"Besides a great many deer, as the result of our rifles, we found in the willows and on the hill-sides grouse as large as turkey hens, on the lakes splendid ducks, and in the streams trout enough to satisfy any number of ravenous appetites.

"One night, by moonlight, we watched the beavers at work. One morning at sunrise, we were a few feet above the clouds; below us it was snowing; before us, as far as the eye could reach, in great, rolling masses, that were brilliantly white in the morning sun, were the clouds that to us looked like a sea of snow, with here and there a rocky island, as some mountain, taller than its companions, reared its head above the storm.

"The greatest evidence of the former Indian occupants was in the lower part of the country, through which the deer in great numbers pass every spring and fall. There was a **V**-shaped fence of stone, each arm of the **V** being a stone fence fully fifteen miles long; the **V** opening towards the mountains from which the deer came, and the point of the **V**, instead of being closed, was open for the deer to pass, and in cunningly dug holes would be seated the Indians to kill them. The fence, which had been built entirely by the squaws, was to turn the deer all to this one point, and though it was merely a succession of stone piles, anything that has the appearance of having been made by man is as effectual a barrier to deer as the tallest fence.

"Another cunning device of the Indians is seen wherever there are rocks; when they see a rock about the size of a man's body, they place another about the size of a man's head on top. It is done to accustom the deer to

such objects, so that an Indian sitting behind a stone with his head in full view, is not likely to frighten them.

"One night, having reached the foot-hills, we camped in a belt of pinyon trees, which, at this time of year, when the nuts are ripe, is the favorite resort of bear. We had killed one that morning. Three of our party spread our blankets together, but the fourth said he should try a night in the hammock, and so went off some distance to the deserted commencement of a cabin. Logs had been piled up about seven feet high, making three sides to the intended cabin, but the front and roof had not been put on. In there he swung his hammock, and, being a cold night, tied himself in, only leaving an opening for his head. And, using his own words, 'I awoke in the night nearly scared to death, for there by my side, eating a stub of candle I had used, or a few feet away eating a piece of venison that hung on the wall, I could all too plainly hear a bear munching, and from the noise I knew it must be a large one. As a boy I had often heard that if you hold your breath the bear would consider you as dead as a door nail, and not bother himself about eating you.

"'Tied in the hammock and unarmed, I was completely at the mercy of the beast if he took the notion, and my only way of getting out was to tip over and slide out, head first.

"'After holding my breath a few seconds, that seemed like ages, I concluded I would get out if it killed me, and out I went. As I gathered myself up I saw the bear was not by me, and therefore supposed he must be on the other side. In about three seconds I was on the top of that wall and then I saw my bear. One of our

mules had wandered over and was standing close by my hammock.

"'The cold night and sharp wind had tingled his ears, and to keep them warm he was shaking his head with a peculiar motion that would double up his ears and make a crunching sound like a bear or other large animal eating.

"'I slept with the boys after that.'"

CHAPTER LVII.

PUEBLO.

At Pueblo we were entertained with sumptuous hospitality at the residence of Hon. Alva Adams, who, with the enthusiasm of a true Western man, pointed out to us the more attractive features of this flourishing city. In his opinion it is the new Pittsburgh of the West. Here the little giant of the initial narrow gauge of the continent, Denver and Rio Grande, turns as it were on a pivot and throws out tracks, arms and branches, to every point in the mountains, which has made Pueblo one of the great markets for ore and other supplies. While the Santa Fe with its broad gauge, steel-railed track and elegant equipments, places them in direct communication with the East.

The Pueblos include two distinct municipalities, on the opposite banks of the Arkansas river, each duly organized and officered. It is probable they will consolidate in course of time and form one grand, elongated city.

We drove to Bessemer, the town founded and admirably sustained by the "Colorado Coal and Iron Company," where we saw steel rails and other merchantable materials, as nails, spikes, etc., in process of manufacture.

The State Insane Asylum, situated on the outskirts of the city, is one of the most complete buildings in the

West for the comfort and care of the afflicted of the race. We were shown through the building by Dr. P. R. Thombs, a gentleman who has devoted many years to the study of mental infirmities in all their forms, and ably fills the position of superintendent.

The motto over the portals of the *Chieftain*, "In God we Trust," arrested our attention, and impressed us as a rather unique emblem for a newspaper. Editors are generally supposed to rely mainly upon the solid bonanza idea.

THE BIG TREE.

We paused for a moment over the grave of Pueblo's first love, "The Old Monarch," a venerable cottonwood of huge dimensions, and read from a card the following:

"The tree that grew here was 380 years old; circumference, 28 ft.; height, 79 ft.; was cut down June 25th, 1883, at the cost of $250."

It was known throughout Colorado as one of the oldest land-marks in the State.

During the Pike's Peak excitement "the old tree" sheltered many a weary traveler. In 1850 thirty-six persons were massacred by the Indians while camping near this spot. Kit Carson, Wild Bill, Buffalo Bill and other noted Indian scouts, have built their camp-fires under its wide-spreading and sheltering branches.

It is claimed that fourteen men were hanged on one of the limbs at different times. Among the traditions we learn that the first woman who died in Colorado was buried here. This statement may be taken *cum grano salis.*

No wonder the citizens of Pueblo "mourned and refused to be comforted" when it was hewn down. To us there was something hard, cruel and unfeeling in the act of a city council that would rob nature of one of its noblest veterans.

The place where the old fort once stood was pointed out to us. We drew upon our imagination in the effort to see a trace of it, for these old forts are interesting inasmuch as they mark a period in the history of Colorado before its permanent settlement.

Fort Pueblo was built in 1842, on the site where the city of Pueblo now stands, and was a rendezvous for traders and trappers for a number of years.

CHAPTER LVIII.

A GOOD TRADE.

A former resident of Pueblo, whose name I am not at liberty to mention, gave me the story I am now about to relate. I fear the peculiar style of the story-teller will betray him; however, that is not my lookout.

"Soon after the town of Pueblo was laid out in 1859 there was a good deal of activity among the enterprising band of Pike's Peakers who were camped there, waiting developments. These developments consisted chiefly in waiting for and watching the straggling immigrants who, from day to day wended their way slowly up the Arkansas valley from 'the States,' and who, as soon as they arrived at the site of the embryo town, at the mouth of Le Fontaine qui Bouille, were waited upon by the squatters who had preceded them, and were duly inspected for the purpose of ascertaining where they came from, where they were going, and what amount and character of capital and 'plunder' they had brought along with them for the good of the community. The community meant, of course, the old settlers. The old settlers meant those who were then in camp. The tenderfeet were those who came the next day. The fresh arrivals of each day were waited upon, assigned quarters in camp, where there was 'wood, water and grass,' a mental invoice taken of their visible effects, and negotiations at once opened for barter and trade, and timely suggestions and advice imparted as to profitable investment, having in view, of course, the de-

velopment of the natural resources of the country, and the good of the community.

"One day there arrived in port a small craft, so poor and unpromising in appearance as to attract little attention from either the old settlers in general or the town company's inspection committee, which usually watched for the approaching pilgrims from the top of a high bluff known as "Juan Chiquito's Lookout."

"A sorry looking wagon, a sorrier looking team, consisting of a poor, fly-bitten horse and a crop-eared, one-eyed mule, a few battered cooking utensils, a few rations of 'grub,' and a corresponding amount of 'traps and calamities,' comprised the outfit.

"A thin, stoop-shouldered man, with a subdued air and discouraged look, proceeded to unharness the team and make the usual preparations for going into camp, while a bright, buxom wife emerged from under the wagon cover, shook the wrinkles out of her dress, looked innocently about and smiled.

"Quite a contrast to the usual lot of careworn pilgrim women she appeared, as she sat upon the wagon-tongue, coffee pot in hand, and with her intelligent, handsome face, watched her husband start up the camp-fire for the evening meal. Timidly she once or twice glanced at the inspection committee, which had now approached the camp, and a merry twinkle in her eyes seemed to say: 'I know we look rather poor, and *he* never was of much account anyway, but we've come out here to take chances, and I suppose I do look a little frowzy just now, but I'm no sardine, and you just wait till I get fixed up in my good clothes, and some of you fellows will wish you were in his place, and owned this outfit.'

"Now, among the inspection committee was one who was a sort of leader in the Pueblo colony. He was a tall, good-looking man, active in business, and the possessor of plenty of this world's goods and chattels. He was a large share-holder in several town sites, toll-roads, ferries and mining companies, owned horses, cattle and wagons. He was about thirty-five years of age, had no wife, and as his name was not Jones nor Smith, we will call him Colonel Brown.

"To say his interest was awakened in this new outfit is putting it mildly.

"He was struck with an idea. He returned alone the next day and introduced himself to the pair, and soon ingratiated himself in high favor with them. And he nursed his idea.

* * * * * It was one Sunday, a day on which most of the camp changed shirts, sunned themselves, gossipped and made bargains. The new comer, whom we will call Mr. Pike, had gone up the river a few miles to the Rock canon for a day's fishing. He doted on catfish, and the Colonel had informed him that this particular species of the piscatorial tribe always bit best at the Rock canon on Sunday.

"Mrs. P. had arrayed herself in her best store-clothes, relics of a forgotten honey-moon, the colors of which vied with the variegated tints of the mountain foliage in autumn. The scarlet ribbons in her dark hair rivaled in brilliancy the wreaths of 'chili-colorado' that festoon the walls of a Mexican plaza in the Indian summer time.

"To her tent on the river bank Col. B. made his way, carrying his idea with him. As she greeted him with her most bewitching smiles, and told him of the sense of

loneliness that was beginning to come over her in contemplating the long hours that would elapse before the absent fisherman would return, the Colonel's idea began to take shape. Would she like to try her own luck at fishing a few rods down the river, where he could show her a pleasant seat under the shady cottonwoods? Certainly she would. She might catch the prize fish of the river, who knew?

"And seated in that sequestered nook, their 'lines falling in pleasant places," and their baits dangling in the turbid eddy, the Colonel confided to her his idea.

"Did she think of it? Yes. Was it feasible? They would see.

"And so, when Mr. Pike returned to camp late that evening, tired, hungry, wet, and worse than all, hatless and catfishless, for he had left both in the river, he was the most discouraged and demoralized feeling man in the Arkansas valley. He complained bitterly that the only inhabitants which seemed to observe the Sabbath as a day of rest and retirement were the catfish, and the only active, enterprising denizens that were always to be found were the mosquitos.

"Col. Brown tried to comfort him, with little avail. Mr. Pike wanted to go back to the States. If he only had a fresh team and outfit he would start immediately.

"Mrs. P. protested. She had come to stay.

"Here was Mr. Pike's dilemma, and here was Colonel Brown's opportunity. Plucking Mr. P. by the coat sleeve, the Colonel led him out of the tent into the twilight, and sitting down upon a cottonwood log, gently but firmly stated a proposition. He would furnish a good team of mules, new wagon and an outfit of 'grub' for the Mis-

souri river. He would deliver these to Mr. Pike with a bill of sale of the outfit. Mr. Pike was to take the back track. He was to go back and stay back. Mrs. P. was to stay here, and Mr. P. should relinquish her by bill of sale to the Colonel. A fair case of barter and exchange. Mr. Pike needed mules, bacon, and Missouri climate. Mrs. P. needed the light air of the Rocky Mountains, and the tonic society of a man who was 'of some account.' Col. Brown needed Mrs. P.

"A plain business proposition. A fair contract, with parties of the first, second and third parts, and mutually good considerations, 'the said parties thereunto moving.'

"Mr. Pike listened silently and attentively. The murky waters of the Arkansas rippled by in the gloaming and seemed to say, 'The catfish are all going back too, Mr. Pike.'

"Mr. Pike straightened himself up, tenderly brushed away—not a tear, but—a flock of mosquitos that were enthusiastically picnicing on the end of his nose, and said, 'Colonel, its a whack.'

"As the next morning's sun cast the long shadows of the cottonwoods toward the Greenhorn Peak, a tall man, dressed in a new otter-trimmed buckskin hunting shirt, and decorated with a pair of revolvers, might have been seen standing on the summit of the high bluff overlooking the valley. Beside him stood a handsome little woman, radiant as Aurora, and leaning confidingly against the tall form beside her. Both were gazing down the long valley far to the eastward, where a speck of white canvas, like the outgoing sail on the ocean, flashed for a moment in the sunlight and disappeared on the horizon.

"Then the pair descended from the 'Lookout,' and 'hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,' into the new Eden of their Pueblo paradise they took their happy way."

CHAPTER LIX.

DICK TURPIN.

General R. M. Stevenson told me in a quaint way the following story, which he claims to have read in the diary of a brevet physician:

"The boom of 1872 had reached Pueblo. The Denver and Rio Grande Railroad was completed to the metropolis of the Arkansas, and the citizens of the town were awakened from a sleep of several years by an influx of gamblers, dance house denizens, thieves, railroad laborers, and all varieties of the odds and ends of the human family that usually follow the progress of a railway through the new West. Tents were pitched in the outskirts of the town, and gambling houses and dance halls invaded localities unaccustomed to such visitors.

"Among the houses occupied as dance halls was a plank building located on Second street, on the borders of the mill ditch, formerly occupied as a boarding house by the employees of a brickyard. About noon, on a lovely spring day, the crack of a forty-five calibre revolver sounded within the building; a man lay on the floor shot through the abdomen and fatally wounded. The poor fellow was a blacksmith, known as 'Dick Turpin,' a good enough fellow in his way, but badly demoralized by whisky; he had followed the railroad to Pueblo.

"He had been an habitue of the dance hall, and that morning quarreled with the bar-tender, and during the quarrel received the fatal wound. When a physician arrived he found the poor fellow lying upon a bunk with a

pair of blankets under him, groaning in agony. The ghastly wreck of what had once been a woman, was giving such attention as was possible under the circumstances, while a crowd of bloated and degraded bummers stood around, some of them in a maudlin way expressing sympathy, and some jeering at the dying man.

"A brief examination demonstrated the fact that the victim was fatally wounded. So, giving the poor fellow a heavy dose of morphine, to ease his pain, the doctor departed, after informing the bystanders that his patient could not last more than twenty-four hours.

"The prediction proved true, and within the time mentioned the man was dead, and in two or three hours after his spirit had taken flight, he was buried at the expense of the county in the old cemetery on the brow of the bluffs overlooking Pueblo, and immediately in the rear of its principal street.

"And so Dick Turpin was dead. In the vigorous, though somewhat coarse vernacular of the natives of southern Colorado, 'he was too dead to skin,' and was apparently planted with his toes to the daisies, there to rest for many years, until the storied horn of the Angel Gabriel should finally awake the sleepers in their graves, rouse them from their beds, and create a scramble for bones in the old cemeteries of the world.

"One evening, shortly after the event above mentioned had transpired, two individuals might have been seen (so to speak) sitting on a stoop of a business house on Santa Fe avenue, enjoying the moonlight and their cigars, and engaged in a conversation which ran somewhat as follows:

"'Professor Nathan R. Smith, I would like very much

to know where that ball went that disturbed poor Dick Turpin's digestion, and caused him to be planted in the ware-room up there,' pointing with his thumb over his shoulder towards the cemetery on the bluff.

"The other man took a contemplative puff or two at his cigar and replied:

"'Well, Dr. Samuel S. Gross, if you are very enthusiastic in the pursuit of science, I have an idea that a small resurrection might be organized for the occasion and the body of Mr. Turpin removed to a locality where the desired examination could be made.'

"Another friend of medical science about this time put in an appearance, and taking part in the conversation, remarked, 'How long has Turpin been buried?'

"'Well, about two weeks.'

"'Don't you think he would be a little rancid by this time?'

"'Oh, no, not more than some I have handled before,' remarked the gentleman addressed as Dr. Samuel S. Gross. 'Now, Smith,' said the same party, 'you see the boys and get a few of them to join us to-morrow night, and we'll raise the defunct Richard and examine his damaged anatomy.'

"'All right,' was the reply, 'to-morrow night at twelve we will be on hand.'

"The appointed time came. The party assembled, some of them just a little stimulated with old bourbon. Prominent among the party was George Rawle, a man who generally had a hand in everything that was going forward in the town, and was in his normal condition—about two-thirds full of whisky. Picks and shovels were soon procured, and the ameteur resurrectionists were

quickly on their way to the cemetery. The grave was found, situated on the extreme edge of the bluff, within a foot or two of a steep declivity stretching down almost into Santa Fe avenue. Picks and shovels were vigorously plied by willing hands, and the tools soon sounded upon the coffin lid. The lid was raised at one end; the officious Rawle dropped into the grave, and placing a foot upon each side of the coffin, caught the late lamented Turpin under the arms, and drew him from his pine overcoat. The grave was shallow, and Rawle, having partially drawn the body out, clambered to the surface of the ground at the head of the grave, embraced the corpse around the chest, and standing with his back to the edge of the bluff, pulled with all his might. Probably owing to the rum he had consumed, Rawle exerted more strength than was necessary, and, losing his balance, fell over the cliff and rolled down the declivity with the corpse clasped in his arms. Away they went, first Rawle on top, and then Turpin, half way down the hill, almost into Santa Fe avenue, amid a cloud of dust and a storm of flying gravel. Rawle held gallantly on to his unconscious companion, until the strange pair were brought to a halt in a shallow arroyo. It is a wonder that the shrieks of laughter which came from the party in the cemetery did not arouse the whole town, but, somehow, nobody but the resurrectionists heard the noise, and Rawle and his bosom friend were soon rescued. The examination was made and the demand of science satisfied. The disemboweled corpse was afterward stolen from the improvised dissecting room, and one of the body-snatchers, who slept on the ground-floor, was surprised one morning to see Dick Tur-

pin calmly regarding him through the glass of his curtainless window, the corpse having been placed there during the night by some of his impish companions."

CHAPTER LX.

THE ESPINOSAS.

In this city I met Thomas T. Tobin, an old Government scout. He was rather uncertain about his age, but from the incidents he cited, his wrinkled visage and mumbled words, I placed him at sixty. But there was not a gray hair in his head, and his eye was clear and sharp. He had just made his first journey on a railway, and was as timid as a child about getting on a street car, but when once fairly seated, he spent hours riding, just to see the city. He declared that he felt much safer on the broad prairies with his horse and rifle than among so many houses, where he was in constant fear of being taken in by sharpers or knocked down by robbers. Yet he is a man of undaunted courage, as the killing of the Espinosas, Colorado's greatest assassins, will show.

The Espinosas were two brutal, ignorant and superstitious Mexicans, accused of horse stealing at first, and who killed one of a posse of soldiers, sent from Fort Garland to their house at Servietta, on the Conejos river, to arrest them. After which they seemed to be under the impression that if they killed a great many Americans and became formidable in their ferocity they would secure a pardon from the Governor, and perhaps a commission in the U. S. Army, as sometimes is the result of successful brigandage in Old Mexico.

Men were found dead at one point to-day, at another to-morrow, and the day following at another, forty or fifty miles or more apart; being invariably shot through the head, and left to lie as they fell, without being robbed of their valuables.

Mystery shrouded it all, for, from their secure hiding places by the roadside, they shot the lone, unsuspecting traveler, and their shot was always certain death; no maimed or wounded ever escaped to inform as to their appearance or whereabouts.

So it continued for a while, and the greatest excitement prevailed, when a company of miners organized to rid the region of this mysterious, unseen terror.

Their rendezvous was at length discovered. Like all cowardly murderers, they fled; the pursuers gained upon them, and finally succeeded in shooting one from his horse, but the leader of the two made his escape.

For a time nothing was heard of him. At last the outlaw addressed a letter in Spanish to Gov. Evans, stating, that in revenge for mistreatment he had received from the Government, he had killed no less than fifteen Americans. He demanded full pardon for these murders, which being granted, he would return to his home and be a good citizen; but if the demand was not complied with by the 15th of the coming September the killing would be resumed.

This strange proposition drew no response, and Espinosa resumed hostilities.

Soon afterward a man and woman were traveling through the mountains in a wagon, and when within a short distance of Fort Garland, a military post, they were attacked by this monstrous highwayman. The man es-

caped, but the woman was carried to the camp of the assassin. In the darkness of the following night she eluded her captor and found her way to the Fort, where she told her story, when a party under the guidance of the noted mountaineer, Tom Tobin, (who had the reputation of being able to trail grasshoppers through sage brush), was at once dispatched to arrest or kill the criminal.

Upon reaching the vicinity, Tom ordered his soldiers to halt, while he proceeded quietly on foot, crawling when occasion required it on his hands and knees through the dense undergrowth. While thus cautiously feeling the way, he discovered the bandit's hiding-place, in a dense part of the forest on the mountain side. The bandit, quick to detect the slightest sound, turned his head in a listening attitude, and while thus poised, the scout's bullet did its work, and the career of the assassin was ended. Tobin leaped upon him with the swiftness of a tiger, severed his head from his body, and galloped into Fort Garland, with the bloody trophy tied to his saddle's pommel.

The murderers kept a diary, written in poor Spanish. They were probably "penitentes," who lash themselves during the Lenten season, to secure pardon for sins committed and to be committed, as their diary was largely made up of prayers to the saints and the holy Virgin to help them and protect them in their butcheries of strange and peaceable citizens.

Ten years later the Legislature of Colorado ordered a reward of five hundred dollars paid to Mr. Tobin.

CHAPTER LXI.

THE LOVER'S LEAP.

Leaving Pueblo on the Rio Grande, Hal. and Mr. De B—— took a seat together, which was now considered a matter of course; and, being left alone, I took in the surrounding landscape.

The sun poured down on the sage brush and shimmered on the bayonet leaves of the soap weed—not very beautiful shrubs, but renowned for their virtues. The roots of the soap weed put in water, creates an excellent wash for the hair. It is used to some extent also for washing clothing and carpets; removing every stain without impairing the colors.

Boiled sage brush is said to make a superior hair dye, and prevents the hair from falling out. Taken as a tea it will cure mountain fever.

Opening a package presented to me just as I left Pueblo, I found it to be a book of poems, by T. O. Bigney, who may be called Colorado's primeval poet.

I thought it strange that with all the crags and beetling rocks in Colorado, I had heard of no 'Lover's Leap.' This little volume gave a very thrilling account of one which occurred in the Cucharas valley and Sangre de Cristo range. This is the story:

A rural, peaceful race once dwelt in the beautiful Cucharas valley. Among them was a maiden fair, who, it appears, excited the master passion in the breast of a Georgian, who owned large flocks of sheep. But the dark father refused his consent and rudely dashed to earth the

wedding plan; and so they laid a plot to steal away at dead of night on the old man's burros; and crossing the Sangre de Cristo chain to the San Luis Park, spend there their honeymoon.

When the morning sun smiled again, they were far away upon the mountain trail. The maiden looked back upon the beautiful scene; spied her wrathful father with a band of men all well armed, rushing forward upon their track. Safety lay in flight, for well they knew, that naught but the lover's life would atone for the theft of the burros, to say nothing of stealing the maiden. And so, plying whip and lash, on they sped

> "O'er granite crags, and canons deep,
> In which the direst horrors sleep."

It is plain the angry father and his band will win the desperate race:

> "And still beside the wild ravine
> The lover's towering form is seen;
> He scans with piercing, blazing eyes,
> The horrid gorge, then wildly cries!
> 'Come to my arms and throbbing breast,
> And let your firm, round bosom rest
> Against my coat front, while I try
> A 'Lover's Leap,' which will defy
> Your d——d old dad and all his crew,—
> Death cannot tear my heart from you.'
> Two thousand feet, at least, below,
> The stream of death doth coldly flow;
> Sharp crags stand out on either side
> Of the fearful gorge, full seven yards wide;
> But now the leap, the lover's leap,—
> Prepare, sweet maids, to wail and weep;
> Sacre! The fellow jumps like h—!
> But down the gorge has surely fell.
> No! hold! He grasps a pointed crag;

Thank Heaven! He now will surely drag
Himself and loving, trusting bride,
To safety on the further side
Of this wild, deep and dark ravine,
Now a barrier sure between
These lovers and the band which would
Upon their loving joys intrude.
His bride? Ah, yes, his bride in truth,
This danger shared, weds them, forsooth,
As squarely, firmly, as the rite
Imposed by priest or law, and quite
As holy is, and just and true,—
And good enough, they thought—don't you?

CHAPTER LXII.

ALFRED PACKER.

Looking across the car I recognized Mrs. Charles Adams, and soon became engaged in conversation with her. In narrating incidents connected with her frontier life she related to me the following story of Alfred Packer, the man who murdered and ate his companions while engaged in a prospecting expedition in the San Juan mountains:

"One day in January, 1873, while my husband was Indian Agent, there occurred the most surprising and ghastly incident within my knowledge. A cloud, one of the phenomena of the Western wilds, came floating slowly from the mountains and gradually enveloped the whole place. We could scarcely discern objects a few paces distant. My spirits were depressed and I was possessed of the idea that some one in great distress was near me; some one lost in the dense fog and pleading piteously for help. I expressed this presentiment to the men at the

agency, but they ridiculed me. I told them to swing a light on the highest point; it might prove a beacon to some forsaken wanderer. They only laughed and said, 'what foolishness.' 'Then I want to be foolish,' said I; and seeing that they would not comply with my request I called my son and commanded him to place a light on the top of Ouray's house.

"The atmosphere continued surcharged with murky vapor until late in the evening, when the clouds suddenly lifted and the great, round, full moon threw silvery light over valleys and mountains.

"About this time the mail carrier arrived, and the men, eager for news from home, gathered around the table to watch the distribution of letters and papers. The Indian boy 'Antelope,' with a startled look on his face, rushed into the room and exclaimed, 'Oh, Signor! White man heap hungry.' We turned to look and saw a haggard, hungry face pressed against the window, but which quickly disappeared. The poor man had fainted. The men brought him in, and with the return of life he talked in an odd, fantastic way, peculiar to the maniac. It was evident that his mind was wandering. We bathed his eyes in warm milk, gave him nourishment and a comfortable bed. The next morning he was in his perfect senses, though very weak. He came in to see me, and in the course of a long conversation I discovered that he was a man of superior education and great force of character. He said that in the fall a party of twenty left Salt Lake to prospect in the San Juan country. As the outset of a band of adventurers on an expedition of that kind is always animated and joyous, the welkin rang with their shouts, boisterous jokes and light-hearted laughter. But,

as day after day they traversed barren, trackless wastes, and dreary, desolate mountains, the buoyant spirits with which they had commenced their march, gradually subsided. Stretching around them on all sides were ranges of mountains piled up apparently to the clouds, and glistening with eternal frosts, but they knew nothing of their defiles. They were continually on the alert, too, against the mountain tribes, who, at that time, cherished anything but kind feelings towards the whites. Finally, when in the most destitute circumstances, and sinking with despair, they met an Indian who offered to pilot them to Ouray's camp on the reservation. The old chief received them kindly, but forbade them to either hunt or mine there. He said, 'this is the Indian's country; no white man has a right to anything within its borders.' However, he fed them bountifully from his table.

"There were so many of them that it seemed like eating Ouray out of house and home, and as soon as they were strong enough, part of them announced their determination of going to the agency. The Uncompahgre country is almost tropical, grapes, peaches, and all kinds of fruit can be raised there in abundance. The Indians, knowing the delightful resources of this valley, always resort there for the winter.

"Ouray endeavored to dissuade them from undertaking the journey at that season of the year. He told them that to cross the mountains would be at the risk of their lives, as the snow was deep, and all indications, such as game coming to the valley, presaged a severe winter. But, finding they were determined to go, he provided them with as much provision as they could carry, and advised them to follow the Gunnison river. There was a

man in the company by the name of Alfred Packer, who professed to be perfectly familiar with the topography of the country, and said he could pilot them direct to the head waters of the Rio Grande, where very rich mines had been discovered. This caused discussion and they decided to separate, part taking Ouray's advice, and part following Packer's.

"This man was one of the four who had taken the Gunnison route. It was severe and arduous traveling. As far as the eye could reach the landscape was wrapped in snow, which deepened as they advanced; they scrambled over huge piles of rocks that had tumbled from overhanging precipices; crossed streams on bridges of ice, sinking at times to their knees in water; scaled mountains that were covered in snow and sleet, keeping as a guide branches of trees, that formed a dark line above the snow. Their food was gone and their hearts quailed under the multiplied hardships. They had only one round of ammunition, and a pistol that was rusty with age; seeing a wolf carrying off a mountain sheep, one of them shot at it. The pistol burst, but the wolf fell dead—which furnished them a good meal. Several days after they saw a cow, which they killed by plunging a knife into its throat, and allayed their raging hunger by drinking its blood. They had no means of kindling a fire, and so ate of the raw meat until completely gorged. It made them very sick, but after much suffering they sank to sleep.

"On the following morning a Government herder, while looking up his cattle, found the four men and took them to his camp. After a few days two of them, with the energy and determination that had characterized them from the beginning, started for the agency.

"They wandered about the mountains, lost for three days, when one gave completely out, and in a fit of despondency threw away his snow-shoes, and urged the stronger companion to go and leave him. 'I am sorry to leave you,' he said, 'but I will push forward, and if I meet with success, will return for you.' He was making good headway when an awful cloud settled around him. With no sun, no track, no land-mark, he felt as if both God and man had forsaken him. He tore off his clothes, wrapped them around his feet, and laid himself down on a bank of snow.

"He saw a light through the fog that went up, up, higher and higher, until it remained fixed. 'Can it be the moon?' he said. He sprang to his feet, and after going a few paces, heard the welcome bark of a house-dog. His heart beat high with rekindled hope, and the warm blood danced through his veins. Just as he caught a glimpse of the glowing fire-side through the open window his strength left him, and he fainted away. When restored he spoke feelingly of the men at Gunnison, and the friend perishing by the way-side. The men cast distrustful glances at each other, but Gen. Adams instantly said, 'we will send for him,' and asked 'who would volunteer to go for the lost man.'

"Herman Lauter and my son, Willie Phelps, said they would go. We gave them a bottle of tea and milk, a bag of provisions, and they started amidst cheers and blessings.

"Gen. Adams' parting injunction was that they should return on the morrow.

"They manfully pushed their way through narrow defiles, braving all difficulties and dangers, until they came

to a chasm with perpendicular walls of rock, that prevented further progress. Here they built a big fire of logs and sticks, hung the sack of provisions to a limb, out of the reach of the coyotes, drew a map of the route to the agency, nailed it to a tree, and as nothing further could be done, returned to their home.

"The next day an emaciated man dragged his weary body into the agency.

"At sight of him I burst into tears. He said, 'don't cry, why, I had a good breakfast this morning,' and then told how he had persuaded his friend to leave him, for he said, 'you little know the temptation of hunger. Even when the eyes are closed in sleep, visions of everything delicious to eat, annoy and tantalize the starving man. I had drawn the leather strap that held my clothes, tighter around me to still the gnawing, when I discovered the smoke, and presently saw the fire. Hurrying to the spot, I found the bag of food, and there, in my gratitude, fervently asked the blessing of God upon the hand that brought me relief.'

"So the light that was scoffed at was the means of saving two lives.

"It then became necessary for Gen. Adams to go to Denver for a fresh supply of provisions. I accompanied him. Returning, we stopped at Saguache, and were entertained at the residence of Hon. Otto Mears.

"During our absence a man had come into the agency, stayed a week or so, and went to Saguache with the intention of working his way to his friends in Pennsylvania. He professed to have no money, said he was one of the band of six that left Ouray's camp; that he became lame and his companions deserted him, and he found his

way to the agency, subsisting the while on the roots and berries, and an occasional rabbit. Mr. Mears told Gen. Adams that this man Packer was looked upon with great suspicion. It was thought he had murdered his companions. The General, in a conversation with Packer, advised him to return to the agency and he would assist him in finding his comrades. Packer expressed serious fear of foul play. The General assured him of his protection, and he finally consented to go. Before starting he drank heavily and spent money very recklessly. There was something in his countenance that convinced me he was a murderer. So great was my mistrust of him, that I did not feel comfortable when he fell behind for fear of being shot. We stopped at Major Downey's cabin to lunch, where we met a number of men who said they were the last of the party from Ouray's camp. They immediately recognized Packer, who evinced considerable nervousness. After inquiring about the five missing comrades, they drew General Adams aside and asked him to keep an eye on that man; they intended to deal with him when they returned from Saguache. When we reached the agency the General took Packer into a private room and apprised him of the opinion of his companions. 'If you will make me an honest confession,' said he, 'I will protect you from lynching.'

CHAPTER LXIII.

THE CONFESSION.

"Packer said, substantially: 'A week or two after leaving Ouray's camp, we found ourselves on the point of starvation. Roots were dug out of the frozen ground,

and on these they subsisted for some days. But roots, as a means of subsistence, were found not to be very nutritious. Soon there came into the eyes of the men a look of longing, restlessness and determination, which has been described in sea stories, when men were offered up in sacrifice to save the lives of others. One day I went out to gather dry wood for the fire, and when I returned I found that in my absence the first life had been sacrificed. Lying upon the ground, dead, was the oldest man in the party, Mr. Swan. Around him were congregated the four men who were engaged in cutting up his body. Large pieces and strips were cut from the calves of his legs, thighs and breasts. Swan's money, amounting to several thousand dollars, was divided among the men. In two days the party were again without food, and it was decided by three of the survivors, that Miller, a young man, well built and stout, should be the next to go. He was chosen because of the great amount of flesh he carried. Miller was killed with a hatchet while stooping for a stick of wood. His body was dissected and the best parts eaten. Humphrey and Noon followed in the same way, leaving only myself and Bell.' In his confession, Packer described fully the feelings of the men towards each other. The distrust and fears entertained, and the tendency of the men to walk off alone, fearful of meeting their death at the hands of their companions.

"Meanwhile the men had been traveling slowly, and when Packer and Bell found themselves alone a solemn compact was entered into between them, each pledging himself by the living God not to kill the other, but to live as best they could, even if they starved to death. Each had a rifle, Packer having appropriated Swan's, and

it was thought enough game could be killed to supply two men.

"But the compact was speedily broken. After living several days on roots, they reached a huge lake, which was skirted on one side by an extensive grove of hemlock trees. One day, while camped in this grove, Bell arose, seized his rifle, and exclaimed, 'I can't stand this any longer; one of us must make food for the other right here.' 'He clubbed his gun and endeavored to strike me. Being always on the alert, I parried the blow, and the rifle was broken by striking a tree. I then struck Bell with a hatchet and killed him. I was alone, and had no fear of death except by starvation. Cutting up the body of my companion, I ate as much as I could, and then packed away considerable of the flesh about me for future use. I then resumed my tramp, the sole survivor of a party of six, and in time, from the top of a hill, espied the buildings of the Los Pinos agency close at hand. I threw away the human flesh I still had, and arrived at the agency safe and sound.'

"He acknowledged that he had grown quite fond of human flesh, and coolly said that he found the breasts of the man the sweetest meat he had ever tasted.

"Such was Packer's story, coolly and carelessly related.

"Two different stories he had told the General, which convinced him that his confession was false.

"He agreed to guide a party of six men to the spot. Mr. H. Lauter had charge of the company, which started for the camp of the lost comrades. Packer led them to a high, inaccessible mountain, and then claimed to be bewildered and unable to go farther. While on the trip he made an attempt to kill Mr. Lauter. They were sleeping

together, and Mr. Lauter awoke just in time to catch Packer's hand, which held a knife above him. They then returned with him to the agency, where he was placed in irons, and subsequently turned over to the sheriff of Saguache county.

"The following June a photographer named Reynolds, from Peoria, Illinois, while wandering in the mountains in search of scenes, came across these five dead bodies. Four of them were lying in a row, shot through the head, with their blankets still over them, proving conclusively they had been shot while asleep. The man Bell was lying some distance away. The most of the flesh had been cut from his body. A shanty was found near the place, and a well-worn track leading from it to Bell's party, showed where the cannibal had lived and feasted.

"An inquest was held on the bodies, and the verdict was rendered that the deceased had come to their death at the hands of Packer. A warrant was sworn out for his arrest. Meanwhile he had broken jail, and all trace of his whereabouts was lost.

"Nine years from the time he wandered into Los Pinos agency Mr. Adams received a letter from a member of the party, who was familiarly called 'Frenchy.'

"Bell had been his dear friend, and during all these years he had traveled as a peddler, with the one desire burning in his heart to find the murderer of his friend.

"He wrote that the man Packer was living at a ranch near Fort Fetterman, Wyoming Territory, under the name of John Shwartz. The General immediately communicated this to the Governor, who sent a request to the Governor of Wyoming to give him up, which was acceded to.

"He was taken to Lake City, tried and sentenced to death. A stay of execution was obtained in order to appeal the case, and the prisoner was removed to the Gunnison jail to save him from mob violence."

While in Gunnison, knowing this noted prisoner to be there, I asked for an interview, and in company with Mr. Rough (another Paul Pry), was admitted to his cell. With his record before me, of course there was a shade of uncanny horror about the prisoner. He was just thirty-four years old, but his haggard, haunted look made him appear at least forty. His features are not wholly bad. His nose is straight; his brow broad and suggestive of intellect. He wears his hair long, combed into a smooth, deep scollop on his brow, and carried back behind his ears. He has a large gray eye, cold, yet nervous. He walks like one sneaking away or creeping upon a victim.

Any one possessing even a moderate knowledge of human nature, would say he belonged naturally to the criminal class.

He told his story with vivid but rude eloquence, different from anything he told General Adams, and the Sheriff said 'he varied it for every listener.'

Beginning with the time when he left Ouray's camp the story ran as follows:

The weather became rough when they were about one week out; the fast falling snow made traveling tiresome and slow; provisions gave out; all game had retreated to hidden places, but they occasionally found some rosebuds, which, in a measure, relieved their stomachs. The terrible pain of hunger at last gave way to an insatiable longing for salt, a symptom of extreme star-

vation. The last match was gone, and the fear of freezing was added to the horrors of starving.

They staggered along a short distance every day, carrying fire from camp to camp in an old coffee-pot, at last becoming too weak to move. One of the party, a man named Bell, was a raving maniac from starvation.

They begged Packer to go to the top of the mountain to see if he could discover any smoke or sign of human life near them, saying they would pray for him and have a warm fire when he returned. While on the mountain he ate some rosebuds, which saved his life. It was night, when, weary and discouraged, he returned to camp.

Through the thick falling snow he saw Bell stooping over the fire, and he was so intent upon cooking something that he did not notice his approach until he spoke. Then he looked up, and with the infuriated rage of a maniac, seized the hatchet at his feet, and with glaring eyes and grating teeth rushed upon him. Packer dropped on his knees to escape the blow, and the natural impulse of self-preservation prompted him to shoot. Bell fell forward dead, with the hatchet still in his grasp. Seeing the others lying with their blankets around them, he went to arouse them, but they were dead. Bell had killed them. He sat down without one tremor of horror, drew his blanket around him and went to sleep. The next morning he felt happy, he did not know why, he supposed it was idiotic happiness. A serene imbecility settled upon him, and he spent weeks in that drowsy condition.

His strength revived, and with it the horror of his situation gradually dawned upon him and compelled him to quit the spot. So he took some of the flesh in a sack,

cut from the thighs and breasts, and left the scene forever; he also took the money and valuables from the dead bodies. He found his way to the agency, told his story to the Sheriff, who advised him to take another name and leave the country. Here he gave way to great emotion and said, "Oh, God, if I could have died then, I should have been spared nine years of misery. I have never closed my eyes in sleep since without that ghastly vision of the smouldering camp-fire, the dead companions, and the lofty pines drooping with their weight of snow, as if keeping a sorrowful death-watch. But those who have never been without their three meals a day do not know how to pity me."

Packer is not yet hung, up to the time of this writing, but *his case is hanging* in the Supreme Court of this State, where it is likely to bide the law's delay for a long time yet, while Packer, the great American anthropophaginian, suffers the pangs of dread uncertainty in durance vile.

CHAPTER LXIV.

COLORADO SPRINGS.

At Colorado Springs we found another immense hotel, "The Antlers," one of the finest and most picturesque structures in the West. The rush of travel has made these huge establishments necessary in every attractive spot in this country. This is a beautiful city of about six thousand inhabitants. The streets are broad and shady, the climate delightful, being mild in winter and cool in summer, which makes it a popular resort

for those afflicted with asthmatic and pulmonary diseases. The State Deaf and Dumb Asylum is located here, and also the Colorado College for both sexes.

When Rev. C. W. Blodgett was pastor at Colorado Springs he had a very artistic choir in his church, and as is often the case, it was an intensely nervous organism, and he was put to a world of trouble to keep peace among its members. It was their custom to open the service with the doxology. After several weeks of jangling on the part of the choir and perplexity on the part of the pastor and committee on music, one after another of the members began to drop off, until one bright Sabbath morning the members of the congregation were all in their places, the pastor was at his post, and the last stroke of the bell had died away in the distance, and silence reigned in the church. The pastor looked over to the corner from which the choir had been accustomed to break the stillness, and their seats were all vacant. He immediately arose and said, "I see the choir is not present, let us sing, 'Praise God, from whom all blessings flow!'"

While on the subject of churches and ministers I will tell another story:

At one time Dr. D. H. Moore, of the Denver University, was on a hunting excursion, in the vicinity of Jamestown, with a brother preacher. They stopped at a hotel for dinner, where was an inquisitive and quaint old lady, to whom the preacher introduced Dr. Moore.

The expression "doctor," aroused the old lady's curiosity, and she began to scrutinize him in his rough, hunting dress, and finally said, "Mr. Preacher, who did you

say this man is?" The doctor, without waiting for the preacher to answer, replied:

"I am Dr. Moore, of the Denver University."

"That'll do to *tell;* lots of fellows pass themselves off as doctors and professors up *here.*"

Another good story comes to my mind, and I will tell it, for, as Sairey Gamp says, "naming no names no offense could be took":

When the Rev. Dr. C—— was pastor at Lawrence Street Church, in Denver, it happened one Sabbath morning that the pulpit was filled by Rev. T. C. Iliff, pastor at Salt Lake City. The service passed off quietly as usual, but during the sermon the speaker manifested more feeling than was the habit of the regular pastor.

While the congregation was moving out, a good old brother, of an excitable temperament, was asked:

"Well, Brother S——, what did you think of the sermon?"

"It was *first rate.* Brother Iliff is not as great an or-*a*-tor as Brother C——, but *he* has got religion."

Manitou is connected with Colorado Springs by a branch of the Denver and Rio Grande Railway. It is situated near the base of Pike's Peak, where mineral springs of iron and soda abound, and is called the Saratoga of the West. These waters are peculiar; some people say they like them. I think they speak truthfully, judging from the crowds that gather around the various springs, smiling like Dutchmen at a beer garden, only more so. The tin cups attached to the curbs of these springs would not supply a fraction of the thirsty souls who rush to these fountains of health. Tin cans, wash pitchers and

"little brown jugs" are pressed into service to meet the greedy demand. The crowded hotels, which are calculated to surprise the tourists at first, cease to excite wonder after one has visited the Garden of the Gods, Cave of the Winds, Glen Eyrie, Rainbow Falls, Pike's Peak and other natural attractions near this place.

We had grown weary of climbing peaks, and concluded to postpone the ascent of Pike's Peak until the completion of the railway to its summit. While discussing the subject, Mr. K., of the Denver *Inter-Ocean*, related a reminiscence of his:

"In 1877," said he, "I held the position of leading violinist in the Richings–Bernard Opera Company, then making the tour of the Western towns, and while in Georgetown we took in Gray's Peak. Our double-bass player, not being able to procure a horse, had to content himself with a mule. One of our choristers, a German, by the name of Stein, had an old mare which was too slow for him, so he swapped her for the bass fiddler's mule. These two men had from the start formed the rear guard of the cavalcade. Just a little beyond the last toll-gate we came into a beautiful piece of mountain meadow. Up to this time, Stein's mule had behaved tolerably well, but, sniffing the aromatic pasture, he quietly put his nose to the ground, and our friend bounded over his head. The yell in our rear made us all turn, when we saw poor Stein seated on the ground, looking with undisguised amazement at his mule, then quietly browsing some fifty yards from him, utterly innocent of the joke.

"Seigler, the bass player, sat upon his nag, convulsed with laughter; and Seigler, weighing about two hundred

pounds, was quite as funny a sight in the saddle as was Stein on the ground.

"After a bit, the latter, having recovered from his surprise at the audacity of his animal, began maneuvering to recover him. The mule would allow him to come within arms length, but the moment Stein reached for the bridle he would make a swift change of front, and where his head was the moment before his tail would be the next. This went on for some time without a result, so we proceeded, leaving Stein alone with his problem.

"It was quite an hour and a half before we returned to the spot. We looked for Stein but he was no where to be seen. A sudden turn in the road, however, brought him to our view, sitting upon a stone, holding the bridle of the mule in one hand; the animal standing square across the road. Stein looked very rueful, but the mule as docile and philosophical as a mule can look; and the saddle was under his body. Some of us straightened up the saddle and helped Stein into it.

"After this the mule behaved quite well, but poor Stein missed the glorious vista from the peak. After a while Mr. Kinross, who was very fond of a joke, dropped behind. Knowing Kinross' propensities, I followed suit, and heard the following conversation:

"K. 'But, Stein, how did you catch your steed?'

"S. 'Vell, I valks very carefully on my tips toes up to him.'

"K. 'And you caught him?'

"S. 'Vell, I guess not.'

"K. 'What did you do next.'

"S. 'De next dime, I tinks I dry anodder game. I

shust lay for him in de grass, und ven he vas near enough I gralls up un snatches at de bridle; but tam him, he kicked me in de side, un schampered away; de next dime, I tought, I fetch you now; so I shust sneaked up behind, un ven he vasn't expectin it, I grabbed him by de tail, but dat vas vorse as de odder vay, for he let both his heels fly at my head. I tink de brim of my hat safed my life.'

"K. 'Poor fellow! how did you finally *corral* him?'

"S. 'Dot's shust vot I did, I *surrounded* de tam mule.'

"The incident was told with relish hundreds of times during the remainder of the season."

Since then Mr. K. has drifted entirely out of the profession into another branch of Bohemianism.

CHAPTER LXV.

A CAMPING PARTY.

Here we met a camping party who had been some weeks in the mountains and were returning to Denver by way of Manitou. They were dreadfully sunburnt, but happy.

"The only pleasure in camping," said Dick Harwell, his black eyes sparkling with humor, "is the *fun* you can get out of it. Fully equipped with an ample 'grub-box,' a forest of fishing poles, two or three revolvers and shot guns, we felt equal to any emergency, and set out with light hearts and joyful anticipations. The first night out we were lost, having taken the wrong road. While winding about in a dismal canon, trying to find our way out,

night overtook us, and when we pitched our tents it was so dark we could not see an inch from our noses. The next morning we were aroused by an ear-splitting shriek. A cold, clammy, 'demnition moist' frog had hopped on the forehead of one of the ladies, and to our consternation we discovered we had camped by the side of a graveyard. The punster of the crowd remarked that there was a grave side to everything in life.

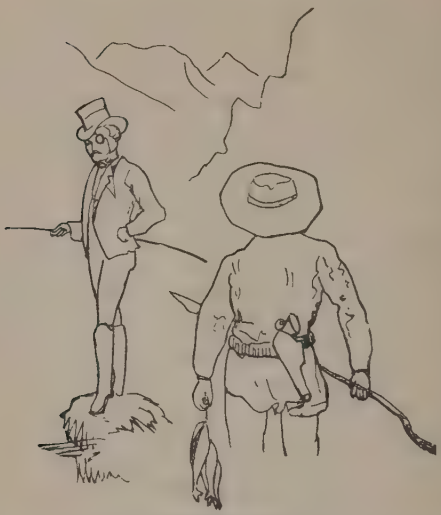
"Following the narrow road, all up hill and full of boulders, our horses came unaccountably to a dead standstill. We persuaded them in every way, even to firing off our pistols, but they persisted in standing still. There has always existed in my mind a logical connection between stalled teams and swearing, so, requesting the ladies to excuse me, I pitched in.

"It produced the desired effect; away we went jolting, shaking, rocking, swinging, bumping and oscillating, threatening to crush every bone in our bodies.

"At length, finding our road again, it led us across a rapid stream. One of the ladies expressed great fear. To comfort her I said I would put my arm around her. At the next crossing, as might have been expected, all the ladies were afraid, but that was too much, I declined embracing the crowd.

"On the bank of this stream stood a man crowned with a stove-pipe hat, his hands neatly encased in kid gloves, fishing. Our driver, a Dutchman, called our attention to this prim fisherman by saying, 'Look, da ist von *soft foot!*'

"The next evening we camped early and several of us went out for a ramble. Miss L—— and I took a seat on a log by the side of the trail to await the return of our friend, who felt inclined to prospect further.



ONE SOFT FOOT.

"Soon we saw him coming, hat in hand and hair flying in the breeze, yelling, 'run, it's a bear!' I joined in the race, but the lady, with the curiosity peculiar to her sex, stepped out into the trail to get a view of the brute. Obtaining it she fainted, and there was nothing left for us but to turn and fight the bear. We killed it because we had to.

"After we had been out two or three weeks, camping and lingering where it pleased us best, we came one evening to a deserted town, and took possession of one of the houses to save the trouble of pitching our tents. A stranger who claimed to live in those parts, said 'that house is fairly alive with bed bugs,' and advised us to put up our

tents. 'Bed bugs are indigenous to this country', said he, 'they grow on the trees. Not far from here a boarder in one of the hotels informed the proprietor that he could not sleep at night for the bugs. The proprietor advised him to sprinkle his bed with tobacco. So he invested in a bag of fine-cut and made a ridge of it all around him. He awoke in the night under the impression that it was storming dreadfully and leaking on his head. Upon further examination he found the bugs chewing the tobacco and spitting in his face.'

"'Perhaps you think there are no mosquitoes here,' said the stranger. 'I can tell you a funny thing that happened to the boys when they were working on the James Peak wagon road. They were greatly annoyed by mosquitoes. One night two Irishmen pulled their blankets over their heads and kept them there until they were nearly smothered. At last, one, gasping from heat and suffocation, ventured to peep beyond the bulwarks and espied a fire-fly that had strayed into the tent. Arousing his companion with a punch, he said: 'Hogan, it's no use, yez might as well come out; there is one of the bloody craychures lookin' for us with a lantern.'

"The talkative gentleman then informed us that the place where we were camping was once a flourishing town, called Montgomery. In '63, it had three thousand inhabitants, and all kinds of business were represented. The gold ore proved refractory, and could not be profitably worked. The people drifted away, following other excitements, until in 1870 there was not a single person left except the silent, quiet occupants of the grave-yard.

"Silver was discovered on Mt. Lincoln and Mt. Bross,

and the towns of Alma and Quartzville were built up, when all houses of value were taken down and rebuilt at the last mentioned towns.

"With this information he wished us a happy time and was off.

"One of our party had a birthday while there, and we gave her a candy-pulling in honor of the event. We cooked the molasses six solid hours, and then had to eat it with a spoon. Like Meg's jelly, 'it wouldn't jell.'

"I had a friend who was mining near the top of Mt. Lincoln. We concluded to go up there and pass a night just to see the sunrise next morning. The night hands had a meal about midnight in the blacksmith shop, and the bellows they used to start a fire at the forge, made such an unearthly noise, we tumbled out of bed thinking it might be Gabriel blowing his horn. Our slumbers being thus disturbed we slept until the sun was two hours high, and so missed old Sol's glorious awakening.

"Oh, it's lots of fun to camp if you can only see it!"

With this profound explosion, he seemed pretty well talked out, and we left him.

CHAPTER LXVI.

JIMMY'S CAMP.

We returned to Denver on the Denver and New Orleans R. R., and Jimmy's camp was pointed out to me from the window of the cars. It was once a place of great notoriety, and has been brought into prominence again by being near a station on this new southern road.

This camp enjoyed its palmy days in 1833, when the Hudson Bay Company established here a trading post to sell trinkets to, and buy furs from the Indians and trappers.

It was named for Jimmy Boyer, who had charge of the wagons that came to this spot to trade. He built a log house, and advertised his arrival from the East with a signal fire, which drew the Indians from far and near to sell him their furs and buffalo robes. But on one occasion his flame was an evil beacon. It allured to his lonely cabin a party of guerrillas from Old Mexico, who murdered Jimmy and took possession of his goods without leaving a receipt. The Indians coming as usual to the camp, and finding him dead, pursued the murderers, captured them and hung them by their toes to the limbs of a tree.

They returned and buried poor Jimmy, and over his grave placed a flat stone, on which they carved in a crude way a frightful picture, representing one man with his throat cut, and over him the assassins hanging by their toes.

It is said that Col. Fremont, when seeking a pathway through this country in 1844, camped on the same spot. At this point in the story my informant suddenly darted away and commenced an earnest conversation with a man in the other end of the car, whom he presently introduced as Jim Baker, the famous scout and trapper, who had camped on the site of Denver long before Denver was thought of, and had been the companion of Kit Carson, Boggs, Bent and St. Vrain.

In personal appearance he was a typical frontiersman, tall and straight as an arrow. Although nearly seventy

years old, only his wrinkled visage betrayed his age. There was elasticity in his step and brightness in his eye.

He had spent forty-seven years on the frontier, and I regarded him as a living volume of history.

LANDMARKS KNOCKED AWAY.

"My landmarks are all knocked away," said he, "I am very much like the old negro, who said, 'I donno whar I is, I donno whar I come from, and I donno whar I's goin' to.'

"Even the rivers have different names. They were pretty at first, but now there is no beauty in them."

I suggested that the Grande, the Gunnison, the Rio Grande, the Arkansas and the Swan, were musical and appropriate.

"Yes," said he, "they have the same names as of old, with the exception of the Gunnison, which was originally called Eagle river.

"The names given in the early days had a distinctive and comprehensive meaning for the frontiersman, and recalled many memories of life on the plains.

"Clear creek was called Vasquez Fork, by which name it ought to be known to-day, but later arrivals, attracted by its transparent water, and caring nothing for the memory of the old pioneer whose name it bore, called it Clear creek, which has since been discovered to be a misnomer, for it is the muddiest stream in all Christendom, yet it gives tourists something to wonder at and talk about.

"The San Carlos they have corrupted into St. Charles.

"One of the most musical names I ever heard given to a river was Rio Los Animas, which means 'river of spirits.' The Spaniards christened it thus, because of its deep

beauty and stillness. The French traders and trappers called it Purgatoire, but now it is pronounced Picketware, which is a desecration," said the old man with an emphatic shake of his head.

"The Fontaine is all that is left of the 'Fontaine qui Bouille,' and the Cache a la Poudre (Hiding-place of the Powder), named from the circumstance that the old French trappers, years before, were accustomed to bury their powder on its banks to conceal it from the Indians, is now called Poudre. The new comers of the last decade don't appreciate the significance of these names, or in the rush of business haven't time to pronounce them."

Many of the pioneers, like Jim. Baker, have lived to see their landmarks knocked away, yet their sympathies are keenly alive for the best welfare of their fellow-men, and their hearts beat responsive to the impulses that throb through the universe of progress. They are proud of the State whose corner-stone they laid,

"Proud of her mines of silver and gold;
Proud of her flocks spread over the plains;
Proud of her sons, patriotic and bold;
Proud of her fields of golden grain;
Proud of her mountains and sunny skies;
Proud of her Statehood, by birthright a peer;
Midst the stars of the Union she shines, the prize,
The crowning glory of the hundredth year."

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